



THE BEST DOCTOR SYNTAX.

DOCTOR SYNTAX'S THREE TOURS:

IN SEARCH OF THE
PICTURESQUE, CONSOLATION, AND A WIFE.

BY
WILLIAM COMBE.



*THE ORIGINAL EDITION, COMPLETE AND UNABRIDGED,
WITH THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF THE AUTHOR, NOW FIRST WRITTEN,
BY JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN.*

EIGHTY FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS DRAWN AND COLOURED AFTER THE
ORIGINALS BY

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THE TOUR
OF
DOCTOR SYNTAX,
IN SEARCH OF THE



A POEM.

*Est Pictura Poesis, artem, quæ, si propius stas,
Te capiet magis, et quantum, si longius abbas
Hæc tunc obscurum, volat hæc sub luce videre
Inducit argutum quæ non formidat æquum
Non placuit semel, hæc datus, repetita, placuit
Horat. Ars. Poet.*

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THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF

THE

AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR SYNTAX."

It is somewhat strange that no "Life," or "Memoir," of the most voluminous English writer since the days of Defoe, has ever been attempted. William Combe (the English Le Sage, as he has been very aptly styled), wrote and edited between the years 1773 and 1823, upwards of one hundred books, conducted or contributed to a score of journals, and furnished—if we may believe his own note-book—fully two thousand columns of matter to the newspapers and magazines of the time. But the story of his chequered career—the humorous adventures, the joys and sorrows of a life of which the earlier stages were passed in extreme riches, and the later in extreme poverty—has been left untold; and if some of our wretchedly scant Biographical Dictionaries have accorded him a meagre notice of a few lines, from most of them his very name is absent. Even the elder Disraeli, who was a cotemporary, and delighted in gathering anecdotes and scandal of literary eccentricities, appears to have passed over Combe, whose career entitled him in every way to a place in the "Calamities of Authors," or in the third volume of the "Curiosities of Literature," published when Dr. Syntax was at the height of his popularity.

The reason of this silence may probably be traced to the fact that Combe was never in a position to write under his own name, and a dozen different *aliases* somewhat perplexed his brother-authors. We say "never in a position," for it must be explained that he was generally in debt, and had for many years been an inmate of the King's-Bench Prison, and to have declared himself upon a title-page, would have led to a legal attachment of the profits of the work, or other unpleasantness, very readily avoided by using a *nom de plume*.

Gathering together stray facts about this author from a variety of sources, and with the aid of some MS. "Notes" in Combe's own handwriting, we have made out the following short memoir of an industrious *littérateur*, whose labours deserve a far more extended notice.

WILLIAM COMBE was born at Bristol, in 1741. His father was a merchant of considerable position, who in 1777 stood candidate for the city, but died during the parliamentary canvass. The son was at first instructed by a tutor at home, but afterwards proceeded to Eton, where he was the cotemporary of Thomas Lord Lyttelton and Charles James Fox,* and we believe, also, of Bennet Langton—afterwards the friend of Dr. Johnson—and of William Beckford, the author of "Vathek," both of them Etonians at this period. In 1760-1 he went to Oxford, where he became better known as a young gentleman of elegant appearance and expensive tastes than as a laborious student,—a character Combe always despised, and which from his ready talents he was never called upon to personate. A story is recorded of him—as it has been of many other university Crichtons—that he was never seen to apply himself to study, and yet was never known to fail in a task,—a puzzle that doubtless Combe's vanity decided should not be very easily solved.

Combe left college somewhat suddenly, and without taking any degree. His friends at home, and his kind uncle Alexander—the rich London Alderman,—had kept him very liberally supplied with money, but splendid clothing, hunting parties, and suppers to young lords, quickly emptied the young collegian's purse, and in the midst of the discomforts of fictitious splendour and real debt, Combe availed himself of his uncle's invitation to reside with him for a short time in London. The ready wit and good-nature of the nephew soon made him a favourite with the Alderman, who, if we are to believe the story in Dyce's "Table Talk of Samuel Rogers," always persisted in saying that he "ought to have been Combe's father," in other words, that he had once been on the point of marrying his nephew's mother. Combe's liabilities were paid, and a fresh circle of acquaintance in London soon made those little troubles of Debtor and Creditor (petty inconveniences to which every gentleman is liable) things of the past. This was in 1763. After a few months' stay in London, acting upon the wishes of his uncle and at his own desire, he set out for the Continent—considered at that time (more perhaps than at present) the great finishing school for persons of fashion and fortune. Here he lived nearly three years, passing his time principally in France and Italy. It was in the latter country that Combe met with Sterne, who was then making that second tour through Europe, which resulted in the *Sentimental Journey*. Judging from what we know of the two characters, they must have been

* That Fox must have been Combe's school-fellow, as well as Thomas Lyttelton, we gather from a letter of the first Lord Lyttelton, in 1759:—"Little Tom is at Eton and very happy," and from the fact that the head master of Eton used to say that of the two boys, Fox and Lyttelton, he always thought Lyttelton the quickest." Combe will, therefore, have been at Eton in 1758.

companions very well suited to each other. The disparity of their ages, and the great difference in their dispositions and natures, made them mutually attractive. Sterne was about fifty years of age, full of a cunning knowledge of the world, a keen observer of men and manners, and very fond of telling those little stories which are usually related in a low whisper, accompanied by a sly wink. To a clever and brilliant young man, whose power of conversation had already become famous in the circles where he was known, his companionship must have been very attractive, especially when the good things said seemed to derive a licence—if not full authority—from the clerical position and advanced age of their author.

Combe had no natural fondness for *double entendre*, and beyond the amusement of the moment, does not seem to have cared for a style of conversation which was then very popular; certain it is that in all his numerous writings there is nothing of this kind. He had no vicious tastes, and the description of him given by a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1823—a writer who reflects the true spirit of his time by a hearty contempt for cold water,—is no doubt a very true one. He says of Combe: "A love of show and dress, but neither dissipation nor drinking, was the source of his embarrassments. He was, indeed, remarkably abstemious, drinking nothing but water till the last few weeks of his life, when wine was recommended to him as a medicine. But though a *mere water-drinker*, his spirit at the social board kept pace with that of the company. He possessed musical knowledge and taste, and formerly sung in a very agreeable manner. His conversation was always entertaining and instructive, and he possessed a calm temper with very agreeable manners."

No particulars of this casual acquaintance with Sterne, when on his *Sentimental Journey*, have been preserved, beyond the few facts mentioned by Mr. Ackerman's correspondent at the time of Combe's death; but the character and peculiarities of Sterne seem to have made a considerable impression upon Combe, and in all probability prompted him to write those "Letters supposed to have been written by Yorick and Eliza," which appeared ten years after Sterne's death, and were by many held to be the genuine posthumous productions of the humourist. Combe, too, if we may believe a somewhat doubtful but facetious story of the poet Rogers, used to boast of an acquaintance with "Eliza," assuring the latter that it was with him, not with Sterne, that Eliza was in love; that he used to meet her often beside a windmill near Brighton; that he was once surprised in her bedchamber, and fell through the window, leaving one of his shoes behind him; that, some days after, he encountered her as she was walking with a party on what is now the *Steynes* (at Brighton), and that, as she passed him, she displayed that her snuff the toe of his shoe!

In 1766, Combe returned to England. His uncle, Alderman Alexander, who had been ailing for some time, died soon after this, and the nephew finding himself heir to sixteen thousand pounds—(Samuel Rogers used to say it was *twenty*), resolved to become a lawyer. When the necessary arrangements were made, Combe entered the office of a Solicitor in the Temple, and after the usual course of study and dinners, was called to the bar. Campbell tells us that although his ambition was to shine as a man of fashion, rather than as a lawyer, yet on one occasion he distinguished himself very creditably before the Lord Chancellor Nottingham.

For a time matters passed on pleasantly enough. The sixteen thousand pounds was a large sum, so large indeed, that it seemed to promise everything its possessor might require. But in the end the uncle's bequest became the nephew's ruin. Combe had moved much in society before he left London, when he was in the receipt of a joint allowance from his father and his uncle; but now that he possessed a fortune, society expected much more from him. A separate establishment had to be kept up. The Court Guides of the time give his address as Bury Street, Saint James's, then—as now—a very fashionable quarter. Here pleasure parties were given, when his handsome person and mental accomplishments received a very flattering but dangerous approbation. His circle of acquaintance became larger and larger; with the Duke of Bedford he was on the most intimate terms, and he was one of the very few gentlemen admitted as a visitor to a society, or club, which some of the most fashionable ladies of the day had founded under the title of the "Coterie." Wherever he went, his company was courted and his accomplishments flattered. During the season, too, he visited the fashionable watering places of Tunbridge, Cheltenham, and Bath.

His appearance and position in society at this period, may be gathered from a paragraph which appeared soon after his death in the *Bristol Observer*, 1823. The editor had applied "to a gentleman, one of Combe's cotemporaries, for some particulars of this popular humourist and discriminating observer of men and manners," when the following were supplied:—"William Combe, Esq., the author of '*the Philosopher in Bristol*,' &c. &c., came to Bristol Hotwells about the year 1766. He was tall and handsome in person, an elegant scholar, and highly accomplished in his manners and behaviour. He lived in a most princely style, and, though a bachelor, kept two outriges, several horses, and a large retinue of servants. He had resided abroad for many years. He was generally recognised by the appellation of 'Count Combe.'"

In London, too, at this time, he was often spoken of as "Duke Combe," a fact we gather from a letter wherein the writer says:—"In his days of

prosperity, the splendour of his dress and *ménage* in general, together with his highly aristocratic deportment, gained him the appellation of Duke Combe." But already his false position had become the talk of scandal-loving acquaintance, who saw very clearly that so much show could not be kept up without a purse much longer than Combe possessed. There is a scandalous anecdote* told of him at this date, which if the other records of his life indicate anything of his true character, must at the best, have been an after dinner exaggeration, if not a positive untruth, "Combe was staying at the house of Uvedale Price, and the Honourable Mr. St. John (author of "Mary Queen of Scots,") was there also. The latter one morning missed some bank notes. Price, strongly "suspecting who had taken them, mentioned the circumstance to Combe, "and added, 'Perhaps it would be as well if you cut short your visit here.' " "Oh, certainly," replied Combe with the greatest coolness, 'allow me just "to ask, whether henceforth we are to be friends or acquaintances?' " "Acquaintances, if you please," said Price. Long after this had happened, "I was passing through Leicester Square with Price, when we met Combe; "we both spoke to him; but from that hour he always avoided me." †

It was about this period that a coolness occurred between Combe and his father. The uncle's fortune had made the son less dependent upon the Bristol merchant, but his fine company and excessive display alarmed the latter, who although at first proud of his son's success in society, became uneasy when he saw this love of show and splendour increase rather than diminish with age. It was a very fine thing to have your son called "Count" or "Duke," but it was not at all pleasant for a reverse to come, with heavy debts to pay. The father cautioned the young man, and the latter, in umbrage at the counsel, ceased to visit his home, and preferred to follow his own course. The end of it may be easily guessed. Aristocratic gaming was the curse of that day as street betting is of this, and Combe simply did as other gentlemen in society. Combe gambled, not from any love of gaming, but simply because other fine gentlemen threw dice; he became security for friends and acquaintances, and within four years the sixteen thousand pounds had dwindled to worse than nothing, for not only was the principal gone, but a heavy debt was incurred, which the son's pride would not allow him to ask his father to pay.

Such was Combe's position in 1768, embarrassed by debt and beset by creditors. At first he applied to his fine friends just as they had applied to

* Dyer's "Recollections of the Table Talk of Samuel Rogers," 1864.

† Mr. Dyer very properly remarks in a note to this piece of scandal: "From the tone of some letters written by Combe in his old age, one would certainly not suspect that he had on his conscience anything of the kind above alluded to."

him on former occasions, and it was only when he found that he could obtain no assistance from them that he became conscious of his true position. His house in Bury Street was given up, his office in the Temple was deserted, and, like many other foolish young men who have overrun the constable, he in the extremity of the moment and disgusted with the abandonment of his friends, enlisted as a common soldier. After a few months he was drafted to Wolverhampton, where he was recognised by an acquaintance crawling through the streets after a long march, dusty and lame, in search of his quarters. "What!" exclaimed the acquaintance, "is it possible I behold my old friend Combe, and bearing a knapsack, too?" "Pooh!" said the fallen hero, "a philosopher ought to bear anything." This trifling *mot* exhibits that invariable good humour which never deserted him. Under every circumstance or position he was pretty nearly always the same—a gentleman, happy and good-tempered. At the public-house at which he was billeted, his literary acquirements excited such astonishment that the house was nightly filled with people who came to wonder at the soldier who knew Greek. Roger Kemble was then at the same town, with his strolling Company, and gave him a benefit, which furnished the means of obtaining his discharge. On the occasion he spoke an address, in which it was intimated he would solve the mystery of his extraordinary situation. After noticing the various rumours respecting him, he concluded thus.—"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I am going to tell you what I am—I am, ladies and gentlemen, your most humble and grateful servant;" saying which, he quickly put on his hat and disappeared. But the poet Campbell narrates the story* of Combe's connexion with the Kemble family somewhat differently. He tells us that Roger Kemble—Mrs. Siddons' father—"remarked that she had fine natural powers of elocution, and he wished them to be cultivated by regular tuition. For this purpose, when she was about fifteen (1770), he engaged a stranger to be her reading preceptor, who would have undertaken the office if Mrs. Kemble had not interposed her veto. This individual was William Combe, recently known as the author of 'Doctor Syntax's Adventures.' This eccentric being, after mispending a handsome fortune, had come to Wolverhampton as a common soldier, and after obtaining his discharge and pecuniary relief from some friendly people in the place, had set up as a teacher of elocution. Roger Kemble had promised him a pupil in his eldest daughter, and went home to boast of the accomplished tutor he had engaged. But Mrs. Kemble more wisely determined that such an adventurer should not give lessons to her child." Campbell does not mention the fact that the mother having had occasion

* *Lives of Mrs. Siddons.* London, 1804, vol. i., pp. 38—41.

recently to reprimand her daughter for encouraging the addresses of Mr. ———, very naturally regarded the tuition of a young and handsome teacher with considerable anxiety. For ever after, Combe remembered this slight of the family, and never failed to speak of Mrs. Siddons' mother, as well as of the actress herself, in the very coldest terms. He used to tell Rogers that he recollected having seen Mrs. Siddons, when a very young woman, standing by the side of her father's stage, and knocking a pair of snuffers against a candlestick, to imitate the sound of a windmill, during the representation of some harlequin piece.*

Soon after this a wealthy divine, who had known him in the best London society, recognised him as under-waiter at a tavern in Swansea, actually tripping about with the napkin under his arm, and staring at him, exclaimed, "You cannot be Combe?"—"Yes, indeed, but I am," was the waiter's answer. Combe was never embarrassed at these salutations of old acquaintances, but took them in the best possible spirit, and with as much good humour as if misfortune had never befallen him. It was only his family that he studied to avoid, and shortly after, hearing that they were in search of him, he proceeded to the coast, and crossed over to France, where, after numerous adventures, he entered the French army. At another time he assisted in the refectory of a French monastery—Samuel Rogers used to tell a story of Fitzpatrick's meeting him at Douay College—and such was his skill in soup-making that it is said he was all but prevailed upon to assume the cowl. While the monks were effecting his conversion, and during the requisite probation, news from England came to hand, which made him alter his plans, and shortly after he found his way to London once more. This was the end of "Count Combe's" wild oats. He was in London in 1771—2, and, like many more gentlemen who have failed in other walks of life he thought he would try literature—that wretched profession which is usually deemed a sort of last resting-place for broken-down gentility. Such, indeed, was the idea of one gentleman who gave a few reminiscences of Combe to a newspaper just after his death:—"Mr. Coombe," [*sic*], remarks the writer, "possessed great talents, and a very fine person, as well as a good fortune, which, unhappily, he soon dissipated among the high connexions to which his talents and attainments introduced him, and he subsequently passed through many vicissitudes of life, which at length compelled him to resort to literature for support."

* Mr. Dyer says in a note to this anecdote, p. 117, "Table-Talk,"—"Combe had a genuine violent dislike to Mrs. Siddons,—why, I know not. In a passage of his 'last week' ('Doctor Syntax'), where he alludes to the chief living actresses, he still distinctly omits the mention of her name." Campbell's narrative at once gives us the reason for Combe's pique against the Kemble family.

Combe's acceptance of literary toil was a kind of compromise between his pride and what his better nature plainly told him was his duty. Disgusted with the emptiness of fashionable society, which now seemed to him only formed to deceive and ruin such good natures as his own, he at first rushed from it as a moral suicide, but after various experiences and the reflection that time always brings, he began to see things in a very different light, and eventually came to the conclusion that the most honourable course for him to pursue, would be to turn his talents and taste for literature to profitable account, and earn a living like a man, if he could not as a gentleman.

Combe's history is not less remarkable for the recklessness of his early days, than for the industry of his mature age. His earliest literary productions that have come down to us were almost entirely of local interest, introducing Bristol characters and incidents, as may be seen in "The Philosopher of Bristol;" "The Flattering Millner, or Modern Half Hour," a little drama, performed at Bristol in 1775.

It is more than probable that he contributed to the newspapers and reviews at the outset of his new career, but as we have no evidence to this effect beyond Combe's own assertion that he wrote two thousand columns for the papers, and contributed to so many minor publications that he would not "pretend to even guess at the number," we can only suppose that he passed through the usual apprenticeship of young authors.

It has been said—and we thought so ourselves until we made a very full inquiry—that Combe wrote that admirable satire, "An Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers;" but although there is much to support an argument that he was the author, there are better reasons for giving the authorship to the poet Mason. Combe was related to Mason through the latter's wife, (who was afterwards buried in Bristol Cathedral,) and might have assisted his relative in writing the satire, as the style is certainly not like Mason's, and is very much in Combe's early manner, only for the fact that the latter at this time was away from his friends in poverty and retirement, and Horace Walpole very distinctly speaks of Mason's correspondence with him upon the subject of the poem *before* publication, and of his having seen the original MS. The late Rev. John Mitford, a very high authority upon all matters relating to the history of poetry, inclined to the belief that Combe wrote the "Heroic Epistle," and the British Museum authorities, still in doubt upon the matter, underline the titles to the different editions in their catalogue, "By W. Mason, or W. Combe [?]" The "Epistle" produced a host of "heroic" pamphlets, and in the following year, 1774, there appeared, "A Familiar Epistle to the Author of the 'Heroic Epistle to Sir W. Chambers,'" which was quickly followed by, "An Heroic Postscript to the Public, occasioned by their favourable reception of a late

'Heroic Epistle to Sir Wm. Chambers:' by the Author of that Epistle, 1774." Either or both of these satires may have been from the pen of Combe, who must have greatly enjoyed the mystification of Mason, who is made first to burlesque Sir W. Chambers, and then himself. The titles of these "Epistles" do not appear in Combe's autograph list of his own compositions, but that list can scarcely be depended upon, as it was written off without any sequence, and from an impaired memory. If Mason obtained the assistance of his clever, but bankrupt relative, then we must consider the "Epistles" as coming under that class of works of which Combe remarks in his "Notes," "I should be glad to acknowledge my share of the labour in them, and they are not a few, *but they must be nameless*. Such were the "actual or implied conditions of the remuneration I received."

These literary successes—supposing them all to have proceeded from his pen—seem to have further determined Combe in his future career, as he was now, and had been for some time previously, engaged upon the sober task of compiling, "A Description of Patagonia, and the Adjoining Parts of South America," from the papers of T. Falkner, a Jesuit. It was published in 1774, and at once gave him a name as a successful compiler and editor. His next production marks an unfortunate episode in his career. In the midst of his first literary success, Combe had got married; who the lady was, his friends do not inform us, neither have they given any particulars of the union, except the one prominent fact, that it was a very unhappy match, and that when the lady died, thirty years later, very little sorrow was expressed by the husband. Campbell, however, in his "Life of Mrs. Siddons," tells us who she was:—"Combe," he says, "married the mistress of a noble lord, who promised him an annuity with her, but cheated him; and in revenge he wrote a spirited satire, entitled 'The Diaboliad'" The full title of this poetical effusion was "The Diaboliad, a poem, dedicated to the Worst Man in His Majesty's Dominions," 4to, 1777, and it had for a motto,

"To rage is worth ambition, though in Hell."—MILTON.

There can be no doubt that Combe had made a serious mistake, but that he had shewn himself the disgraceful character which Campbell describes, may be questioned; indeed, if it had not been given on so respectable an authority, we should not have thought it worth while to notice this unsupported accusation. But biography is often spiced with amusing anecdotes, which are purely fictitious, and this may have been one of them. Another anecdote, with a very different moral, was given in the "Bristol Observer" soon after Combe's death. It was to the effect that:—

"A gentleman once gave Mr. Combe the friendly hint that his sister-in-

"law, a lady possessing a fortune of £40,000, 'might with ease be wooed, and without pains be won.' But this suggestion 'the Count' spurned from him contemptuously. The lady soon afterwards became the prize of a soldier, of seemingly more precarious fortune, who, we believe, still survives her—an example of greater prudence and circumspection than he by whom she was rejected."

It must be acknowledged that Combe's ideas of love and matrimony were of the most noble and chivalrous description. Whenever these topics are introduced in his works, they are always treated from a generous and elevated point of view, that borders on the romantic. Whatever Combe's folly in his early years may have been, he never seems to have lost his respect and tenderness for the opposite sex, and when, at the advanced age of seventy years, he wrote those love-letters to Marianne, which were published after his death, he seems to have united the ardour of a first attachment to the experience and garrulousness of three-score years and ten—combining in himself the double character of a lover and a grandfather.

We now return to "The Diaboliad." As a composition it was superior to "the Heroic Epistle," and it at once became the talk of fashionable and literary society. The hero and heroine were a nobleman and a duchess who did not enjoy very enviable reputations at that time. In it Combe gives the anecdote of an Irish nobleman and his son who quarrelled, the hatred between whom grew so intense that the father challenged the son to fight a duel. This the latter refused, alleging that he did so, not because the challenger was his father, but—because he was not a gentleman! To so bitter a satire Combe, of course, did not dare affix the name of the noble lord whom he styled "the worst man in His Majesty's Dominions," but he finished the dedication to his lordship by saying that he only withheld his name from the title page because it was "to be continually seen in the annual pages of the *blushing* Register, and was never suffered to be erased from the journals of his lordship's tradesmen." Two or three editions of the "Diaboliad" being quickly called for, our author's success prompted him to write other satires on society under very similar titles. Thus there followed in rapid succession:—"Additions to the Diaboliad . . . by the same Author," 1777. "—The Diaboliad, or a Match in Hell; a poem, dedicated to the Worst Woman in his Majesty's Dominions; [by Belphegor; i.e. W. Combe]" 1777: this passed through three or four editions, and produced what pretended to be a reply, under the title of "Anti-Diabo-lady . . . calculated to expose the malevolence of the Author of Diabo-lady, &c.; [by Belphegor, &c.]," 1777, &c.

The demand for poetical satires being still unabated, Combe produced,

in rapid succession, "The First of April, or the Triumph of Folly;" "A Dialogue in the Shades, between Dr. Dodd (recently executed) and Chase Price," a Welsh M.P.; "Heroic Epistles to a Noble D—;" "Heroic Epistle to Sir Joshua Reynolds;" "A Letter to the Duchess of Devonshire" on female education; a "Second Letter" to the same lady; a poem on "The Duchess of Devonshire's Cow;" "An Heroic Epistle to the Noble Author of the Duchess of Devonshire's Cow;" and several other compositions. All these appeared in 1777. But his "keen humour"* was displayed to even greater advantage in a translation from the French, published in this year, of the celebrated letters ascribed to Pope Ganganelli, and since discovered to be forgeries. John Cleland, who had gained an infamous notoriety by his licentious novels, had translated these letters from the Italian into French, and from this French translation, Combe re-translated them into English. At first only two volumes appeared, but as the work was eagerly read and bought, two more were invented which led to a detection of the fraud.

In 1778 there appeared, from Combe's pen, a "*second part*" of the original "Diaboliad," but like most *second parts*, it was inferior to the first in power. During this year he wrote several other poetical satires, all of which were popular, and generally passed through two or three editions. Our author at this date seems to have taken quite a practical view of the value of his past experiences, thinking the ladies and gentlemen whom he formerly knew in society—especially those who he thought deserved it—quite fair game for his pen now he had quitted their company. From 1777 to 1784 he edited, and principally wrote, the "Royal Register," containing a series of caustic sketches of political and other well-known characters. No mention of Combe as the editor was made in the work, but we have before alluded to the absence of his name from all the title-pages to his books, and given the reason.

One "Heroic Epistle" made some noise at this time. It was addressed to Sir James Wright, whose trading propensities and weaknesses as a Groom of the Bed Chamber to George III., had become the gossip of the fashionable world. Combe seems to have possessed a violent dislike to this man, whom he had doubtless met in society in his better days. Our author accused him of acting as curiosity broker to the king and queen, to whose palaces several cargoes of "trashy Vertu" were sent by Wright when he resided at Venice. Another charge against the Groom was his wearing the left off shirts and small clothes of Royalty;—the king's lace, linen, &c., being yearly divided by lot among the gentlemen of the Bed Chamber. "I have kept

* His [Combe] possesses "much keen humour which he has displayed in his *Diaboliad*" of Pope Ganganelli." *Public Characters*, 1823, vol. I., p. 408. Combe does not mention this book in his own list of his works.

present," says Combe, "when a slave of St. James' glowed with importance "from an impudent exposure of the tail of his shirt, to shew an astonished "company the Crown and G. R. which were worked upon it."

In 1779, he produced the "Letters supposed to have been written by Xerick and Eliza." As an attempt at a make-believe correspondence, it was in every way successful. In the same year another poem came from his pen, bearing the title, "The World as it Goes." It is to this satire that Horace Walpole alludes in his letter to Mason the Poet.*

"I heard t'other day of the 'World as it Goes,' a poem published last "spring, but which I had never seen. It is by that infamous Combe, the "author of the 'Diaboliad.' It has many easy poetic lines, imitates "Churchill, and is full as incoherent and absurd in its plan as the worst of "the latter's. I do not wonder that it made no noise."

Walpole had his own reasons for speaking thus unfavourably of Combe, for the satirist had written somewhat sharply of Strawberry Hill and its *dilettante* proprietor. "The World as it Goes" passed through three editions, and there is good reason for believing that it answered the author's purpose quite as well as any of his other and better known satirical hits.

Combe's success as a literary man does not seem to have removed his liabilities, and although we have good reason to believe that he did all that lay in his power to pay his creditors at this time, still his former debts were of such a size and nature that he became an inmate of the King's Bench Prison, in Southwark, some time before 1780. In that year he produced "The Fast Day—a *Lambeth* Elogue," but whether he then lived in the Bench Prison, or resided within its rules, we cannot now ascertain. It is very probable that at the date of this publication he was living at No. 12, Lambeth Road, the house in which he resided until his death, nearly half a century later.

In this same year appeared his well-known "Letters of the late Lord Lyttelton." This was Thomas, the second Baron Lyttelton, better known as "the wicked Lord Lyttelton," remarkable for his talents and profligacy, and for the romantic circumstances attending his death, which, he said, had been foretold by an apparition, but which it is now believed was an act of suicide. Combe personated the character of this dissolute nobleman—with whom he had been at school at Eton—and the spurious letters are marked by ease, elegance, and occasional force of style. In after life—during his fashionable days—Combe frequently met his Lordship in society—not always with very pleasant results, if we may believe a little story, somewhat differently told

* Horace Walpole to the Rev. William Mason, Oct. 21, 1779. [Peter Cunningham's Edition, vol. 303.]

by two poets, Thomas Moore and Thomas Campbell. As a comparison of both narratives may amuse the reader, we give them side by side:—

Thomas Moore.

"Combe kicked Lord Lyttelton
"downstairs at some watering-place,
"for having ridiculed Lady Archer
"by calling her a drunken peacock,
"on account of the sort of rainbow-
"feathers and dress she wore. Lord
"L. also had rolled a piece of blanc-
"mange into a ball, and covering it
"with variegated comfits, said,
"‘This is the sort of egg a drunken
"peacock would lay.’”*

Thomas Campbell.

"Some of the most exclusive
"ladies of fashion had instituted a
"society which was called the Cote-
"rie, to which gentlemen were ad-
"mitted as visitors. Among this
"favoured number was the Duke
"Combe. One evening, Lady Archer,
"who was a beautiful woman, but
"too fond of gaudy colours, and who
"had her face always lavishly rouged,
"was sitting in the Coterie, when
"Lord Lyttelton, the graceless son
"of an estimable peer, entered the
"room evidently intoxicated, and
"stood before Lady Archer for several
"minutes, with his eyes fixed on
"her. The lady manifested great
"indignation, and asked why he thus
"annoyed her. ‘I have been thinking,’
"said Lord Lyttelton, ‘what I
"can compare you to, in your gaudy
"colouring, and you give me no idea
"but that of a drunken peacock.’
"The lady returned a sharp answer,
"on which he threw the contents of
"a glass of wine in her face. All
"was confusion in a moment, but
"though several noblemen and gentlemen
"were present, none of them
"took up the cause of the insulted
"female, till Mr. Combe came forward,
"and by his resolute behaviour,
"obliged the offender to withdraw.”†

* The Diary of Thomas Moore, Vol. II., p. 201.

† Campbell's Life of Mrs. Siddons. London, 1834, Vol. I., p. 42.

It would scarcely have been national for the Irish poet, in his short, graphic account of the quarrel, to have described its summary conclusion in the polite terms used by Campbell.

Combe seems to have retained a lively recollection of his Lordship's peculiarities, and to have thrown into the assumed "Letters" the full strength of his imitative power. The family, of course, denied their authenticity, but they were such admirable imitations of the Peer's style, and contained so many good things, that fully one half of the literary world believed them to be genuine productions, and they found such a ready sale, that a second edition was published in 1782, and a third some time afterwards.

An attempt was made in the "Quarterly Review" for December, 1851, to prove that these letters were genuine, and that Lyttelton was also the author of "Junius's Letters." The evidence was wholly inconclusive, and the "Quarterly" denied in terms unnecessarily harsh, we think, Combe's claim to their composition. The reviewer says —

"These letters have been attributed to the pen of William Combe, the well-known author of *Dr. Syntax*. That he gave them to the press—as he was, we believe, at one time known to Thomas Lyttelton—is likely enough; and it is probable also that he tampered with them in a very unwarrantable manner. Indeed we do not think it would be difficult to distinguish his buffoonish interpolations. But that the letters are substantially genuine, we make no manner of doubt. It would lead us too far out of our way to establish at this point our assertion by particular proofs. Suffice it for the present to say that the general style and matter of the letters are far above any powers Combe ever possessed." Shortly after the appearance of this disdainful notice of the author of "*Doctor Syntax*," Combe's own autograph "*Notes*" were published by Mr. Cole, in the "*Gentleman's Magazine*," which conclusively proved that the so-called "*Lord Lyttelton's Letters*" actually came from his pen.

From 1760 to 1785, Combe was mainly engaged upon the periodical press, and only one short poem by him received the honour of a separate publication. In 1787 there appeared the first volume of the great work, "*The Origin of Commerce*," professedly by Adam Anderson, but mainly written and compiled by Combe. It extended to four volumes, one of which was published each succeeding year. Not only was it the most extensive, it was by far the most important, work upon this subject which had appeared in English literature up to this date.

Combe appears to have done comparatively little literary work about this time, with the exception of compiling "*Anderson's Commerce*" and the "*Reduction*," and a political poem, entitled "*Justification*," we find no other publications by him until 1789, when he appeared in a new character, as

of a political pamphleteer. We have witnessed his success in the field of poetical satire, from which other, and more daring, pens had driven him; we now find him busy in an entirely new sphere, that of an energetic party-writer. Peter Pindar had then become the rage, and after producing, to the intense merriment of the town, no less than five-and-twenty satirical "Odes," all more or less directed against the well-known weaknesses of George the Third, he caused a general roar of laughter by his "Lousiad, a Heroic-Comic Poem," which had its foundation in the fact that an obnoxious insect—either of the garden or the body—had been discovered on the King's plate amongst some green peas, which discovery produced a solemn decree that all the servants in the royal kitchen were forthwith to have their heads shaved. Combe had been bitter enough in his "Diaboliad," but he had never dared to go the length of Wolcott, and the latter in consequence eclipsed the former as a popular satirist.

It has been suspected that Combe's connexion with the Pitt ministry commenced about this date; this is the *paid* connexion alluded to by him in his letter to Lord Mulgrave, given further on. Sayers and other caricaturists had been subsidised by Pitt; and ready writers, of Combe's powers, were secured as opportunity offered. Our author's first attempt in this new line was a "Letter from a Country Gentleman to a Member of Parliament." It appeared in 1789, quickly passed through five editions, and was replied to by more than one writer on the Fox side. The end of it was an "Answer" to Combe's own pamphlet, from Combe's own pen—a common trick with the party-writers of that day. The state of the nation at this time was most unsatisfactory. The King was insane, with but a poor prospect of speedy recovery, and the debts and intrigues of the Prince of Wales were the common gossip of all classes, and formed the principal topics of the caricatures of Gilray and his brother artists. George the Third's happy recovery, towards the end of 1789, and the Prince of Wales's first interview with his royal parent after his somewhat premature acceptance of the Regency, formed the subject of Combe's next party-pamphlet. It bore the title of "The Royal Interview; a Fragment," and was anything but complimentary to the Prince. The good fortune of his former pamphlet also attended this, which passed through several editions.

In the following year Combe issued "Meares' Voyage from China to America," an extensive work, together with his well-known "Devil upon Two Sticks in England, a Continuation of Le Sage." The latter work, at first in four, and afterwards in six volumes, was exceedingly popular. Although in prose, it was more after the style of Combe's early satires than his more recent publications, and people will always love to see fashionable follies and scandals whipped by a skilful hand. In it the author has inde-

duced many very distinguished public characters, and a cotemporary of Combe remarks of it:—

"If we may judge from our knowledge of the history of some of the individuals whose portraits are transferred to the pages of Mr. Combe's novel of 'The Devil upon Two Sticks in England,' that work may be taken as conveying his view of the characteristics of the circle of society in which he was himself an actor, with no common resources for writing a history of the Fashionable World of his own times."

It was well known at this period, 1791, that Pitt and the Prince of Wales were on unfriendly terms. Gilray had satirised the Prince under the title of a "Voluptuary," and Combe—doubtless acting upon Ministerial instructions—followed up the engraving with "The Royal Dream; or, the Prince in a Panic." There is, however, good reason for believing that most of our author's compositions in this, and the three following years, were in the form of contributions to the public journals. The French Revolution was then agitating politics abroad, and at home party spirit was increasing in violence, in view of the approaching dissolution of Parliament. Combe prepared several "Considerations" on this latter subject, with "Some Account of the Existing Parties," and the pamphlet was issued by the Ministerial publisher. He followed this up with "A Word to the Traders"—a protectionist pamphlet, that showed him no mean proficient in political economy.

Combe's next publication was upon a subject entirely different from any that he had written upon before. It was a "Critique on the Royal Academy," and the knowledge of the fine arts and nice discrimination displayed in it recommended him to Alderman Boydell, for whom he wrote the descriptive text to Farington's beautiful views of the Thames. This work, in Combe's hands, assumed the form of a "History," and extended to six hundred pages of letter-press. A large work on "The British Embassy in China," "Colnett's Voyage to the South Atlantic," and a translation from the German of "Suwarow's Campaign," with several political pamphlets, indicate his labours up to the close of the century. The editors of the "Asiatic Register" having discovered Combe's talents for treating foreign literary subjects, secured his services for that publication.

Domestic trials fell heavily upon Combe in the first year of the present century. His wife—with whom he had never been happy—now showed symptoms of insanity, and these increased to such an alarming extent, that she had to be placed under the care of a Mr. Casey, with whom she remained until her death, in January, 1814. These troubles, however, do not seem to have stayed Combe's industrious pen, and two important translations—"Sonnini's Travels in Egypt," with numerous illustrations, and

"Ripaud's Antiquities of Egypt"—were both published during the year.

In 1801 Combe prepared Mackenzie's "*Voyages in North America*"—a very important work; Viscount Grant's "*History of the Mauritius*," and some more political pamphlets. As some relaxation from graver compositions, we find him engaged on a very strange work, with a long, puffing title, from notes and suggestions which had been supplied to him by one "Captain Hanger," a harum-scarum gentleman, who seems to have lived quite as much in low as in high society. It is well that he did not put his name to the book, for its catch-penny character seems quite incompatible with the official and historical works then proceeding from his pen. His next production was a translation of the important correspondence which resulted in the Treaty of Rastadt, and this was followed by "*Anderson's Secret Expedition to Egypt*."

In 1803 Combe's reputation as a political writer had attracted the attention of the conductors of the "*Times*," and a position upon that journal was offered him. The Addington Ministry being now in power, Combe was no longer in the receipt of £200 a year from the Pitt party, and he at once accepted the proposal. Knowing his versatility, we may readily suppose that his labours in this new field were of a very general character, but his favourite subject was the politics of the hour, and the usual signature under which he wrote was "*Valerius*." A flaming broadside "*Address to the People of England*," on Bonaparte's threatened invasion, which appeared upon the walls of London, signed "*Valerius*," attracted considerable attention. In the following year his "*Letters*" to the "*Times*" on the state of parties, the war with France, the 300,000 Volunteers who had rushed forth to the defence of the country, and other matters, were published in a separate form. Besides the contributions to the "*Times*," Combe had found time to conduct a periodical entitled "*The Pic-Nic*."

In 1804, on Pitt's re-accession to power, Combe was again employed by the Ministry to write on their behalf. As various allusions are made to late hours at the "*Times*" office in the "*Letters to Marianne*," there is good reason for believing that he was still, and remained for some time afterwards, engaged upon the staff of that newspaper. There is the better reason for coming to this conclusion, because from 1804 to 1808 no separate publications were issued by him.

On the death of Pitt, in January, 1806, the conduct of the Government was placed in the hands of Lord Grenville, with Fox as Minister of Foreign Affairs. Combe's salary of £200 per annum was again stopped, and it was in the hope that he would find favour with the new Ministry, and retain his former annual allowance—or, at least, have his arrears of salary secured to

him—that he wrote the following long letter to Lord Mulgrave,* whom he appears to have known in the days of the Pitt administration :—

[March, 1806.]

“MY DEAR LORD,—

“I shall not make any apology for this letter, as it is a letter of justification ; because it is impossible for Mr. S. B.† to have acted towards me as he has done, without having some charge to make against me, or entertaining the most perfect contempt for me.

“As I was introduced to him, my Lord, by your favour, and under your sanction, I think myself entitled to offer to your patience a representation of the circumstances to which I allude.

“The letter addressed by Mr. B. to your Lordship on my subject, and which I saw when you did me the honour to call upon me, particularly specified that the Treasury was willing to receive me into its service on the same terms on which I had been engaged by Mr. Pitt's former administration. These were, to obey such instructions as were given me, and when I had no instructions to act from myself and my own judgment, as the occasion offered ; £200 was the stipulated salary. By Mr. L.'s‡ obliging and friendly behaviour personally to myself, and the letters which he sometimes wrote to me, I have the best reasons to believe that he was satisfied with my conduct.

“On my first visit to Mr. B. he received me with great civility ; but the few times I saw him afterwards his disposition was evidently changed, and I rather surprised me, when I was honoured with your Lordship's protection, any inferior person should treat me with the distance which he did. When I possessed so much of the central heat of the system I did not expect to find such a repulsive coldness at its extremities ; but so it was. At length one of the most deplorable events that could happen to any country distressed our own ; we lost the greatest man in it ; and the ministry of which he was the head, and Lord Mulgrave a very distinguished part, immediately terminated ; but I could not suppose it possible that, while the elements were dissolving, my small claim upon it would melt into nothing. But so it appears.

“I thought it would be respectful to wait Mr. B.'s leisure, and not to interrupt him with my trifling concerns while engaged in the busy avocations of quitting his office.

“I did not call upon him till last Thursday, when he told me that, in the first place, I was in the case of a tenant-at-will, who, if he is turned out before quarter-day, is not obliged to pay the rent for that quarter ; but, my Lord, I am not a tenant (I beg your Lordship will not laugh at the nonsense, for I am very serious), but a servant at will, without a warning to quit, and with the wages of two quarters fully due. I was then told that if I had come earlier I might probably have received my money, but that

* This interesting letter came into the hands of Mr. Robert Cole, F.S.A., with other papers of Combe's, some years after the death of the latter. It was first published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for May, 1862.

† Sturges Bourne.

‡ Mr. Long.

"now it was too late. It must therefore appear to you, my Lord, that I lose by a becoming, gentlemanly, and respectful conduct what might have been obtained by illiberal importunity, by daily waiting in the Treasury lobbies and whisking my cards from thence into the Treasury chamber; but if it had been asked me what I had done, I should have frankly answered of late very little. The latter months did not admit of my venturing my own unauthorised opinions; but I never hesitated when I saw my way clear before me. I wanted instruction and I did not receive it. To use a phrase familiar to your Lordship, I looked for sense and it was not communicated. Those who are familiar with the conduct of my life, well know that I am not in the habit of sparing myself; and, after all, the service for which I was engaged, and was ever ready to perform, was no evil to me. I was always at my post. I was ready to receive instructions and to obey commands; but, my Lord, permit me to say, that a man may according to his measure be as useful in detailing or opposing opinions in his personal communications with mankind, as in writing them. You will also, I doubt not, agree with me, when I add that the great art in all contests, is the waiting for and seizing occasions. You, my Lord, are a good soldier, as well as an able statesman, and well know how to appreciate this sentiment in the field or in the debate.

"I am now too old, and have seen too much, to justify my being astonished at anything; but it was not possible for me, when my moistened eye followed the remains of Mr. Pitt to his ever-honoured sepulchre, and my heart became cold within me, as if it were to be entombed there,—it was not possible for me to imagine that after so many years of zealous, faithful, and in some degree disinterested service to his administration, the wages of the last half-year would be withheld from me! I really feel a very painful mortification, nor shall I hesitate to add, that in my situation the deficiency of an hundred pounds which I expected to receive must be attended with disappointment and inconvenience. But let that pass.

"When Mr. Long quitted the Treasury, he, without any application on my part, sent me a letter of kindness, and enclosed what was due to me at the moment, and which he called a debt; and, further, when my services were subsequently offered, under Mr. Long's sanction, to the administration that succeeded, Mr. Addington stated his reasons for not receiving them in the handsomest manner, and presented me with half a year's salary, that the suddenness of my dismissal might not prove an inconvenience to me.

"I have some reason to believe, though I cannot at present prove it, that I am sacrificed to Mr. Redhead York. That person's talents may be very superior to mine; that they may, at least, be rendered more useful, I have no doubt; but his appointment was not accompanied with my dismissal, and therefore I was no less a servant in the Treasury household, though Mr. Redhead York, and fifty convicted, recorded, and, God bless 'em, converted Jacobins had been admitted into it. The conversion of enemies is no uncommon policy, but it is the policy of little minds, when it risks the loyalty of friends.

"I held myself accountable to your Lordship, under the circumstances which I have stated, and I have written this letter; but your trouble is now at an end. It is not even necessary for you to acknowledge the receipt of it, for I have put its delivery beyond the reach of accident. I have been at your door and delivered it myself.

"One word more, my Lord, and I have done.

"I am truly grateful to your Lordship for all your kindness, and for the last instance, though it has concluded in a manner so mortifying to me. I say, my Lord, that I am grateful for your kindness, and you will find that I have been just to many other of your qualities, after I am gone whither I am unreluctantly hastening.

Quo pius Æneas, quo dives Tullus et Ancus.

"I do not wish you honour, for you possess and will maintain it; and where honour is, a predominant constituent of happiness is not far off. I have only to beg that you will accept of my assurance that I am, with great regard, my dear Lord,

"Your most obliged and faithful humble servant,

"WM. COMBE,

"12, Lambeth Road, Surrey."

This letter had evidently been preceded by others upon the same business. What were the reasons for declining the re-engagement of Combe, do not very readily appear, but some personal squabbles with the principal officers of the Treasury, Messrs. Bourne and Long, appear to have inclined them towards Mr. Redhead York, an active political writer of that day, who received Combe's appointment. Lord Mulgrave's reply was as follows:—

"Harley Street, March 13th, 1806.

"DEAR SIR,—

"It would be superfluous to assure you that I sincerely regret your disappointment, as you know how readily I undertook to promote your views; but I am desirous of reconciling you to that disappointment, as far as I can do so, by assuring you that I am perfectly convinced Mr. Sturges Bourne entertains none of those sentiments respecting you to which you attribute his having quitted office without considering the state of your claims upon the Treasury. I am fully persuaded that the omission has arisen from oversight and not from neglect; unfortunately, from whatever source the evil has arisen, the remedy is now out of reach. As to any preference Mr. S. Bourne may have shown to Mr. Redhead York, or to any other person, I can say nothing, having never inquired into the literary arrangements of the late Administration, nor in any way interfered in them, with the exception of your single instance. I sincerely wish it had been in my power to prevent the disappointment with which that interference has terminated.

"I am, dear Sir, your very faithful and obedient servant,

"MULGRAVE."

This correspondence affords a curious insight into the distribution of the secret service money of that day, when each party in power thought it fair game to employ the national funds to keep the other out of office. Combe does not seem to have succeeded in his application to Lord Mulgrave, if we may judge by the following letter:—

* *Gentleman's Magazine*, —*ubi supra*. The letter has neither address nor signature.

" May 22, 1808.

" MY DEAR SIR,—

" While I was this morning engaged in reading Lord H. Petty's speech in the House of Commons, last night, on bringing forward a measure of the most beneficial nature to the country, it struck me that several boards were to be established to carry it into effect. It occurred to me also, that these boards will want secretaries and under-secretaries, and other subordinate persons; and it further suggested itself to me, that I could render myself extremely useful in one or other of these employments. As the object of this very important arrangement is to prevent in future that profusion which was the master-vice of Mr. Pitt's administration, and of course to cut away those jobberies which are the rank suckers of that branchy tree, Lord H.* will consequently look to qualification alone, in those whom he employs to aid him in that salutary reform. If therefore a long experience of the world, an enlarged view of its affairs, the habits of diligence and intellectual toil, a mind not wholly unstored, a versatile faculty in constant practice, with a decorum of manners that suits conduct to situation, be qualifications, I trust you will not impute to me an overweening self-love if I say that I am qualified for the object to which I have just thought of directing my attention.

" I do not look to be among the first in any proposed arrangement, nor would I consent to be among the last. I should most willingly obey a master; but at sixty years of age, and with the remembrance of better days, I should hope to hold a respectable rank among my fellow-servants.

" As Lord H. P. knows me not, I have to request the favour of you to enclose this letter to him, and to say that you know me, and that you submit this account of myself to his attention merely in compliance with my desire. This will be a sufficient passport for me without another word.

" I am never very sanguine in my hopes of anything that relates to myself. At the same time, I shall add, that I should be proud of Lord Henry's patronage, and grateful for his favours. If while he appoints others to lop off the rotten and perishing branches from the tree, he should employ me to pick them up, to bind them into faggots and consign them to the fire, my wintry day would grow warm from the blaze."

Notwithstanding Combe's fault-finding with the administration of his old master, William Pitt, his flowery phrases, and accommodating offers of service, it is very clear that he failed to obtain a re-appointment under the new government. He seems, however, to have continued his connexion with the political press—issuing on one occasion a pamphlet upon "The King's Illness"—up to the year 1808, when he turned his attention to another, and a very different kind of literature. This was theology. In Combe's day, as in our own, there were hundreds of clergymen too lazy or too ignorant to compose their own sermons, and these reverend gentlemen were generally supplied by poor curates, parsons out of Orders, or versatile writers like William Combe. As our author was not a hypocrite at heart, we may readily

* Lord Henry Petty held the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer.

suppose that his pecuniary affairs were in a very depressed condition indeed, before he consented to turn clergyman's hack. He was now sixty-eight years of age, and indifferent health, with which he had latterly been afflicted, did not make his future prospects of the brightest. In his "Notes" he specially alludes to these sermons, informing us that there were seventy-three of them in all, and that some actually received the honours of publication. Other literary job-work, too, he appears to have undertaken at this time, such as memorials to public boards, and biographical sketches for the newspapers, or any journal that might accept such compilations.

It was whilst engaged in this way, and when his fortune was at a very low ebb, that he was sent for by Mr. R. Aakerman, the then well known printseller of the Strand. This must have been early in the year 1810. Rowlandson, it appears, had offered to Mr. Aakerman a number of drawings, representing an old clergyman and schoolmaster, who felt, or fascinated himself, in love with the fine arts, quixotically travelling during his holidays in quest of the picturesque; and as the publisher was about starting a new "Poetical Magazine," or rhyming miscellany for the then fashionable romantic verses, with pictures to increase their attraction, it occurred to him that Rowlandson's illustrations would suit the "Magazine" very well, if a narrative in verse could be got to accompany them. Combe readily fell in with the idea, and a bargain was at once concluded, by which it was arranged that the artist was to furnish a coloured sketch each month, and Combe was to "*write the text up to it*,"—as this literary accommodation is technically styled in Paternoster Row. Such was the origin of DOCTOR SYNTAX—or "The Schoolmaster's Tour," as the work was first called—in the monthly pages of the "Poetical Magazine." Campbell, in his "Life of Mrs. Siddons," tells the history very differently. He says that it was Rowlandson who first called upon Combe at his Lambeth lodgings, as Aakerman had declined to insert the illustrations until a poetical story could be obtained, and that it was "the author's procrastinating temper" which induced the bookseller to leave but one drawing at a time. But as Combe himself, in a preface to the second edition narrates the correct circumstances of Syntax's origin, we cannot do better than to quote him. He says:—

"The designs to which this volume is so greatly indebted, I was informed would follow in a Series, and it was proposed to me to shape out a story from them. An etching or a drawing was accordingly sent to me every month, and I composed a certain proportion of pages in verse, in which, of course, the subject of the design was included: the rest depended upon what would be the subject of the second; and in this manner, in a great measure, the artist continued designing, and I continued writing every month for two years, till a work containing near ten thousand lines was produced: the artist and the writer having no personal communication

"with, or knowledge of each other. This vast collection of verses, however, appeared to advance the purposes of the Magazine in which they grew into such an unexpected accumulation. MR. ACKERMAN was satisfied with my service, and I was satisfied with the remuneration of it. I felt no parental fondness for the work, though it was written at that very advanced period of life, when we are apt to attach importance to any little unexpected exertion of decaying strength."

A writer in the "London Cyclopædia,"* who formerly knew Combe, says that he used "regularly to pin up the sketch against a screen of his apartment in the King's Bench, and write off his verses as the painter wanted them."

The rhyming story of "The Schoolmaster,"—or, as we now know it, "Doctor Syntax," made its appearance in the first monthly number of the Magazine, May, 1810, with this short introduction:—

"In the tour, with the first part of which we here present our readers, the author carries his hero through a great variety of whimsical adventures to the lakes and back again. As tours are a fashionable article in the literature of the present day, we trust that the poetical peregrinations of Dr. Syntax will come in for a same share, at least, of the public-applause, to which we conceive it to be entitled. The lover of humour will not be displeased to be informed that it will be accompanied with a considerable number of illustrative engravings."

The "Tour" proved a capital hit, and soon formed the main attraction in the Magazine. The good-natured, moralising Syntax at once became a public character and a general favourite. His distinctive portrait was quite as well kept up by the author as by the artist, and his singular features, as drawn by Rowlandson, were as unmistakable as his perpetual good-humour, in the midst of troubles and mishaps, described by Combe. The creation was a success, and as Paul Pry gave a name to all sorts of objects ten years later, so Syntax was the popular title in his day. There were Syntax hats, Syntax wigs, and Syntax coats. The publisher was so well pleased with his new author, that the latter was allowed to contribute just what he pleased to the Magazine, and thus were given those "assistances in verse to illustrate the principal plates, chiefly views of places," which Combe speaks of in his "Notes." Ackerman had a short time previously commenced the publication of a magnificently illustrated work, under the title of the "Microcosm of London," and although the text to the first and second volumes had been written by another hand, the third was placed in Combe's charge. Another splendid work upon the river Thames, with engravings by W. B. Cooke, the well-known artist, was then in preparation by the same publisher, and the task of writing the entire text

was also placed in Combe's hands. All these engagements were the result of the success of "Doctor Syntax," and it is surprising to know that they were most satisfactorily performed, at the rate of six long quarto pages each day, not reckoning editorial duties, correcting proofs, and work for other booksellers, by a man seventy years of age. The work upon the Thames extended to two volumes, and was published in 1811. In this same year a Life of Arthur Murphy, the dramatic writer, was published. It bore the name of Jesse Foot as its author, but it was in reality written by Combe.

The variety of subjects which our author wrote upon is almost as incredible as the number of his compositions. History, theology, politics, topography, humour—all seemed to suit his pen, and he wrote verse with as much ease as prose—in truth, it was this "fatal facility" of composition which gave to his writings a sudden, rather than an enduring popularity. The great work upon London had succeeded so well, that Ackerman commissioned its author to prepare descriptive text for an extensive book on Westminster Abbey. This appeared in 1812, in two large volumes, with eighty-three coloured engravings.

Combe's relations with Ackerman seem to have been most satisfactory to both parties. It has been said that "the money side of this publisher's ledger would, if evidence were wanting, furnish a constructive record of "the period of his death;" for, as that gentleman is alleged to have observed, "he ceased not to draw till he ceased to breathe." Such was the confidence which subsisted between them, that no contract was ever made as to the price of Combe's labours. "Send me a twenty-pounder," or "a thirty-pounder," as the want might be, was all that ever passed. "He was," wrote Mr. Ackerman, jun., in 1838, "supplied liberally, his works were profitable, and the publisher satisfied." In an early page of this short Memoir, we stated that Combe, as a prisoner for debt, occupied lodgings in the Lambeth Road, within the requisite distance of the King's Bench. The "rules" of this prison were once jocularly asserted, by a Judge, to reach to the East Indies. In Combe's case they certainly extended to the Strand; for he was a frequent visitor at Mr. Ackerman's table, where, though he showed considerable epicurism in his eating, his drink, as usual, was only water.

The "Tour of Doctor Syntax in Search of the Picturesque" having been finished in monthly parts, was first published in a complete form in 1812. It contained thirty-one coloured plates, by Rowlandson, and the price was one guinea. In its complete form the work was even more popular than when it appeared in detachments. The entire issue was quickly sold off, and within twelve months it passed through five large editions; the original plates having been worn out, copies of the artist's

drawings had to be made, with the inscription "*After Rowlandson*" in the left-hand corner of the plates.

Combe next wrote some "Poems" to illustrate the Princess Elizabeth's designs, and this was followed by two large volumes upon the "History of Oxford," illustrated with numerous beautifully coloured engravings.

In January, 1814, Combe received intelligence of his wife's death. The match was at no period a happy one, and for several years past Mrs. Combe had been an inmate of a private lunatic asylum. If we are to believe some statements which have been made about Combe's private life at this time, he did not altogether deny himself the pleasures of female society. We know that he indulged in a correspondence of a very warm character with a young lady whom he styled "*Marianne*," and we have his letter, in which, at the same time that he avows his attachment, he upbraids her for her faithlessness, and finally bids her good-bye. Another autograph letter, too, exists, dated March 2nd, 1810, addressed to a Miss Harriet Gouldsmith, but that its contents are of the most proper character, may be gathered from the fact that it is entirely devoted to religion, and extends to three close 4to. pages in length! We remember that in one part the writer discusses the Doctrine of Election, and styles it "fatalism of the most horrid, because of the most blasphemous kind." This, it must be confessed, was scarcely a subject to lead young ladies astray with. The discussion, however, of this, at the worst, platonic affection, we shall leave for an after page, but another statement, which we have not now the means of positively verifying or disproving, has been made, to the effect that he married his second wife, Charlotte Hatfield, the beautiful sister of the equally beautiful Mrs. Cosway, during the lifetime of his first wife. Considering that Combe was in the greatest poverty for some time previous to the year 1810, and that for three years after his fortunate hit with "*Doctor Syntax*" he kept up an extensive correspondence with a young lady, for whom he seems to have experienced a most ardent friendship—we may even go the length of calling it a most respectful attachment—all the time working harder than he had ever done before, and at seventy-two years of age, it is not very likely that he found the leisure—even supposing him to have felt the inclination—for arranging any such illegal union. There are, therefore, good reasons for believing that Combe did not become acquainted with Miss Hatfield until after 1810, when she was about forty years of age; and there are still better reasons for believing that he was not married to her until after the death of his first wife.

Miss Hatfield, afterwards Mrs. Combe, was the daughter of the proprietor of the *Englishman*, or *amburge*, at Leghorn. Her sister became the wife of Cosway, the Royal Academician, but such were her talents, that she very soon rivalled

her husband as an artist. Mrs. Cosway's beauty was known far and wide. "Men and women of the first rank and talent in the country," we are told,* "pressed forward to be introduced to the fair Italian. The Prince of Wales and the Duchess of Devonshire shone in the list of her friends, "and it became a fashion to purchase her works at any price." Unfortunately, however, both Mrs. Combe and Mrs. Cosway were afflicted with fits of melancholy, which led many of their friends to believe that they were upon such occasions "careless of existence." Their great personal attractions had caused them to be much flattered, and they seemed satiated with and tired of human pleasures. Such women do not generally make their husbands very happy, and this was the case in both the present instances. Mrs. Combe lived apart from her husband, and Mrs. Cosway entered a convent at Lyons, of which she became the canoness † It is said that the latter, who once held great influence over her younger sister, had made a vow to the nurse attending her during a very difficult confinement, that if the babe lived, both the child and herself should become Catholics—which vow she considered was rendered doubly sacred when the nurse confessed on her death-bed that she had poisoned her previous children, because she was horror-struck at so many heretics coming into the world!

The following letter, from Mrs. Cosway to Combe, shows the unsettled disposition of his wife, and how her friends rather aided than checked her roving disposition. Mrs. Cosway, tired of convent life, and recently returned from England, was now residing at Lodi. She does not seem to have forgotten her husband,‡ although separated from him for more than twenty years:—

"Lodi, 24th January, 1823.

"DEAR SIR,—

"It was not my intention to trouble you, as I thought I should hear of you from Charlotte, and that also she would communicate to you what I was anxious about before my departure from England; but I find from her last that there must be a very great misunderstanding between us, which has much distressed me. When we talked of having some *Mémoires* written on Mr. Cosway, and agreed no one more able than yourself, I was happy to see you undertook it. At the same time we talked of publishing a correspondence, &c., and travels, &c. of myself, of which I felt somewhat awkward about, and talking of it with some persons, what they observed on it discouraged me, and made me think not to press *that part*, though it might have been announced for a future opportunity; my delicacy was also on account of some of those persons being living. With this determination, I told Charlotte to return me my letters, and those

* Public Characters of 1806, p. 299.

† *Ibid.*, p. 305.

‡ He died July 4, 1821.

"which regarded only *myself* and were not of use to you, as I had a particular *objection* to her taking them to Ireland. Had she remained in London (since she seemed determined not to come with me) who could I put my trust to better hands? However, whatever she was offended or hurt on the sake of *her friends*, she return'd a box which I never open'd for want of time. I am positively *sure* she said she had taken to translate those *you had chosen* and were necessary; and I thought this settled, and told her I had several journals and letters here that I should send by the first opportunity. I was anxious to know if you went on. In her first letter (for I have had but two) she told me a long history about Mrs. Udny's letters, and of a visit she had from a gentl. on the subject, which I thought as absurd as extraordinary; for Charlotte might have said she had distroid them. Now, sir, after all this detail, whether I have or not well explain'd, I hope you will judge that I must feel uncertain on the subject, which induces me to address myself to you. I have been looking for an engraver to give those portraits and sketches which I thought would illustrate the work. I left to Charlotte's care the only small plates etched by Mr. C. himself which I thought would be interesting. In short, what could I do more? I wished much to see you before I set out; I told her so; but the uncertainty of your being able to come, not knowing how to contrive it, and the many things I had to do in those last days, made me lose this satisfaction. I may be mistaken, but I always thought that *her friends* have ingrossed so much on her good nature, and they have used such means to keep her to themselves, as she is very usefull to them, that the feelings of blood and friendship in me go for nothing. I said and did all I could to induce her to come with me, but could go no farther when I found more attraction on the other side. May it be for the best; but I beg, sir, that this may rest *entre nous*, and that you will never mention to her what I have said. Was it not natural that two sisters should end their life together? that I should look on her as my only relative? But this is what her friends fear'd, and made me promise not to take her away. All these things prayed on my mind, which induced me to do what I have said above; but still I repeat this has nothing to do with what was agreed to be done about Mr. Cosway. If you will favour me with few lines you will much oblige me, or intrust any message to Mr. Taylor or Prince Hoare. To both I give a message for you.—Believe me, dear Sir, yours sincerely,

"MARIA COSWAY.

"My address is—Madame Cosway, à Lodi, via Milan."

[London postmark, 8 Feb. 1823.]

In the few records that have come down to us about William Combe, it is curious to note the widely different statements of even contemporaries. The writer in the "London Cyclopædia," who knew him, says he lived most unhappily with his second wife, whilst the poet Campbell, in his "Life of Mrs. Siddons," assures us—"After his first wife's death, Mr. Combe made a more creditable marriage, with the sister of Mr. Cosway, the artist, and much of the distress which his imprudence entailed upon him was mitigated by the assiduities of this amiable woman." What became

of her, we cannot now ascertain, and it is only from a stray mention of her husband in a newspaper, after his death, that we learn the fact that she survived him.

We now return to "Doctor Syntax." Its continued popularity had suggested to Mr. Ackerman, and its author, other poetical compositions, illustrated in a similar way. Rowlandson was called in, and designs for an "English Dance of Death" were decided upon. Combe wrote the text, and the work was published in monthly numbers, of about one thousand lines in each part. It was issued complete, in 1815-16, in two volumes. Although it was not nearly so successful as "Syntax," it was better illustrated than its more popular predecessor, and obtained sufficient patronage to prompt the undertaking, in the following year, of a "Dance of Life," the text and illustrations to which proceeded from the same pen and pencil. This also was published in monthly numbers. A part of Combe's literary work for the year 1816 was a history of several of our Public Schools, which formed the chief portion of the text to a large illustrated volume that Mr. Ackerman was then issuing.

Of the difficulty of discovering all the books that Combe *actually did* write, we are reminded by an entry in the poet Moore's "Diary," where he says:—"Oct. 22, 1818. Talked of Combe, said to be the writer of Mac 'Leod's 'Loo-Choo,' as he certainly was of Lord Lyttelton's 'Letters,' and 'many other books of other peoples.' Now no mention of this work is made in Combe's own 'List,' but the composition is exactly in his style, and as the work was published in 1817, it may explain what Combe was doing from 1816 to 1818, in which latter year he completed "The Antiquities of York," an elegant work, with illustrations by H. Cave. The demand for "Doctor Syntax" having somewhat fallen off, after an extraordinary run of eight years, it was arranged that Rowlandson and Combe should prepare a *Second Series*, to be entitled "DOCTOR SYNTAX'S TOUR IN SEARCH OF CONSOLATION,"—the termagant wife being decently buried in the early part of the new volume, in order that the Doctor might have a good reason for travelling abroad a second time. The monthly parts, in which it was issued, were completed in 1820, and although not so successful as the *First Tour*, it quickly passed through several editions. The demand for it was such that Mr. Ackerman at once requested both the artist and author to prepare a *Third Tour*—this time "IN SEARCH OF A WIFE." Like the preceding, it was issued in monthly parts, and attracted immediate attention. The pictures were, if anything, more droll than those in the preceding volumes, the designs to "An Advertisement for a Wife," "The Result of Purchasing a Blind Horse," and the figure of the veterinary surgeon in the death of poor

"Punch," being amusing in the extreme. This *Third Tour* appeared in 1821, along with new editions of the *First* and *Second* series.

Combe had to suffer the penalty of all successful inventors. His title was unblushingly copied both at home and abroad, and there appeared in London the "Tour of Doctor Syntax through London," "Doctor Syntax in Paris, in Search of the Grotesque," "Dr. Syntax's Life of Napoleon," and "Doctor Prosody;" whilst in Germany one Fred. Hempel wrote under the pseudonym of "Peregrinus Syntax," and the "Tour in Search of the Picturesque" was translated under the title of "Die Reise des Doktor Syntax, ins Deutsche uber-tragen," Berlin, 1822. But the most impudent imitation of "Syntax" was a book in verse, entitled "The Adventures of Doctor Comicus," (probably a play upon Combe's name), by a Modern Syntax, with coloured imitations of Rowlandson's designs. In it the principal scenes in Combe's *First Tour* were parodied, our author's own words being used in many places, but generally twisted to bear a vulgar meaning. Combe was now eighty years of age, but, old as he was, he felt he must make some remonstrance against the impudence of his own countrymen, even if the foreign appropriations might be taken as so many compliments; accordingly in the preface to the *third* edition of the "*Second Tour*," 1820, he says:—

"It has been the opinion of many whose superior judgment commanded 'my submission, that I was called upon to separate the work written by 'me as the biographer of 'Doctor Syntax' from those which have been 'palmed upon the public by others who have pilfered that title. This book, the '*First Tour of Doctor Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*,' the '*Dance of Death*,' and the '*Dance of Life*,' are the only works, in 'this style of composition, which have been written by me."

Combe's literary career was now rapidly drawing to a close. His failing health, however, had not prevented him from undertaking a "History of Madeira," for which his friend Mr. Ackerman had prepared some very beautiful coloured engravings. This work appeared in 1821. Our author's last work, published in 1822, was something after the style of the "Syntax" series, and was entitled "Johnny Quæ Genus, or the Little Foundling." It was illustrated with twenty-four coloured plates, by Rowlandson, and appeared in monthly parts, the same as "Doctor Syntax." As a literary performance, it is the poorest of all Combe's compositions of this peculiar character, and the author probably felt this quite as much as his readers, for he wrote nothing afterwards. The active imagination that had, without intermission, directed the pen for over fifty years, found itself becoming weaker and weaker.

That very few of Combe's acquaintances ever visited him at

his lodgings, on the other side of Westminster Bridge, and near the Bethlam Hospital, we have good reason for believing, as nearly all the notices of him written by contemporaries describe him as living in the King's Bench Prison, whereas it was at No. 12, Lambeth Road, within the distance allowed by the prison authorities to out-door prisoners, that he resided. Another error, too, which it does not appear that Combe ever took the pains to correct, was the length of time he was a prisoner for debt. His acquaintances invariably speak of "twenty years,"—at least, the poets Campbell and Rogers, Mr. Ackerman, jun., and others, have told us such was the length of time, whereas Combe was residing "within the rules of the Bench" as early as 1780, and was still there at the time of his death. Campbell gives the anecdote—which has been variously told—of Combe's preference for prison life:—

"Pecuniary difficulties brought him to a permanent residence in the King's Bench, where he continued about twenty years, and for the latter part of them a voluntary inmate. One of his friends offered to effect a compromise with his creditors, but he refused the favour. 'If I compounded with my creditors,' said Mr. Combe, 'I should be obliged to sacrifice the little substance which I possess, and on which I subsist in prison. These chambers, the best in the Bench, are mine at the rent of a few shillings a week, in right of my seniority as a prisoner. My habits are become so sedentary, that if I lived in the airiest Square of London, I should not walk round it once in a month. I am contented in my cheap quarters.'"^{*}

Another writer† says that, although a prisoner, he used "to enjoy much excellent society," and lived contented "in the midst of an extensive library, his time being constantly exercised for his own profit and the gratification of the world." And he utters the lament:—"Could the age of George III. have boasted of a single Mæcenas, the living father of English literature would not have been suffered to spend a long life under such irksome and adverse circumstances!"

The writer in the "London Cyclopædia," who knew Combe personally, says that "a portion of this restraint was voluntary, and with a view to secure some property to a younger branch of his family."[‡] The poet Rogers, however, who also knew Combe, used to say of him, spitefully, that it was an error to suppose "he had taken refuge in the King's Bench in order to cheat his creditors—because he did not leave enough to pay the expenses of his funeral."[§]

Although Combe had been dissipated in his youth, and up to his latest work gave no evidence of any particular seriousness, he always believed

^{*} Campbell's "Life of Mrs. Siddons," 1834, Vol. I., p. 43.

[†] Public Characters of all Nations, 1833, Vol. I., p. 408.

[‡] "London Cyclopædia," Vol. VI., p. 427, 1829.

[§] Dyce's "Recollections of the 'Table Talk of Samuel Rogers,'" p. 112.

himself to be a good Christian, and in the long preface to his "Doctor," is careful to impress the reader that "though on a first view of many of the 'prints, it may appear as if the clerical character was treated with levity; he is confident in announcing a very opposite impression after a perusal of the work." Indeed, a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in the course of a few remarks upon Combe's career, assures us that he "ought not to conclude them without bearing testimony to the firm reliance which Mr. Coombe (*sic*) placed in the divine origin of the Christian religion, and a future existence, and to the fortitude and resignation with which he supported his full conviction of the near approach of "his final release from all sublunary troubles."*

All descriptions of Combe agree that he was invariably cheerful, and "always gentlemanly and very interesting in his conversation." Even Rogers acknowledges that "he was possessed of extraordinary powers." As an example of his talent for conversation, an anecdote is recorded by Dr. Keble, of Bristol, that a friend of his "once met Coombe (*sic*) walking in Tyndall's Park, with a young lady under each arm—if we heard the anecdote correctly, Miss Galton and Miss Hannah More—both of whom were in town. "In the name of heaven! Coombe," exclaimed his friend at their next meeting, "what had you been saying to those poor girls with whom I met you the other day, to produce so much distress?" "What distress?" when? inquired 'the Count,' in a tone of alarm at the imputation. On his memory being brought home to the fact, he rejoined, "Oh! nothing at all—some melancholy tale of imagination, trumped up to suit their gals, and diversify the scene. But of the pearly drops I was not so high an observer as yourself."†

On the 8th of June, 1823, Mr. Ackerman wrote to Combe:—"I have a favour to ask of you—it is a list of all the works you have written sent to the press; no use will be made of it in your lifetime without consent." Mr. Ackerman knew that his aged friend would not last much longer, and desired that the secret of so much literary history should not die with him. Almost immediately the old man wrote out the long list, and sent it as suggested. He survived Mr. Ackerman's letter only eleven days. In the catalogue of Combe's works, given further on, we have included every work contained in his own MS. list, adding the titles of several others, which he appears to have forgotten.

* *Gentleman's Magazine*, August, 1822.

† *ibid.*, November, 1822.

‡ This list was obtained by Mr. Robert Cole, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for 1823. It contained three lists of Combe's writings, all of which were included in the *Gentleman's Magazine* at the end of this Memoir.

Combe's last moments were strangely occupied. It appears that in his old age he had adopted a youth, and having no children of his own, he had bequeathed him, as a legacy, the MS. "Autobiography" of his life and strange career, which he had prepared for publication after his decease. But the young man offended Combe irretrievably, by falling in love with, and marrying, a daughter of the famous Olivia Serres, the *sociétaire* Princess Olive of Cumberland. From that moment Combe resolved to blight him, and to burn his manuscripts.* So large was the collection, that it took a week to destroy them, and that week was the last week of his life. For seven days and seven nights the candle he employed in this conflagration was never extinguished—and as the weary and heart-broken humourist applied leaf after leaf, with his eager but wasted hands, to the flickering flame, his own life was also burning to ashes like the story of it—or, like the taper wasting to its socket, soon to be extinguished, and give place to impenetrable darkness.

Combe died on the 19th of June, 1823, in the eighty-second year of his age.

What became of the bulk of Combe's papers after his death, is not known. A Common-place book, scraps of poetry, some letters, and three lists of his works, were preserved, and a few years ago passed into the hands of Mr. R. Cole, the well-known autograph collector. Amongst his papers was found the following Epitaph,† written by Combe upon himself, and accompanied by this short note:—"Whether there will be any desire, or rather means, of suspending a piece of marble over my grave, I have 'my doubts.'"

WILLIAM COMBE'S EPITAPH ON HIMSELF.

VIXIT NEC SINE DOCTRINA
NEC SINE SERMONUM AC MORUM SUAVITATE;
VIXIT NEC SINE PIETATE ERGA DEUM
NEC SINE HONESTA DE NUMINE EJUS OPINIONE:
NEC VERBO SINE PECCATIS MULTIS
NEC TAMEN SINE SPE SALUTIS
A DOMINO CLEMENTISSIMO IMPETRANDÆ.

* M. R. B. in "The Mirror of Literature, Amusement, and Instruction," January 2nd, 1824, vol. xiv., p. 2.
† Literary Gazette, Sept. 27, 1823.

A FEW weeks after Combe's death, there appeared a small volume with this title:—

"LETTERS TO MARIANNE," by *William Combe, Esq., Author of "Doctor Syntax," &c.* 12mo. London, 1822.

It professed to be a collection of the Love Letters written by Combe to a young lady, in the year 1813—14, and was doubtless issued for the sole purpose of making money out of the scandal which their publication would raise over the author's grave. The friends of Combe were most indignant at this proceeding. Mr. Jerdan—the veteran journalist is still living—wrote in his paper* that the so-called "Letters to Marianne" "pourtray 'the individual, known in a better light through the medium of his works, 'in a point of view which affords no room for the display of talent, but 'rather exhibits a man in the decline of years silly lavishing all the foolery 'of a platonic affection on a young girl.' A fortnight after, another writer took up the cudgels in the same journal:—"Poor Combe," he writes, "could 'he rise from his grave and witness this exposure of human frailty in the 'injudicious publication of the love-letters of a man of seventy, would 'assuredly be disposed to join sincerely in the wish 'God deliver me from 'my friends!' "† And the Aukerman family, disgusted at the rapacity which prompted the publication, reprinted Combe's excellent "Letters to Amelia,"‡ to counteract the unfair influence which the other book might create. In their preface they speak of the great damage done to a man's character by a certain class of posthumous publications, and remark that:—

"Among works of such an injurious tendency we cannot help classing a 'small volume of *Private Letters*, said to be from the pen of Mr. Combe, 'published apparently with an inconsiderate avidity of profit since his 'death, but which can scarcely have fulfilled the expectations of the parties 'by whom they were thrust forward. From our personal knowledge of the 'writer, we are certain that no man would have deprecated more strongly 'the publication of those Letters than he—he who, as it is correctly 'stated in the volume in question, soothed his last moments with the reflection that all his literary productions had espoused the cause of morality, 'virtue, and religion, and that, with the exception of a satirical poem, 'which was among the earliest of his performances, there was not one of 'which he regretted to have been the author."

The person most pained by the publication of this correspondence was, of course, Mrs. Combe. There was nothing improper in the letters them-

* *The Literary Gazette*, Sept. 27, 1822.

† A correspondent of the *Literary Gazette*, under the signature of "Rink Rod," Sept. 28, 1822.

‡ "*Letters to Amelia*," by William Combe. 12mo. 1824.

supposing them all to have been written by Combe, it was only the fact of their being published at that particular time, and for the avowed purpose of directing public attention to the private letters of an old man who had written youthfully to a young girl, that made the publication a scandal. Had all the letters been published, they would have told their own tale, which was, that ten years previously the female had been dissuaded by Combe for "her deceit and folly," and the very man—his name was Birch—whose "warm attentions to Marianne served to cool the affection, and finally lost her the heart of her venerable admirer,"* was the actual editor of these precious "Letters," and published them to the world. The book itself is now not easily obtained. There is no copy in our great National library, but from different sources we have obtained transcripts of two short compositions included in the "Letters," which will be found rather pleasing than otherwise:—

ODE.

Ah, who has power to say,
To-morrow's sun shall warmer glow,
And o'er this gloomy vale of woe
Diffuse a brighter ray?

Ah, who is ever sure,
Tho' all that can the soul delight
This hour enchants the wondering sight,
These raptures will endure?

Is there in life's dull toll
One certain moment of repose,
One ray to dissipate our woes,
And bid reflection smile?

We seek hope's gentle aid;
We think the lovely phantom pours
Her hazy incense on those flowers
Which blossom but to fade.

We court love's thrilling dart;
And when we think our joy supreme,
We find its raptures but a dream,
Its boon—a wounded heart.

We pant for glittering fame;
And when pale envy blots the page
That might have charmed a future age,
We find 'tis but a name.

We toil for paltry ore,
And when we gain the golden prize,
And death appears, with aching eyes
We view the useless store.

How frail is beauty's bloom!
The dumpled cheek, the sparkling eye,
Scarcely seen before their wonders fly
To decorate a tomb.

Then, since this fleeting breath
Is but the sephyr of a day,
Let conscience make each minute gay,
And brave the shafts of death.

And let the generous mind
With pity view the erring throng
Applaud the right, forgive the wrong,
And feel for all mankind !†

* A correspondent who signs himself "Birch Rod," in *Literary Gazette*, Oct. 18, 1833.

† Printed in "Letters to Marianne." By William Combe, Esq., author of "Doctor Syntax," &c. 12mo., pp. 96. London, 1823. T. Boys.)

TO MARIANNE.

Let others boast of hoarded ore,
Or riot 'midst their golden store;
Give me, kind heaven,—I'll ask no more,—
Give me the table-flap, the mutton-bone,
and Mary.

Ambition's heights are nought to me,
Unmoved its glittering towers I see;
From these proud scenes I'd gladly flee,
To find the table-flap, the mutton-bone,
and Mary.

Tho' pleasure's mase while others stray,
And fancy gilds each varying day,

I'd ever wish at home to stay
When I've the table-flap, the mutton-bone,
and Mary.

Should fortune blow with fickle wind,
If former friends should prove unkind,
My lot I'd bear with cheerful mind,
So I've the table-flap, the mutton-bone,
and Mary.

But when death aims the pointed dart,
Whose fatal blow will rive my heart,
Oh! what a pang 'twill be to part
With the dear table-flap, the mutton-bone,
and Mary.

But another poem, sent by Combe to Marianne, was carefully omitted in the little volume. It was as follows:—

THE PARTING.

Since, Mary, we are doom'd to part,
Since I must tear you from my heart,—
That faithful heart which will, I fear,
Too long your lovely image bear,—
A moment your attention lend,
And hear the counsels of a friend.

When first I saw those beamy eyes,
When first I saw those blushes rise,
When first I saw the ringlets break
In jetty beauty on your neck;
When first I heard your lips dispense
The strain of modest elegance—
Oh! how I wish'd that I could move
The beauteous charming maid to love!
And when you heard me tell my flame,
And when you said you felt the same,
And when possess'd of charms like thine,
No happiness could equal mine.

But soon the gaudy dream was o'er,
The painted phantom was no more,
And in the place of Virtue's charms,
Decalt and Folly fill'd my arms.
What tortures did my bosom move,
What pangs of disappointed love,
When to my hopes I bid adieu,
And turn'd away from love and you!
"From love," said I! how vain the boast!
Tho' by the foulest mischief crost,
My coward heart still pants for you,
And knows not how to say Adieu!

Thus the poor moth around the light,
Tho' scorcht'd its wings, renews its flight,
Nor wounded from the sea retires,
But in the very flame expires.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL LIST OF THE WORKS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM COMBE.

Those titles to which an asterisk is prefixed are somewhat doubtful. All the works were published in London, unless stated to the contrary.*

1773-74.

*AN HEROIC EPISTLE to Sir Wm. Chambers, Kt., Comptroller-General of His Majesty's Works, and author of late Dissertation on Oriental Gardening, 4to., 1s. Almon.

"By W. Mason or W. Combe?" It passed through eleven editions, if not more, the first year of its publication.

1774.

*AN HEROIC POSTSCRIPT to the Public, occasioned by their favourable reception of a late Heroic Epistle to Sir Wm. Chambers. By the author of that Epistle. 4to.

"By W. Mason or W. Combe?" It went through at least seven editions in the year of its publication.

*A FAMILIAR EPISTLE to the Author of the "Heroic Epistle to Sir Wm. Chambers;" and of the "Heroic Postscript to the Public," 4to., 1s. 6d. Wilkie.

Most probably by Combe. If Combe was the author of the preceding, at least a dozen other "Second Parts," "Epistles," "Postscripts," and "Supplements," must have come from the same pen, for the lucky publisher persisted in addressing them all as by the author of the "Heroic Epistle."

A DESCRIPTION OF PATAGONIA and the adjoining Parts of South America; containing an Account of the Soil, Produce, Animals, Vales, Mountains, Rivers, Lakes, &c., of these countries; the Religious Government, Policy, Customs, Dress, &c., of the Inhabitants, and some

particulars relating to the Falkland Islands. With a new map, 4to., 7s. 6d. Hereford.

Combe wrote this work "from the papers of the Jesuit James (Thomas) Falkener, who had resided in Patagonia for forty years."

1775.

THE FLATTERING MILLINER; or, a Modern Half-Hour, represented at the Bristol Theatre, 11th September, 1775, for the benefit of Mr. Henderson. Not printed.

In a MS. copy—Combe's autograph—the author says:—"This little performance was written in one evening and part of the succeeding morning."

1778.

THE DIABOLIAD, a Poem, dedicated to the Worst Man in His Majesty's Dominions. 4to. Kearley.

This very popular satire, by Combe, was published at 1s. 6d., and passed through several editions in 1777 and 1778. In the latter year a Second Part appeared.

*HEROIC EPISTLE to the Right Hon. the Lord Craven, on his delivering the sentence—"I will have it known there is respect due to a Lord!" 4to. J. Wheeble.

*THE HEROIC EPISTLE, answered by the R— H— Lord O—, "Out! Dunghill! dar'nt thou brave a Nobleman?"—Shakespeare. 4to. Wilkie.

The compilers of the British Museum Catalogue believe this poem to have come from Combe's pen. It is a spirited but

laqueous reply to the preceding, and commences—

"Hiss on, hiss on, ye needy wags—
"Tis but to shake my money-bags;"
and ends with—
"Then, Post, with thy Brother Elves,
Take Worth and Honour to yourselves;
Enough for me to strut a Peer,
With full Twelve Thousand Pounds a year!"

1777.

ADDITIONS TO THE "DIABOLIAD."
By the same author. 4to. Kearaley.

THE DIABO—LADY; or, a Match in Hell; a Poem, dedicated to the Worst Woman in Her Majesty's Dominions. 4to. The dedication is subscribed "Belphegor."

This, like the "Diabolad," gives the names of noted living characters in initials and asterisks, which it was the fashion to fill in with a pen at the time. It passed through three or four editions.

ANTI-DIABO-LADY . . . calculated to expose the Malevolence of the Author of "Diabo-Lady." 4to.

Although it professes to be an attack, the Introduction is signed "Belphegor," just the same as the preceding.

THE FIRST OF APRIL, or the Triumph of Folly; a Poem, dedicated to a celebrated Duchess, by the author of the "Diabolad." 4to., 2s. 6d. J. Bew.

An edition also appeared in 1782.

A DIALOGUE IN THE SHADES, between an Unfortunate Divine and a Welch Member of Parliament, lately deceased. 4to., 1s. J. Bew.

Combe only remembered this poem by the title of "Dialogue in the Shades between Dr. Dodd and Chase Price." There is good reason to believe that Combe also wrote the following:—

OBSERVATIONS ON the CASE OF MR. DODD. 8vo., 1s. Bew.

HEROIC EPISTLE TO A NOBLE D——. 4to.

AN HEROIC EPISTLE TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS. 4to.

A LETTER TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE. 4to.

Fielding and Co.

On Female Education.

A SECOND LETTER TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE. 4to. Fielding and Co.

*INTERESTING LETTERS of Pope Clement XIV. (Ganganelli), to which are prefixed Anecdotes of his Life, &c. Translated from the French. 12mo., with a portrait, 4 vols.

See Lady M. W. Montagu's Works, 1808, vol. 1. Although it is believed that Combe only translated the "Letters," they were stigmatised so sharply when the forgery was discovered, that he never acknowledged his connection with them.

THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE'S COW; a Poem. 4to. Two editions. Bew.

Combe, having previously written a satire on the same subject for another publisher, it is supposed that he produced this for the "Noble Author" alluded to in the following:—

AN HEROIC EPISTLE TO THE "NOBLE AUTHOR" OF THE "DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE'S COW." 4to. Bew.

1777-84.

ROYAL REGISTER, The; or, Observations on the Principal Characters of the Church, State, Court, &c., &c., Male and Female, with Annotations by Another Hand. 12mo., 9 vols., 2s. 6d. each. J. Bew.

Containing characteristic sketches, often caustic or satirical, of public characters, especially the Lords and Commons. The names are given in initials, but are, for the most part, not difficult to decipher.

1778.

PERFECTION; a Poetical Epistle, *only* addressed to the greatest Hypocrite in England [John Wesley.] 4to., 2s. J. Bew.

A satire upon the Love-Heads of the Methodists, and their doctrine of Perfection.

THE DIABOLIAD; a Poem, Dedicated to the Worst Man in His Majesty's Dominions. Part II. By the author of Part I. 4to.

THE JUSTIFICATION; a Poem. "Quis-
que sua vice, scribam, color."—
4to., 2s. 6d. J. Bew.

A new edition of this, "by the same
author," is advertised at the end of the
first edition of "The Diaboliad," 1778.

THE AUCTION; a Town Elegiac, by
the Honourable Mr. ——. Dedi-
cated to Lady V——— 4to., 1s.
Bew.

Combe gives 1780 as the date, but Watt
mentions an edition with the date 1812.
A copy bearing date 1778 is in the British
Museum.

**AN INTERESTING LETTER TO THE
DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.** 4to.
Bew.

This produced "Desultory Thoughts
upon reading 'An Interesting Letter to
the Duchess of Devonshire.'" 4to. Long-
man and Co., 1785.

**AN HEROIC EPISTLE TO SIR JAMES
WRIGHT.** 4to., 1s. 6d. Bew.

**AN HEROIC EPISTLE to an Unfor-
tunate Monarch [Geo. III.], by
Peregrine the Elder, enriched with
Explanatory Notes.** 4to., 1s. 6d.

This occurs in the published list of works
by the author of "The Diaboliad." It is
a panegyric in praise of George III., and
his stubborn defence of his colonies against
those who desired to make them free. The
author says:—

"Thy Boston seats employ the tongue of
Fame,

And Bunker's echoes, thunder rebel shame
Thro' the main run! The Yankees yield!—
See Gage, and conquest lighten o'er the
Said!

Two thousand warriors waiting on the
plain,

A monument of fatal pride remain."

THE PHILOSOPHER IN BRISTOL. 2
vols., small 8vo. Robinson.

1778.

**LETTERS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN
WRITTEN BY YONICK AND ELIZA.**
2 vols., 12mo.

THE WORLD AS IT GOES; a Poem.
4to., 2s. 6d. J. Bew.

alluded to by Walpole in his Letter to
Mason, Oct. 25, 1778. Although pub-

lished anonymously, it appears to have
been tolerably well known at the time
that it came from Combe's pen.

1780.

THE FAST DAY; a Lambeth Elegiac.
By the author of "The Auction."
4to., 1s. 6d. J. Bew.

This poem gives evidence that Combe
was then a resident in this parish—in other
words, that he resided within "the Rules
of the Bench Prison."

1780-83.

**LETTERS OF THE LATE LORD LYT-
TELTON.** 2 vols., 8vo.

Another edition appeared in 1806.

1781.

THE TRAITOR; a Poem. 4to.*

1784.

FASHIONABLE FOLLIES; a Novel,
containing the History of a Puri-
tan Family. 2 vols., 6s. Dodale.

Combe, in his "Notes," states this work
to have been written by a Mr. Vaughan,
and that it was only the third volume, pub-
lished some time afterwards, which came
from his pen.

1785.

**LETTERS between a Lady of Quality
and a Person of Inferior Rank.**
2 vols., 12mo.

1787.

THE JUSTIFICATION; a Poem. By
the author of "The Diaboliad."
4to., 2s. 6d. J. Bew.

Combe gives 1777 as the date of this
poem, but the "London Catalogue of
Books" says 1787.

1787-1801.

ANDERSON (ADAM). The Origin of
Commerce from the Earliest Ac-
counts. Carefully revised, cor-
rected, and continued to the pre-
sent time. 4 vols., 4to.

Several editions of this celebrated and
valuable work were published. Latterly it
was superseded by Macpherson's "Annals
of Commerce," but for many years it was
the standard work upon the subject.
Combe, in his "Notes," says:—"The first
three volumes collected and enlarged, and
the whole of the four volumes compiled,
arranged, and written out by me."

WORKS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM COMBE.

1789.

LETTER from a Country Gentleman to a Member of Parliament, on the Present State of the Nation. 8vo., 2s. Kearsley.

This passed through five editions, and was replied to in "An Answer," also by Combe.

AN ANSWER to "A Country Gentleman's Letter to a Member of Parliament." 8vo., 2s. Kearsley.

1789-93.

THE ROYAL INTERVIEW; a Fragment. By the author of "A Letter from a Country Gentleman to a Member of Parliament." 8vo., 2s.

Walter, 1789-93.

Passed through two or three editions.

1790.

MEARES' (LIEUT. JOHN) VOYAGES made in the Years 1788 and 1789, from China to the North-west Coast of America. To which is prefixed a Narrative of a Voyage from Bengal, 1786; on the North-west Passage, &c. 4to.

Compiled from the notes of Lieut. Meares, by Combe, who seems to have forgotten both the title and author's name in his "Notes," for it is there entered as "Voyage of Captain Meares to North-west Coast of America." A second edition, in 8vo., was published in 1796.

1790-1810.

THE DEVIL UPON TWO STICKS IN England, being a Continuation of "Le Diable Boiteux," of Le Sage. 4 vols., 12mo.

A second edition was published in 1791. The third edition, issued in 1810, Combe states in his "Notes," "contains considerable additions." This was in six volumes.

1791.

THE ROYAL DREAM; or, the P— in a Fable: an Eclogue. 4to., 2s. Farres.

Combe gives 1795 as the date of this publication, but he may have confused it with "The Academic's Dream," a poem, which was issued in 1793, and published by Combe's publisher, New.

CONTRIBUTIONS on the Approaching Dissolution of Parliament, ad-

dressed to the Elective Body of the People; with some Account of the Existing Parties. 4to., 2s. Walter.

1792.

A REVIEW of the Law Case (Chancery) between Mackreth and Fox Lane. Not published.

A WORD IN SEASON to the Traders, Manufacturers, &c. 4to.

1794.

A CRITIQUE on the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. 4to.

THE *Schola Salerni*, or Economy of Health. 8vo.

This is a translation of the original work which appeared in 1790.

1794-96.

THE HISTORY of the River Thames. 2 vols., folio. Boydell.

These volumes contain coloured plates from drawings by D. Tarrington, E.A. The two volumes contain more than 600 pages of descriptive letter-press from Combe's pen.

1795.

ANDERSON'S (JENAS) NARRATIVE of the British Embassy to China, in 1792-4. 4to.

The facts were supplied by Anderson, and Combe arranged and edited them. An abridgement in 8vo. was also published.

LETTER to a Retired Officer on the Opinions and Sentence of a General Court-Martial, held at the Horse Guards, November 27th, 1795, and on many subsequent days, for the Trial of Colonel J. F. Cawthorne, of the Westminster Regiment of Middlesex Militia. 4to., 2s. Debetoth.

TWO WORDS OF COUNSEL and One of Comfort. 8vo. A political composition.

1795.

CARMEN SECLARUM; an Ode, inscribed to the President and Members of the Royal Academy. By a Muse more than three Months. 8vo.

Combe, in his "Notes," speaks of this publication as "On the Disputes of the Royal Academy."

1798.

COCKETT'S (CAPTAIN JAMES) VOYAGE to the South Atlantic, and Round Cape Horn, into the Pacific Ocean. 4to., 9s.

This voyage was undertaken for the purpose of extending the Spermaceti Whale Fisheries. Upon Captain Cockett's return the notes were all placed in the hands of Combe, who worked them up into a very valuable narrative.

1799.

ANTHONY'S (FREDERICK) HISTORY of the Campaigns of Count Alexander Suwarow Rymnikaki, Field-Marshal General, in the Service of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias; and a Preliminary Sketch of his Private Life and Character. Translated from the German. 2 vols., 8vo.

1799-1810.

ASIATIC ANNUAL REGISTER. 8vo.

Campbell was the editor. Combe contributed "several articles in two of the volumes, particularly the Life and Character of Governor Holwell."

1800.

TRANSLATION from the French of "Ripaud's (Librarian to the Institute of Egypt) Commission of Arts to the first Consul Bonaparte, on the Antiquities of Upper Egypt, and the Present State of all the Palaces, Temples, Obelisks, Statues, Tombs, Pyramids, Heliopolis, &c., from the Cataracts of the Nile to Cairo, with an Accurate Description of the Pictures with which they are decorated." 4to.

TRANSLATION from the French of "Sonnini's (C. S.) Travels in Upper and Lower Egypt, undertaken by Order of the Old Government of France; illustrated by Portraits, Views, Ruins, Antiquities, Plants, Animals, &c., drawn on the spot,

under the Author's inspection; with Map." 4to., 52s. 6d.

1801.

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE'S VOYAGES from Montreal, on the River St. Laurence, through the Continent of North America, to the Frozen and Pacific Oceans, 1789—93; with Account of the Fur Trade. 4to., £1 11s. 6d.

Compiled by Combe, from Mackenzie's Notes. The book was considered a very valuable addition to Geographical science, and was translated and published in Paris during the following year.

GRANT (Charles Viscount de Vaux).

The History of the Mauritius, or the Isle of France and the Neighbouring Islands, from their First Discovery to the Present Time, 4to., maps.

This work passed through three editions. It was compiled by Combe, principally from the papers and letters of Viscount Grant, and was considered a valuable work.

LETTER to the Right Hon. Wm.

Pitt, on the Influence of the Stoppage of Issues in Specie; on the Prices on Provisions, and other Commodities. 8vo., 3s. 6d.

Written under the *nom de plume* of "Walter Boyd."

PLAIN THOUGHTS submitted to Plain

Understandings, upon a Prevalent Custom, dangerous to the Establishment. 8vo., 1s. Rivingtons.

Combe, in his MS. list, seems to have forgotten both the title and date of this pamphlet, which he remembered as "Plain Thoughts of a Plain Man, &c., 1797."

CAPTAIN HANGER'S LIFE, ADVENTURES, and Opinions; written by himself. With Advice to Prelates and Legislators, how to Correct the Immorality and Jacobinism of the Present Age, and at the same time to Increase the Revenue. Advice to the Lovely Cyprians, and to the Fair Sex in General, how to pass their Lives in future to their better Satisfaction, and to enjoy with

Discretion the three Cardinal Virtues; on Matrimony, Compulsive Wedlock, and on Polygamy; on the Misery of Female Prostitution, &c., &c. 2 vols., 8vo.

Combe, in his private "Notes," says he wrote this work from "Hanger's Papers and Suggestions."

1803.

OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE between His Excellency Count Metternich, Minister Plenipotentiary of the Emperor, the Deputies of the Empire, and Citizens Treillard, Bounier, Roberjot, and Jean de Bry, Ministers Plenipotentiary of the French Republic, assembled at Rastadt, for the Purpose of Negotiating a Peace with those Powers. 8vo. Wright.

ANDERSON'S (ADAM) Journal of the Forces which Sailed from the Downs, in April, 1800, on a Secret Expedition, under Lieut.-General Pigot. 4to.

Combe, in his "Notes," remembers his labours upon this work as "Anderson's Account of the Campaign in Egypt." Anderson supplied the material, and Combe wrote and edited the work.

1803.

VALERIUS' ADDRESS to the People of England. Folio, a single sheet.

A broadside on the threatened Invasion, issued as a handbill, or poster. There are good grounds for believing that Combe wrote a great many similar appeals, but he doubtless reckoned them as amongst "the minor contributions, the number of which he would not presume to guess at."

CLIFTON; a Poem, in Imitation of Spenser. 4to. Bristol.

THE "PRO-MIN." Edited by Combe. A Periodical Publication. Folio.

1804.

THE LETTERS OF VALERIUS on the State of Parties, the War, the Voluntary System, and most of the Political Topics which have lately been under Public Discussion.

Originally published in the Times newspaper. 8vo.

Combe, at this period, was on the staff of the Times.

TRANSLATION of General Gordon's Defence of his Conduct during the French Revolution. 8vo.

1804.

STERNE. Fragments after Sterne. By Isaac Brandon (W. Combe). 12mo.

1800-10.

A REVIEW of an Important Period, involving the State Proceedings on the late King's first Illness. 8vo.

1800-11.

POETICAL MAGAZINE, with Coloured Designs by Rowlandson. 4 vols., 8vo. Ackerman.

Largely contributed to by Combe. Sytax's first Tour appeared here, under the title of "The Schoolmaster's Tour."

1810.

ACKERMAN'S Microcosm of London. 3 vols., 4to.

A very splendid work, containing an immense number of fine plates by eminent artists. Combe wrote all the text to the third volume.

1811.

THE THAMES; or, Graphic Illustrations of Seats, Villas, Public Buildings, and Picturesque Scenery on the Banks of that noble River. The engravings executed by W. B. Cooke, from Original Drawings by Samuel Owen. (The letter-press descriptions entirely from the pen of W. Combe). 2 vols., royal 8vo. Ackerman.

THE LIFE of Arthur Murphy, Esq., (the Dramatic Author). By James Foot, Esq., his Executor. 4to.

Combe, in his "Notes," states that he wrote this work from papers, suggestions, and criticisms furnished by Foot.

1812.

THE HISTORY of the Abbey Church of St. Peter's, Westminster. 4to.

Antiquities and Monumenta. 2 vols., 4to., with 88 coloured plates, £16 18s. Ackerman.

A work upon which Combe must have bestowed a great amount of labour.

DOCTOR SYNTAX'S Tour in Search of the Picturesque. A Poem. With 31 coloured plates, by Rowlandson, royal 8vo., £1 1s. Ackerman.

Combe's best known performance. It quickly passed through a great many editions, the British Museum copy being of the fourth edition, and bearing the date 1818. It first appeared in monthly instalments, in "Ackerman's Poetical Magazine," 1809.

1813.

SIX POEMS, Illustrative of Engravings by H.R.H. the Princess Elizabeth. 4to.

Combe had forgotten the title of this book, and remembered it as "Poetical Illustrations of Drawings, by," &c.

1814.

A HISTORY of the University of Oxford, its Colleges, Halls, and Public Buildings. With 100 coloured plates, 2 vols., 4to., £16 18s. Ackerman.

A splendid work. Combe wrote the descriptive text from other books, aided by the recollections of his college days.

1815-16.

THE ENGLISH DANCE OF DEATH, from the Designs of T. Rowlandson, with Metrical Illustrations by the author of "Doctor Syntax," (i.e., W. Combe). 2 vols., 8vo., £3 3s. Ackerman.

The success of "Doctor Syntax" prompted this and similar works. It was originally issued in monthly numbers, of about one hundred lines in each part. Rowlandson completed the illustration during the first half of the month preceding publication, and Combe wrote the text between the 15th and 20th, describing the artist's designs.

1816-17.

THE HISTORY of the Colleges of Winchester, Eton, and Westminster, with the Charter House, the Free Schools of St. Paul's, Merchant

Taylor's, Harrow, and Rugby, and the School of Christ Hospital. 4to. Ackerman.

Originally published in twelve monthly parts, at 12s. each. It was illustrated by numerous coloured engravings. From Combe's "Notes" we gather that the whole of the text to this work came from his pen, "except the account of Winchester, Harrow, and Rugby."

THE DANCE OF LIFE; a Poem. By the author of "Doctor Syntax." With 26 Illustrations by T. Rowlandson, 8vo., £1 1s. Ackerman.

Originally issued in monthly parts, and under similar circumstances to the "Dance of Death."

1817.

***M'LEOD's (John) Narrative of a Voyage in His Majesty's late ship *Alceste* along the Coast of Corea to the Island of Loo Choo, with account of her subsequent shipwreck.** 8vo.

Not mentioned in Combe's List, but alluded to as from his pen by the poet Moore.

1818.

ANTIQUITIES OF YORK, drawn and etched by H. Cave. Imp. 4to. The letter-press was written by Combe.

1820.

SECOND TOUR of Doctor Syntax in Search of Consolation, a Poem, with 24 coloured plates, after Rowlandson. Royal 8vo., £1 1s. Ackerman.

Originally issued in monthly parts, and passed through several editions, but was never so popular as the *First Tour*. It is strange that no copy is to be found in our great national collection at the British Museum!

1821.

THIRD TOUR of Doctor Syntax, in Search of a Wife, a Poem, with 25 coloured plates, by T. Rowlandson. Royal 8vo., £1 1s. Ackerman.

Like the preceding, it was originally issued in monthly parts. It passed through several editions.

A HISTORY of Madeira, with 37 coloured engravings. 4to. Ackerman. The text solely written by Combe.

1822.

DIE REISE des Doktor Syntax, ins Deutsche übertragen. 8vo. Berlin. Translation of *Syntax's First Tour*.

JOHNNY QUE GENUS, or the little Foundling; 24 coloured plates by Rowlandson. £1 1s. Royal 8vo. Ackerman.

Originally issued in monthly parts, the same as "Doctor Syntax."

1823

LETTERS to "Marianne," by William Combe, Esq., author of "Dr Syntax," &c. 12mo. T. Boys.

Combe's friends were very indignant at this publication, as it gave his private letters to a young lady for whom he had shown some affection. It was looked upon at the time as a mere attempt at money-making, which end, however, it does not seem to have attained. No copy is in the British Museum.

1824

LETTERS between Amelia in London and her Mother in the Country, written by the late William Combe, Esq., author of "The Three Tours of Dr Syntax." 16mo. Ackerman.

Published as a sort of answer to "The Letters of Marianne." In the preface—apparently from the pen of Mr Ackerman himself—we are told that "this amusing correspondence between a young lady of fashion in town and her mother in the country, was expressly written for the *Repository of Arts*, issued monthly, and that the letters were now published in a collective form, in fulfilment of the repeated wishes of their author."

1826.

THE THREE TOURS of Dr. Syntax, with 80 illustrations by T. Rowlandson. 3 vols., 16mo. Ackerman.

The popularity of "Dr. Syntax" continued to such an extent long after the author's decease, that the owner of the copyright issued a small pocket edition, with all the plates reduced one-fourth their original size. The 3 vols. were published at One Guinea.

1827.

POMPEII ILLUSTRATED, with picturesque views, engraved by W. B. Cooke, from drawings by Lieut.-Col. Cockburn, with descriptive letter-press to each plate by T. L. Donaldson [i. e. W. Combe]. Imp. folio, 2 vols., £16 16s. Ackerman.

This work does not occur in Combe's List. It is included here on the authority of the British Museum Catalogue.

1832.

DR. SYNTAX'S TOUR in Search of the Picturesque, with illustrations by Alfred Crowquill. 12mo.

Ackerman.

This edition of the *First Tour* was illustrated by Mr. Alfred Forrester, under the nom de plume of "Alfred Crowquill." The publisher deemed to revive the popularity of the work by adding illustrations from a new, and at that time rising artist, but all that is amusing and noticeable in the fresh designs are simply copies from Rowlandson.

Books without dates.

LETTERS as to the Boundaries of the Rhine.

Mentioned in Combe's List, but no work with such a title can be traced.

LETTERS of an Italian Nun and an English Gentleman. 2 vols., small 8vo.

Professedly a translation from Roussseau.

SIR ALEXANDER MACKENZIE'S Voyage to South America.

No such printed work can be traced, but Combe may have written the book, although for some reason or other it was not published. It is given in the author's List.

TRANSLATION of Alfred von Dönhagen.

This title occurs in Combe's autograph List. The name has in all probability been mis-spelt, as no trace of such an author can be found.

WORKS WRITTEN BY WILLIAM COMBE.

Report of Combe's List of his [Writings, supplied by him to Mr. Ainsworth, with the following notes of the author's miscellaneous contributions to English Literature.

"Miscellaneous.

- "Thirty-eight articles in different reviews.
- "More than two thousand columns in newspapers.
- "For author contributions I do not presume to guess at the number.
- "I have memoranda of seventy memorials, &c., to public bodies, &c., with statements of some of them of great length.
- "About 200 biographical sketches, &c.
- "Seventy-three sermons, some of which have been printed.
- "Assistance in verses to illustrate the principal plates, oblique views of places, in Ainsworth's *Poetical Magazine*, besides *Dr. Syntes*, which first appeared in that publication.
- "For several years I was a contributor to Ainsworth's *LITERARY REPOSITORY*:—
- "1st.—A series of Letters from a young Lady of Fortune on a visit in London, to a sick Mother in the Country. Mr. A. did not think them lively enough for his purpose, and I did not bring them to a conclusion.
- "2nd.—The *Modern Spectator*, in monthly numbers.
- "3rd.—The *Female Tatler* succeeded, and was more particularly confined to female subjects. But from the intrusion of other things I fear that I took the liberty of too frequently obtaining contributions, if not occasionally stealing.
- "From others, though on these occasions it is not improbable that I supplied my copy with something better than I should have myself produced.
- "I have also some works of no inconsiderable use and reputation in which I have been sought to act as pioneer by clearing away what appeared to me to be obstructions, to be entrusted with the task of improvement, either as to mode or to matter, to render reasoning more perspicuous, and to strew the path of truth with flowers. Of this I have been thought capable by those whose favourable opinion in the sphere of literature would justify a rational pride; but such labours must be considered as my own bosom, and these works, in which I should be glad to acknowledge the share of the labour, and they are not a few, must be nameless. Such was the usual or implied condition of the remunerations I received from those whose names they bore, or to whom they are attributed.
- "Some of these publications went through multiplied editions, and the writer had no reason to be dissatisfied with the public reception of any of them, and, as near as may be thought possible, and I believe I am, in a great measure, rightly correct, I had not the assistance of a dot to an *o* from any amanuensis. I trusted to my own strength and talents, such as they are—knowledge, &c. My pen asked for no aid."

DOCTOR SYNTAX'S TOUR
IN SEARCH OF
THE PICTURESQUE.

DOCTOR SYNTAX'S TOUR

IN SEARCH OF

THE PICTURESQUE.

CANTO I.

THE School was done, the bus'ness
o'er,

When tired of Greek and Latin lore,
Good SYNTAX sought his easy chair,
And sat in calm composure there.
His wife was to a neighbour gone,
To hear the chit-chat of the town ;
And left him the unfrequent power
Of brooding through a quiet hour,
Thus, while he sat, a busy train
Of images, besieged his brain.
Of Church-preferment he had none ;
Nay, all his hope of that was gone :
He felt that he content must be
With drudging in a curacy.
Indeed, on ev'ry Sabbath-day,
Through eight long miles he took his
way,

To preach, to grumble, and to pray :
To cheer the good, to warn the sinner,
And, if he got it,—eat a dinner :
To bury these, to christen those,
And marry such fond folks as chose
To change the tenor of their life,
And risk the matrimonial strife.
Thus were his weekly journeys made,
'Tweeth summer-sun and wintry shade,

And all his gains, it did appear,
Were only thirty pounds a year.
Besides th' augmenting taxes press
To aid expense and add distress ;
Mutton and beef and bread and beer,
And ev'ry thing was grown so dear ;
The boys too always prone to eat
Delighted less in books than meat ;
So that when holy Christmas came,
His earnings ceased to be the same ;
And now, alas, could do no more,
Than keep the wolf without the door.
E'en hirc'h, the pedant master's boast,
Was so increas'd in worth and cost,
That oft, prudentially beguil'd
To save the rod he spar'd the child.
Thus, if the times refus'd to mend,
He to his school must put an end.
How hard his lot ! how blind his
fate !

What shall he do to mend his state ?
Thus did poor Syntax ruminate.

When, as the vivid meteors fly,
And instant light the gloomy sky,
A sudden thought across him came,
And told the way to wealth and
fame ;

And as th' expanding vision grew
 Wider and wider to his view,
 The painted fancy did beguile
 His woe-worn phis into a smile.
 But, while he pac'd the room around,
 Or stood immers'd in thought profound,
 The Doctor, 'midst his rumination,
 Was waken'd by a visitation
 Which troubles many a poor man's life,
 The visitation of his wife.
 Good Mrs. Syntax was a lady
 Ten years, perhaps, beyond her hey-
 day;
 But though the blooming charms had
 flown
 That grac'd her youth, it still was
 known,
 The love of power she never lost,
 As Syntax found it to his cost:
 For as her words were 'used to flow,
 He but replied or YES or NO.—
 Whene'er enrag'd by some disaster,
 She'd shake the boys and cuff the
 master:
 Nay, to avenge the slightest wrong,
 She could employ both arms and
 tongue,
 And, if we list to country tales,
 She sometimes would enforce her nails.
 Her face was red, her form was fat,
 A round-about and rather squat;
 And when in angry humour stalking,
 Was like a dumpling set a-walking.
 'Twas not the custom of this spouse
 To suffer long a quiet house:
 She was among those busy wives
 Who hurry-scurry through their
 lives;
 And make unends for fading beauty
 By telling husbands of their duty.
 'Twas at this moment, when inspir'd,
 And by his new ambition fir'd,

The pious man his hands uprear'd,
 That Mrs. Syntax re-appear'd:
 Amaz'd she look'd, and loud she
 shriek'd,
 Or, rather like a pig she squeak'd,
 To see her humble husband dare
 Thus quit his sober ev'ning chair,
 And pace, with varying steps, about,
 Now in the room, and now without.
 At first she did not find her tongue,
 (A thing which seldom happened long,)
 But soon that organ grew unquiet,
 To ask the cause of all this riot.
 The Doctor smil'd, and thus address'd
 The secrets of his lab'ring breast—
 "Sit down, my love, my dearest dear,
 Nay, prithae do, and patient hear;
 Let me, for once, throughout my life,
 Receive this kindness from my wife;
 It will oblige me so:—in troth,
 It will, my dear, oblige us both;
 For such a plan hath come athwart me,
 Which some kind sprite from heav'n
 hath brought me,
 That if you will your counsels join,
 To aid this golden scheme of mine,
 Newdays will come—new times appear,
 And teeming plenty crown the year:
 We then on dainty bits shall dine,
 And change our home-brew'd ale for
 wine:
 On summer days, to take the air,
 We'll put our Grizzle to a chair;
 While you, in silks and muslins fine,
 The grocer's wife shall far outshine,
 And neighb'ring folks be forc'd to own,
 In this fair town you give the ton."
 "Oh! tell me," cried the smiling dame,
 "Tell me this golden road to fame.
 You charm my heart, you quite de-
 light it."
 "I'll make a TOUR—and then I'll
 WRITE IT.



OF SEYMOUR SETTING OUT ON HIS TOUR TO THE LAKES

You well know what my pen can do,
And I'll employ my pencil too :—
I'll ride and write, and sketch and
print,

And thus create a real mint ;
I'll prose it here, I'll verse it there,
And picturesque it everywhere.
I'll do what all have done before ;
I think I shall—and somewhat more.
At Doctor Pompous give a look ;
He made his fortune by a book :
And if my volume does not beat it,
When I return, I'll fry and eat it.
Next week the boys will all go home,
And I shall have a month to come.
My clothes, my cash, my all prepare ;
Let Ralph look to the grizzle mare ;
Tho' wond'ring folks may laugh and
scoff,

By this day fortnight I'll be off ;
And when Old Time a month has run
Our bus'ness, Lovey, will be done.
I will in search of fortune roam,
While you enjoy yourself at home."

The story told, the Doctor eas'd
Of his grand plan, and Madam pleas'd,

No pains were spar'd by night or day
To set him forward on his way :
She trimmed his coat—she mended
all

His various clothing, great and small ;
And better still a purse was found
With twenty notes of each a pound.
Thus furnish'd and in full condition
To prosper in his expedition ;
At length the ling'ring moment came
That gave the dawn of wealth and
fame.

Incurious Ralph, exact at four,
Led Grizzle, saddled, to the door ;
And soon, with more than common
state,

The Doctor stood before the gate.
Behind him was his faithful wife ;—
"One more embrace, my dearest
life!"

Then his grey palfrey he bestrode,
And gave a nod, and off he rode.
"Good luck ! good luck !" she loudly
cried,

"Vale ! O Vale !" he replied.

CANTO II.

THE farewell ceremony o'er,
Madam went in and bang'd the
door :

No woeful tear bedew'd her eye,
Nor did she heave a single sigh ;
But soon began her daily trade,
To chide the man and scold the maid ;
While Syntax, with his scheme be-
sotted,

Along the village gently trotted.
The folks on daily labour bent,
Whistled and caroll'd as they went ;

But as the Doctor pass'd along,
Bow'd down their heads, and ceas'd
their song.

He gravely nodded to the people ;
Then looking upwards to the steeple,
He thus, in mutt'ring tones express'd
The disappointments of his breast.

"That thankless parent, Mother
Church,

Has ever left me in the lurch ;
And while so many fools are seen
To strut a Rector or a Dean,

Who live in ease, and find good cheer
On ev'ry day of ev'ry year,
So small her share of true discerning,
She turn'd her back on all my learning.
I've in my vineyard labour'd hard,
And what has been my lean reward?
I've dug the ground, while some rich
Vicar [liquor ;

Press'd the ripe grape, and drank the
I've fed the flock, while others eat
The mutton's nice, delicious meat;
I've kept the hive, and made the
honey,

While the drones pocketed the money.
But now, on better things intent,
On far more grateful labours bent,
New prospects open to my view:
So, thankless Mother Church, adieu!"
Thus, having said his angry say,
Syntax proceeded on his way.

The morning lark ascends on high,
And with its music greets the sky:
The blackbird whistles, and the thrush
Warbles his wild notes in the bush;
While ev'ry hedge and ev'ry tree
Resound with vocal minstrelsy.
But Syntax, wrapt in thought profound,

Is deaf to each enliv'ning sound:
Revolving many a golden scheme,
And yielding to the pleasing dream,
The reins hung loosely from his hand;
While Grizzle, senseless of command,
Unguided, pad'd the road along,
Nor knew if it were right or wrong.
Through the deep vale, and up the hill,
By rapid stream or tinkling rill,
Grizzle her thoughtful master bore,
Who, counting future treasure o'er,
And, on his weighty projects bent,
Observ'd not whither Grizzle went.
Thus did kind Fancy's soothing power
Cheat him of many a fleeting hour;

Nor did he know the pacing Sun
Had half his daily circuit run.
Sweet, airy sprite, that can bestow
A pleasing respite to our woe,
That can corroding care beguile,
And make the way-worn face to smile!
But ah! too soon the vision passes,
Confounded by a pack of asses!
The donkeys bray'd; and lo! the sound
Awak'd him from his thought profound;

And as he star'd and look'd around,
He said—or else he seem'd to say—
"I find that I have lost my way.
Oh what a wide expanse I see,
Without a wood, without a tree;
No one at hand, no house is near,
To tell the way, or give good cheer;
For now a sign would be a treat,
To tell us we might drink and eat;
But sure there is not in my sight
The sign of any living wight;
And all around upon this common
I see not either man or woman;
Nor dogs to bark, nor cocks to crow,
Nor sheep to bleat, nor herds to low;
Nay, if these asses did not bray,
And thus some signs of life betray,
I well might think that I were hurl'd
Into some sad, unpeopled world.
How could I come, misguided wretch,
To where I cannot make a sketch?"

Thus as he ponder'd what to do,
A guide-post rose within his view:
And, when the pleasing shape he
spied,
He prick'd his steed, and thither hied:
But some unheeding, senseless wight,
Who to fair learning ow'd a spite,
Had ev'ry letter'd mark defac'd,
Which once its several pointers grac'd!
The mangled post thus long had stood,
An uninforming piece of wood;



OF SYNTAX LOSING HIS WAY



D^{re} SYNTAX STOPT BY HIGHWAYMEN

Amsterdam

Like other guides, as some folks say,
 Who neither lead nor tell the way.
 The Sun, as hot as he was bright,
 Had got to his meridian height :
 'Twas sultry noon—for not a breath
 Of cooling zephyr fann'd the heath ;
 When Syntax cried—" 'Tis all in vain
 To find my way across the plain ;
 So here my fortune I will try,
 And wait till some one passes by :
 Upon that bank awhile I'll sit,
 And let poor Grizzle graze a-bit ;
 But, as my time shall not be lost,
 I'll make a drawing of the post ;
 And tho' a flimsy taste may flout it,
 There's something picturesque about
 it :

'Tis rude and rough, without a gloss,
 And is well cov' red o'er with moss ;
 And I've aright—(who dares deny it?)
 To place yon group of asses by it.
 Aye! this will do: and now I'm
 thinking,
 That self-same pond where Grizzle's
 drinking,
 If hither brought 'twould better seem,
 And faith I'll turn it to a stream ;
 I'll make this flat a shaggy ridge,
 And o'er the water throw a bridge :
 I'll do as other sketchers do—
 Put anything into the view ;
 And any object recollect,
 To add a grace, and give effect.
 Thus, though from truth I haply err,
 The scene preserves its character.
 What man of taste my right will doubt,
 To put things in, or leave them out ?
 'Tis more than right, it is a duty,
 If we consider landscape beauty :
 He ne'er will as an artist shine,
 Who copies Nature line by line :
 Whoe'er from Nature takes a view,
 Must copy and improve it too.

To heighten ev'ry work of art,
 Fancy should take an active part :
 Thus I (which few I think can boast)
 Have made a Landscape of a Post.

"So far, so good—but noone passes,
 No living creature but these asses ;
 And, should I sit and hear them bray,
 I were as great a beast as they :
 So I'll be off; from yonder down
 I may, perhaps, descry a town ;
 Or some tall spire among the trees,
 May give my way-worn spirits ease."

Grizzle again he soon bestrode,
 And wav'd his whip and off he rode :
 But all around was dingy green,
 No spire arose, no town was seen.

At length he reach'd a beaten road :
 How great the joy the sight bestowed !
 So on he went in pleasant mood,
 And shortly gain'd a stately wood,
 Where the refreshing zephyrs play'd
 And cool'd the air beneath the shade.
 Oh! what a change, how great the treat,
 To fanning breeze from sultry heat !
 But ah! how false is human joy !

When least we think it, ills annoy :
 For now, with fierce impetuous rush,
 Three ruffians issued from a bush ;
 One Grizzle stopp'd, and seiz'd the
 reins, [brains.
 While they all threat the Doctor's
 Poor Syntax, trembling with affright,
 Resists not such superior might,
 But yields him to their savage pleasure,
 And gives his purse, with all its trea-
 sure.

Fearing, howe'er, the Doctor's view
 Might be to follow and pursue ;
 The cunning robbers wisely counted
 That he, of course, should be dis-
 mounted ;
 And still that it would safer be,
 If he were fastened to a tree.

Thus to a tree they quickly bound him; The cruel cords went round and round him :	And, having of all power bereft him, They tied him fast—and then they left him.
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CANTO III.

BY the road side, within the wood,
In this sad state poor Syntax
stood ;

His bosom heav'd with many a sigh,
And the tears stood in either eye.
What could he do?—he durst not bawl;
His noise the robbers might recall:
The villains might again surround him,
And hang him up where they had
bound him.

Sure never was an hapless wight
In more uncomfortable plight;
Nor was this all; his pate was bare,
Unshelter'd by one lock of hair:
For when the sturdy robbers took him,
His hat and peruke both forsook him.
The insect world were on the wing,
Whose talent is to buzz and sting;
And soon his bare-worn head they
sought,

By instinct led, by nature taught;
And dug their little forks within
The tender texture of his skin.
He rag'd and roar'd, but all in vain,
No means he found to ease his pain;
The cords, which to the tree had tied
him,

All help from either hand denied him:
He shook his head, he writh'd his face
With painful look, with sad grimace,
And thus he spoke his hapless case!

"Ah! miserable man," he cried,
"What perils ~~to~~ my course betide!
In this sad melancholy state,
Must I, alas, impatient wait,
Till some kind soul shall haply find me,
And with his friendly hands unbind
me?"

Nay, I throughout the night may stay,
'Tis such an unfrequented way:

Tho' what with hunger, thirst and
fright,

I ne'er shall last throughout the night;
And could I e'en these ills survive,
The flies will eat me up alive.

What mad ambition made me roam!
Ah! wherefore did I quit my home!
For there I liv'd remote from harm;
My meals were good, my house was
warm;

And, though I was not free from strife,
With other ills that trouble life,
Yet I had learn'd full well to bear
The nightly scold, the daily care;
And, after many a season past,
I should have found repose at last:
Fate would have sign'd my long release,
And Syntax would have died in peace;
Nor thus been robb'd, and tied and
beaten,

And all alive by insects eaten."

But while he thus at Fate was railing,
And Fortune's angry frown bewailing,
A dog's approaching bark he hears;
'Twas sweet as music to his ears;
And soon a sure relief appears.
For, tho' it bore that gen'ral form,
Which oft at home foretold a storm,
It now appear'd an angel's shape
That promis'd him a quick escape:
Nor did La Mancha's val'rous Knight,
Feel greater pleasure at the sight,
When overwhelm'd with love and awe,
His Dulcinea first he saw:

For on two trotting palfreys came,
And each one bore a comely dame:



BY HIGHWAYMEN. THE POLICE ARE BEING SEIZED BY

They started as his form they view ;
 The horses also started too :
 The dog with insult seem'd to treat him,
 And look'd as if he long'd to eat him.
 In piteous tones he humbly pray'd
 They'd turn aside, and give him aid :
 When each leap'd quickly from her
 To join in charitable deed. [steed,
 They drew their knives to cut the noose,
 And let the mournful pris'nor loose ;
 With kindest words his fate bewail,
 While grateful Syntax tells his tale.
 The rustic matrons soothe his grief,
 Nor offer, but afford relief ;
 And, turning from the beaten road,
 Their well-lin'd panniers they unload ;
 When soon upon the bank appear'd
 A sight his fainting spirits cheer'd :
 They spread the fare with cheerful
 grace,

And gave a banquet to the place.
 Most haply, too, as they untied him :
 He saw his hat and wig beside him :
 So, thus bewigg'd and thus behatted,
 Down on the grass the Doctor squatted ;
 When he uplifted either eye,
 With grateful accents to the sky.

"'Tis thus," he humbly said, "we read
 In sacred books of heavenly deed :

And thus, I find, in my distress,
 The Manna of the Wilderness :

'Tis Hermit's fare ; but thanks to
 Heaven, [given."

And those kind souls, by whom 'tis
 'Tis true that bread, and curds, and
 fruit,

Do with the pious Hermit suit ;
 But Syntax surely was mistaken
 To think their meals partake of bacon ;
 Or that those reverend men regale,
 As our good Doctors do—with ale ;
 And these kind dames, in nothing loth,
 Took care that he partook of both.

At length 'twas time to bid adieu,
 And each their diff'rent way pursue :
 A kind farewell, a kiss as kind, [mind :
 He gave them both with heart and
 Then off he trudg'd, and, as he walk'd,
 Thus to himself the Parson talk'd.

"'Tis well, I think, it is no worse,
 For I have only lost my purse :
 With all their cruelty and pains,
 The rogues have got but trifling gains ;
 Poor four-and-four-pence is the mea-
 sure

Of all their mighty pilfer'd treasure ;
 For haply there was no divining
 I'd a snug pocket in my lining ;
 And, thanks to Spousay, ev'ry note
 Was well sew'd up within my coat.
 But where is Grizzle ?—Never mind
 her ; [her."

I'll have her cried, and soon shall find
 Thus he pursued the winding way,
 Big with the evils of the day :
 Though the good Doctor kept in view
 The favour of its blessings too.
 Nor had he pac'd it half an hour
 Before he saw a parish tow'r,
 And soon, with sore fatigue oppress'd,
 An Inn receiv'd him as its guest.
 But still his mind with anxious care,
 Ponder'd upon his wand'ring mare ;
 He therefore sent the Bell-man round
 To see if Grizzle might be found.

Grizzle, ungrateful to her master,
 And careless of his foul disaster,
 Left him tied up and took her way,
 In hopes to meet with corn or hay ;
 But, as that did not come to pass,
 She sought a meadow full of grass :
 The farmer in the meadow found her,
 And order'd John, his man, to pound
 her.

Now John was one of those droll folk,
 Who oft take mischief for a joke ;

And thought 'twould make the master
stare,

When he again beheld his mare,
(Perhaps the Gem'man might be
shookt)

To find her ready cropt and dockt:
At all events, he played his fun:
No sooner was it said than done.
But Grizzle was a patient beast,
And minded nought if she could feast:
Like many others, prone to think
The best of life was meat and drink;
Who feel to-day nor care nor sorrow,
If they are sure to feast to-morrow.
Thus Grizzle, as she pad'd around
The purlieu of the barren pound.
In hungry mood might seem to neigh—
"If I had water, corn, and hay,
I should not thus my fate bewail,
Nor mourn the loss of ears or tail."

In the mean time, securely hous'd,
The Doctor booz'd it, and carous'd.
The Hostess spread her fairest cheer,
Her best beef-steak, her strongest
beer;

And sooth'd him with her winning
chat,

Of—"Pray eat this—and now take
that."

Your Rev'rence, after all your fright,
Wants meat and drink to set you
right."

His Rev'rence prais'd the golden rule,
Nor did he let his victuals cool:

And, having drank his liquor out,
He took a turn to look about;—

When to the folks about the door
He told the dismal story o'er.

The country-people on him gaz'd,
And heard his perils all amaz'd;

How the thieves twin'd the cords
around him:

How to a tree the villains bound him!

What angels came to his relief, [grief!

To loose his bonds, and soothe his
His loss of cash, and what was worse,
His saddle, saddle-bags, and horse.

Thus as their rude attention hung
Upon the wonders of his tongue,

Lo! Grizzle's altered form appears,
With half its tail, and half its ears!

"Is there no law?" the Doctor cries:—

"Plenty," a Lawyer straight replies:

"Employ me, and those thieves shall
swing

On gallows-tree, in hempen-string:

And, for the rogue, the law shall flea
him,

Who maim'd your horse, as now you
see him." [pray,

"No," quoth the Don, "your pardon
I've had enough of thieves to-day:

I've lost four shillings and a groat,
But you would strip me of my coat;

And ears and tail won't fatten you,
You'll want the head and carcase too."

He chuckled as he made the stroke,
And all around enjoy'd the joke;

But still it was a sorry sight

To see the beast in such a plight:

Yet what could angry Syntax do?

'Twas all in vain to fret and stew:

His well stuff'd bags, with all their
hoard

Of sketching-tools, were safe restor'd;
The saddle too, which he had sought,

For small reward was quickly brought;
He therefore thought it far more sage

To stop his threats and check his rage;
So to the ostler's faithful care

He gave his mutilated mare;

And while poor Grizzle, free from dan-
ger, [manger,

Cropp'd the full rack and clean'd the
Syntax, to ease his aching head,

Smok'd out his pipe, and went to bed.

CANTO IV.

BLESS'D be the man, said he of yore
 Who Quixote's lance and target bore!
 Bless'd be the man who first taught sleep
 Throughout our wearied frames to creep,
 And kindly gave to human woes
 The oblivious mantle of repose!
 Hail! balmy power! that canst repair
 The constant waste of human care;
 To the sad heart afford relief,
 And give a respite to its grief;
 Canst calm, through night's compos-
 ing hours, [low'rs;
 The threat'ning storm that daily
 On the rude flint the wretched cheer,
 And to a smile transform the tear?

Thus wrapt in slumber, Syntax lay—
 Forgot the troubles of the day:
 So sound his sleep, so sweet his rest,
 By no disturbing dreams distrest;
 That, all at ease, he lay entranc'd,
 Till the fair morn was far advanc'd.
 At length, the hostess thought it wrong
 He should be left to sleep so long;
 So bid the maid to let him know,
 That breakfast was prepar'd below.
 Betty then op'd the chamber door,
 And, tripping onwards 'cross the floor,
 Undrew the curtains, one by one;
 When, in a most ear-piercing tone,
 Such as would grace the London cries,
 She told him it was time to rise.
 The noise his peaceful slumbers broke;
 He gave a snort or two—and 'woke.

Now as the Doctor turn'd his head,
 Betty was court'ying by the bed:

"What brought you here, fair maid, I
 pray?"

"To tell you, Sir, how wears the day;
 And that it is my special care
 To get your Worship's morning fare.
 The kettle boils, and I can boast
 No small renown for making toast.
 There's coffee, Sir, and tea, and meat,
 And surely you must want to eat;
 For ten long hours have pass'd away
 Since down upon this bed you lay!"
 The Doctor rubb'd his op'ning eyes,
 Then stretch'd his arms, and 'gan to
 But Betty still demurely stands, [rise:
 To hear him utter his commands.

"Be gone," he cried, "get something
 nice,

And I'll be with you in a trice."

Behold him then, renew'd by rest,
 His chin well shav'd, his peruked dress'd,
 Conning with solemn air the news,
 His welcome breakfast to amuse;
 And when the well-fed meal was o'er,
 Grizzle was order'd to the door:
 Betty was also told to say,
 The mighty sum there was to pay:
 Betty, obedient to his will,
 Her court'sy makes, and brings the bill.
 Down the long page he cast his eye,
 Then shook his head, and heav'd a sigh.
 "What! am I doom'd, where'er I go,
 In all I meet to find a foe?
 Where'er I wander to be cheated,
 To be bamboozled and ill-treated!"
 Thus, as he read each item o'er,
 The hostess op'd the parlour door;
 When Syntax 'rose in solemn state,
 And thus began the fierce debate.

SYNTAX.

"Good woman; here, your bill retake,
And, prithee, some abatement make:
I could not such demands afford,
Were I a Bishop or a Lord:
And though I hold myself as good
As any of my brotherhood, [crown'd,
Howe'er, by bounteous Fortune
In wealth and honours they abound;
It is not in my power to pay
Such long-drawn bills as well as they.
The paper fills me with affright;—
I surely do not read it right:
For at the bottom here, I see
Th' enormous total—one pound three!"

HOSTESS.

"The charges all are fairly made;
If you will eat, I must be paid.
My bills have never found reproaches
From Lords and Ladies, in their
coaches. [Crown,
This house that's call'd the Royal
Is the first Inn throughout the town:
The best of gentry, ev'ry day,
Become my guests, and freely pay:
Besides, I took you in at night,
Half-dead, with hunger and affright,
Just 'scap'd from robbers."

SYNTAX.

. "That's most true,
And now I'm to be robb'd by you."

HOSTESS.

"Sir, you mistake; and did not I
Disdain rude words, I'd say—you lie.
I took you in last night, I say."—

SYNTAX.

"'Tis true;—and if this bill I pay
You'll take me in again to-day."

HOSTESS.

"I gave you all my choicest cheer,
The best of meat, the best of beer;
And then you snor'd yourself to rest
In the best bed—I say the best.

You've had such tea as few can boast,
With a whole loaf turn'd into toast."

SYNTAX.

"And for your beef, and beer and tea,
You kindly charge me—one pound
three!"

HOSTESS.

"'Tis cheap as dirt—for well I know
How things with country Curates go:
And I profess that I am loth
To deal unkindly with the cloth:
Nay, oft and oft, as I'm a sinner,
I've given hungry Clerks a dinner."

SYNTAX. ♀

"And there's a proverb, as they say,
That for the Clerks the Parsons pay;
Which you, I trow, can well fulfil,
Whene'er you make a Parson's bill.
Why, one pound three, the truth I
speak,

Would keep my household for a week.
Dear Mrs. Syntax how she'd vapour
Were she to read this curious paper!"

HOSTESS.

"If that's your living, on my life,
You starve your servants and your
SYNTAX. [wife."

"I wish my wife were here to meet you,
In your own fashion she would greet
you:

With looks as fierce, and voice as shrill,
She'd make you, mistress, change your
HOSTESS. [bill."

"Think you, besides, there's nought to
For all your horse's corn and hay? [pay
And ointments too, to cure the ail
Of her cropp'd ears and mangled tail?"

SYNTAX.

"I wish the wight would bring the
shears [those ears,
Which dock'd that tall and cropp'd
And just exert the self-same skill
To crop and dock your monstrous bill!"



37 SYNTAX DISPUTING HIS BILL WITH MRS. LARDNADY.

But, I'm in haste to get away,
Though one pound three I will not pay:
So, if you'll take one half th' amount,
We'll quickly settle the account.
There is your money, do you see?
And let us part in charity."

HOSTESS.

"Well, as a charitable deed,
I'll e'en consent—so mount your steed,
And on your journey straight proceed:
But well you know, where'er you roam,
That Charity begins at home."

CANTO V.

THE Doctor smil'd, the bill was paid,

The hostess left him to the maid;
When Betty stood in humble guise,
With expectation in her eyes,
That he was surely so good-hearted,
To give her something ere they parted.
Now, Nature in her wanton freaks,
Had given Betty rosy cheeks;
And caused her raven locks to break
In native ringlets on her neck:
The roving bee might wish to sip
The sweetness of her pouting lip;
So red, so tempting to the view,
'Twas what the Doctor long'd to do.
"You're a nice girl," he smiling said.
"Am I?" replied the simp'ring maid.
"I swear you are, and if you're will-
ing

To give a kiss, I'll give a shilling."
"If 'tis the same thing, Sir, to you,
Make the gift two-fold and take
two." [sure,

He grimly grinn'd with inward plea-
And instant seiz'd the purchas'd trea-
sure.

[honey:
"Your lips, my dear, are sweet as
So one smack more—and there's your
money."

This charming ceremony o'er,
The parson strutted to the door;
Where his poor wounded mare appears
In cruel state of tail and ears.

The neighbours all impatient wait
To see him issue from the gate;
For country-town or village-green,
Had seldom such a figure seen.
Labour stood still to see him pass,
While ev'ry lad and every lass
Ran forward to enjoy the feast,
To jeer the Sage, and mourn the beast.
But one and all aloud declare
'Twas a fit sight for country-fair;
Far better than a dancing bear.

At length escap'd from all the noise
Of women, men, and girls and boys,
In the recesses of a lane
He thus gave utterance to his pain.
"It seems to be my luckless case,
At ev'ry point, in ev'ry place,
To meet with trouble and disgrace.
But yesterday I left my home,
In search of fancied wealth to roam;
And nought, I think, but ill betide
me;

Sure some foul spirit runs beside me:
Some blasting demon from the east,
A deadly foe to man and beast,
That loves to riot in disaster, [tar.
And plague alike both horse and mas-
Grizzle, who full five years, and more,
A trumpeter in triumph bore;
Who had in hard-fought battle been,
And many a bloody conflict seen;
Who, having reap'd with scarce a scar,
'Mid all the angry throats of war;

And e'er the sun withdrew his light,
 An Inn receiv'd him for the night.
 His frame fatigu'd, his mind oppress'd,
 He tiff'd his punch, and went to rest.
 The morning came, when he arose
 In spirits from his calm repose ;
 And while the maid prepar'd the tea,
 He look'd around the room to see
 What story did the walls disclose,
 Of human joys, of human woes.
 The window quickly caught his eye,
 On whose clear panes he could descry
 The motley works of many a Muse :
 There was enough to pick and choose ;
 And, "Faith," said he, "I'll strive
 to hook

Some of these lines into my book :
 For here there are both grave and
 witty,

And some, I see, are rather pretty."
 From a small pocket in his coat
 He drew his tablets,—when he wrote
 Whate'er the pregnant panes pos-
 sess'd ;
 And these choice lays among the rest.

"If my fond breast were made of glass,
 And you could see what there doth pass,
 Kitty, my ever charming fair !
 You'd see your own sweet image there."

"I once came here a free-booting,
 And on this fine manor went shooting,
 And if the 'Squire this truth denies,
 This glass shall tell the 'Squire—he
 lies."

"Dolly's as fat as any sow,
 And, if I'm not mistaken,

Dolly is well disposed, I trow,
 To trim her husband's bacon."

"Dear Jenny, while your name I
 hear,

No transient glow my bosom heats ;
 And when I meet your eye, my dear,
 My flutt'ring heart no longer beats.
 I dream, but I no longer find

Your form still present to my view ;
 I wake, but now my vacant mind
 No longer waking dreams of you.
 I can find maids, in ev'ry rout,
 With smiles as false, and forms as
 fine ;

But you must hunt the world through-
 out,
 To find a heart as true as mine."

"I hither came down
 From fair London town
 With Lucy so mild and so kind ;
 But Lucy grew cool,
 And call'd me a fool,
 So I started and left her behind."

But as he copied, quite delighted,
 All that the muse had thus indited,
 A hungry dog, and prone to steal,
 Ran off with half his breakfast meal ;
 While Dolly, ent'ring with a kettle,
 Was follow'd by a man of mettle,
 Who swore he'd have the promis'd
 kiss ;

And, as he seiz'd the melting bliss,
 From the hot, ill-pois'd kettle's spout,
 The boiling stream came pouring out,
 And drove the Doctor from the Muse,
 By quickly filling both his shoes.

CANTO VI.

WHAT various evils man await,
In this strange, sublunary
state!

No sooner is he cheer'd by joy,
Than sorrows come, and pains annoy;
And scarce his lips are op'd to bless
The transient gleam of happiness,
Than some dark cloud obscures the
sky,
And grief's sad moisture fills his eye.

Thus, while the Doctor smiling stole
From the clear glass each witty scroll,
He felt to interrupt the treat,
The scalding torment in his feet:

And, thus awaken'd from his trance,
Began to skip, and jump, and dance.
"Take off my shoes," he raving cried,
"And let my gaiters be untied."

When Dolly with her nimble hand,
Instant obey'd the loud command;
And as he loll'd upon the chair,
His feet and ankles soon were bare.

Away th' impatient damsel run,
To cure the mischief she had done;
And quick return'd with liquid store,
To rub his feet and ankles o'er:

Nor was the tender office vain,
That soon assuag'd the burning pain.
A tear was seen on Dolly's cheek;

When might'st thou think her heart would break.
"Be not, my girl, with care oppress'd;

I'm now," says Syntax, "quite at rest:
My anger's vanish'd with the pain;
No more, my dear, shall I complain,
Since to get rid of my disaster,

So fair a maid presents the plaister."
Thus did the Dolly's care beguile,
And turn'd her tears into a smile:

But, while she cool'd the raging part,
She somehow warm'd the Doctor's
heart;

And, as she rubb'd the ointment in,
He pinched her cheeks and chuk'd
her chin; [shanks,

And, when she had re-dress'd his
He with a kiss bestow'd his thanks;
While gentle Dolly, nothing loth,

Consenting smil'd, and took them both.
"I think," said she, "you'd better stay,
Nor travel further on to-day:"—

And though she said it with a smile,
His steady purpose to beguile,
The Doctor clos'd the kind debate,
By ord'ring Grizzle to the gate.

Now, undisturb'd, he took his way.
And travell'd till the close of day;
When, to delight his wearied eyes,
Before him Oxford's tow'rs arise.

"O, Alma Mater!" Syntax cried,
"My present boast, my early pride:
To whose protecting care I owe

All I've forgot, and all I know:
Deign from your nurling to receive
The homage that his heart can give.

Hail! sacred, ever-honour'd shades
Where oft I woo'd th' immortal maids;
Where strolling off, at break of day,

My feet have brush'd the dews away!
By Isis and by Cherwell's stream,

How oft I wove the classic dream,
Or sought the Cloisters dim, to meet
Pale Science in her lone retreat!

The sight of you, again inspires
My bosom with its former fires:
I feel again the genial glow

That makes me half forget the woes



AS EVILS COMING THE WIT OF THE WINDOW

And all my aching heart could tell,
Since last I bid these scenes farewell."

Thus Syntax mov'd in sober pace,
Beset with academic grace ;
While Grizzle bore him up the town,
And at the Mitre set him down.
The night was pass'd in sound repose,
And as the clock struck nine he 'rose.
The barber now applies his art,
To shave him clean, and make him
smart:

From him he learn'd that Dicky Bend,
His early academic friend,
As a reward for all his knowledge,
Was made the provost of the College ;
And fame declar'd that he had clear,
Atleast twelve hundred pounds a year.
"O ho !" says Syntax, "if that's true,
I cannot surely better do
Than further progress to delay,
And with friend Dicky pass a day."
Away he hied, and soon he found him,
With all his many comforts round him.
The Provost hail'd the happy meeting,
And, after kind and mutual greeting,
To make inquiries he began :—
And thus the conversation ran.

PROVOST.

"Good Doctor Syntax, I rejoice
Once more to hear your well-known
voice ;

To dine with us I hope you'll stay,
And share a college feast to-day.
Full many a year is gone and past
Since we beheld each other last :
Fortune has kindly dealt with me,
As you, my friend, may plainly see ;
And pray how has she dealt with thee?"

SYNTAX.

"Alas! alas! I've play'd the fool,
I took a wife, and keep a school ;
And while on dietaries you are fed,
I scarce get butter to my bread."

PROVOST.

"For my part, I have never married,
And grieve to hear your plans mis-
carried :

I hope then, my old worthy friend,
Your visit here your fate will mend.
My services you may command ;—
I offer them with heart and hand ;
And while you think it right to stay,
You'll make this house your home, I
SYNTAX. [stay."

"I'm going further, on a scheme,
Which you may think an idle dream ;
At the fam'd Lakes to take a look,
And of my Journey make a Book."

PROVOST. [store

"I know full well that you have
Of modern as of classic lore : [ing,
And, surely, with your weight of learn-
And all your critical discerning,
You might produce a work of name,
To fill your purse and give you fame,
How oft have we together sought
Whate'er the ancient sages taught!"

SYNTAX.

"I now perceive that all your know-
ledge

Is pent, my friend, within your college!
Learning's become a very bore—
That fashion long since has been o'er.
A Bookseller may keep his carriage ;
And ask ten thousand pounds in mar-
riage ;

May have his mansion in a square,
And build a house for country air ;
And yet 'tis odds the fellow knows
If Horace wrote in verse or prose.
Could Doctor G—— in chariot ride,
And take each day his wine beside,
If he did not contrive to cook,
Each year, his Tour into a book ;
A flippant, flashy, flow'ry style,
A day morning to beguile ;

With ev'ry other leaf, a print
Of some fine view in aqua tint?
Such is the book I mean to make,
And I've no doubt the work will take:
For though your wisdom may deery it,
The simple folk will surely buy it.
I will allow it is but trash,
But then it furnishes the cash."

PROVOST. [fear,

"Why things are not the same, I
As when we were both scholars here;
But still I doubt not your success,
And wish you every happiness;
Myself, and my whole college tribe,
Depend upon it, will subscribe."

At length the bell began to call
To dinner in the college-hall;
Nor did the guests delay to meet,
Lur'd by the bounty of the treat.
The formal salutations over, [cover:
Each drew his chair and seiz'd his
The Provost, in collegiate pride,
Plac'd Doctor Syntax by his side;
And soon they heard the hurrying feet
Of those that bore the smoking meat.

Behold the dishes due appear—
Fish in the van, beef in the rear;
But he who the procession led,
By some false step or awkward tread,
Or curs'd by some malignant pow'r,
Fell headlong on the marble floor!
Ah, heedless wight! ah, hapless dish!
Ah! all the luxury of fish!
Thus in a moment spoil'd and wasted;
Ah! never, never to be tasted!
But one false step begets another,
So they all tumbled one o'er t'other:
And now the pavement was bestrew'd
With roast and boil'd, and fried and
stew'd.

The waiters squall'd, their backs be-
spatter'd [ter'd
With scalding sauce; the dishes clat-

In various discord; while the brawl
Re-echo'd through th' astonish'd hall.

"Well," said a Don, "as I'm a sin-
ner,

We must go elsewhere for a dinner."

"'Tis no such thing," the Head re-
plied,

"You all shall soon be satisfied:

We are but ten: and sure there's
plenty;

I order'd full enough for twenty.
I see, my friends, the haunch unspoil'd,
With chicken roast, and turkey boil'd;
The ven'son pasty is secure,
The marrow puddings safe and sure;
With ham, and many good things
more,

And tarts, and custards, full a score.
Sure, here's enough to out and carve;
To-day, I think we shall not starve:
But still I'll make the boobies pay
For the good things they've thrown
away."

Thus ev'ry eye was quickly cheer'd
With all the plenty that appear'd;
They eat, they drank, they smok'd,
they talk'd,

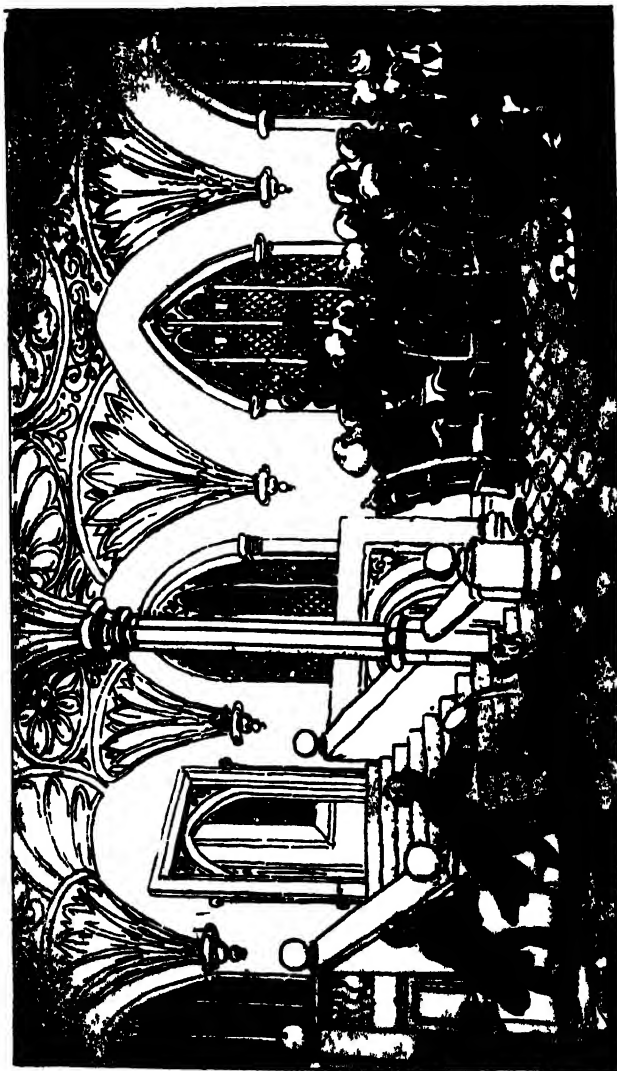
And round the college-garden walk'd:
But the time came (for time will fly)
When Syntax was to say—"good-
bye." [tell,

His tongue could scarce his feeling
Could scarce pronounce the word,
"farewell!"

The Provost too, whose gen'rous heart
In those same feelings bore a part,
Told him, when he should want a
friend,

To write, or come, to Dicky Bend.

Next morning, at an early hour,
Syntax proceeded on his Tour;
And as he saunter'd on his way,
The scene of many a youthful day,



D^r SYNTAX ENTERTAINED AT COLLEGE

Rembrandt



DR SYNTAX PURSUED BY A BULL

Rowlandson

He thought 'twould give his book an air,

If Oxford were well painted there :
And, as he curious look'd around,
He saw a spot of rising ground,
From whence the turrets of the city
Would make a picture very pretty :
Where Radcliff's dome would inter-

vene,
And Magd'len tower crown the scene.
So Grizzle to a hedge he tied,
And onward then impatient hied ;
But, as he sought to chuse a part
Where he might best display his art,
A wicked bull no sooner view'd him,
Then loud he roar'd, and straight
pursu'd him.

The Doctor finding danger near,
Flew swiftly on the wings of fear,
And nimbly clamber'd up a tree,
That gave him full security :

But as he ran to save his bacon,
By hat and wig he was forsaken ;
His sketch-book too he left behind,
A prey to the unlucky wind :
While Grizzle, startled by the rout,
Broke from the hedge, and pranc'd
about.

Syntax, still trembling with affright,
Clung to the tree with all his might ;
He call'd for help—and help was near,
For dogs, and men, and boys appear ;
So that his foe was forc'd to yield,
And leave him master of the field.
No more of roaring bulls afraid,
He left the tree's protecting shade ;
And as he pac'd the meadow round,
His hat, his wig, his book he found.
" Come, my old girl," the Doctor said ;
The faithful steed the call obey'd.
So Grizzle once more he bestrode,
Nor look'd behind—but off he rode.

CANTO VII.

FIX'D in cogitation deep,
Adown the hill and up the steep,
Along the moor and through the wood,
Syntax his pensive way pursu'd :
And now his thoughts began to roam
To the good woman left at home ;
How she employ'd the passing day
When her fond mate was far away :
For they possess'd, with all their
pother,
A sneaking kindness for each other.
Proud of her husband's stock of learn-

ing,
His classic skill and deep discerning,
No tongue she suffer'd to dethrone
His kind importance—but her own.
Besides, she was a very bee
In bustle and in industry ;

And though a pointed sting she bore,
That sometimes made the Doctor sore,
She help'd to make the household
thrive,

And brought home honey to the hive.
He too had not forgot her charms,
When first he took her to his arms ;
For, if report relates the truth,
She was a beauty in her youth :
The charming Dolly was well known
To be the toast of all the town ;
And, though full many a year was
gone

Since this good dame was twenty-one,
She still retain'd the air and mien
Of the nice girl she once had been.
For these and other charms build,
She was indeed the Doctor's pride ;

Nay, he would sometimes on her gaze
 With the fond looks of former days;
 And, whatso'er she did or said,
 He kept his silence and obey'd.
 Besides his mind he thus consol'd;
 "'Tis classical to be a scold:
 For, as the ancient tomes record,
 Zantippe's tongue was like a sword:
 She was about my Dolly's age,
 And the known help-mate of a sage.
 Thus Socrates, in days of yore,
 The self-same persecution bore:
 Nor shall I blush to share the fate
 Of one so good—of one so great."

'Twas now five days since they had
 parted,
 And he was ever tender-hearted:
 Whene'er he heard the wretched sigh,
 He felt a Christian sympathy;
 For though he play'd the demi-god
 Among his boys, with rule and rod;
 What! though he spoke in pompous
 phrase,
 And kept the vulgar in amaze;
 Though self-important he would stride
 Along the street with priestly pride;
 Though his strange figure would provoke

The passing smile, the passing joke;
 Among the high, or with the low,
 Syntax had never made a foe;
 And, though the jest of all he knew,
 Yet, while they laugh'd they lov'd
 him too:

No wonder then, so far from home,
 His head would shake, the sigh would come.

Thus he went gently on his way,
 Till the sun mark'd declining day.

But Thought as well as grief is dry,
 And, lo! a friendly cot was nigh,
 Whose sign, high dangling in the air,
 Invites the traveller to repair,

Where he in comfort may regale,
 With cooling pipe and foaming ale.
 The Doctor gave the loud command,
 And sees the Host beside him stand;
 Then quits his steed with usual state,
 And passes through the wicket-gate;
 The Hostess opens the willing door,
 And then recounts the humble store
 Which her poor cottage could afford,
 To place upon the frugal board.
 The home-spun napkin soon was laid,
 The table all its ware display'd:
 The well-broil'd rasher then appear'd,
 And with fresh eggs his stomach
 cheer'd;

The crusty pie, with apples lin'd,
 Sweeten'd the feast on which he din'd,
 And liquor, that was brew'd at home,
 Among the rest was seen to foam.
 The Doctor drank—the Doctor eat,
 Well pleas'd to find so fair a treat;
 Then to his pipe he kindly took,
 And with a condescending look,
 Call'd on the Hostess to relate
 What was the village name and state;
 And to whose office it was given
 To teach them all the way to Heav'n.

HOSTESS.

The land belongs to 'Squire Bounty,
 No better man lives in the county:
 I wish the Rector were the same;
 One Doctor Squees'em is his name;
 But we ne'er see him—more's the
 shame?
 And while in wealth he outs and
 carves,
 The worthy Curate prays and starves.

SYNTAX.

I truly wish that he were here
 To take a pipe and share my beer;
 I know what 'tis as well as he,
 To serve a man I never see.

Just as he spoke, the Curate came:
 "This, this is he!" exclaim'd the dame.
 Syntax his brother Parson greeted,
 And begg'd him to be quickly seated;
 "Come, take a pipe, and taste the liquor,
 'Tis good enough for any Vicar."

CURATE.

Alas! Sir, I'm no Vicar:—I,
 Bound to an humble Curacy,
 With all my care can scarce contrive
 To keep my family alive.
 While the fat Rector can afford
 To eat and drink like any Lord:
 But know, Sir, I'm a man of letters,
 And ne'er speak evil of my betters.

SYNTAX.

That's good;—but when we suffer
 pain,
 'Tis Nature's office to complain;
 And when the strong oppress the weak,
 Justice, though blind, will always
 speak.

Tell me, have you explain'd your case,
 With due humility and grace?
 The great and wealthy must be flat-
 ter'd, [ter'd:

They love with praise to be bespat-
 Indeed, I cannot see the harm,
 If thus you can their favour charm;
 If by fine phrases you can bend
 The pride of Power to be your friend.

CURATE.

I wrote, I'm sure, in humblest style,
 And prais'd his goodness all the while:
 I begg'd, as things had grown so dear,
 He'd raise my pay ten pounds a year;
 And, as I now had children five,
 The finest little bairns alive,
 While their poor, fond and faithful
 mother

Would soon present me with another;
 And, as the living brought him, clear,
 At least a thousand pounds a year,

He'd grant the favour I implore,
 Nor let me starve upon threescore.

SYNTAX.

Now I should like without delay,
 To hear what this rich man could say;
 For I can well perceive, my friend,
 That you did not obtain your end.

CURATE.

The postman soon a letter brought,
 Which cost me sixpence and a groat:
 Nor can your friendly heart suggest
 The rudeness which the page express'd.
 "Such suits as yours may well mis-
 carry,

For beggars should not dare to marry;
 At least, for I will not deceive you,
 I never, never will relieve you;
 And if you trouble me, be sure
 You shall be ousted from the Cure."
 But I shall now, good Sir, refrain,
 Because I know 'twould give you
 pain,

From telling all that in his spite,
 The arch old scoundrel chose to write;
 For know, Sir, I'm a man of letters,
 And never will abuse my betters.

SYNTAX.

[swear,

Zounds!—'tis enough to make one
 Nor can I such a monster bear:
 But, think, my friend, on that great day
 Of strict account, when he must pay
 For all his cruelty and lies:—

Then he shall sink, and you will rise.

CURATE.

[civil,

The terms, I own, are not quite
 But he's the offspring of the devil;
 And, when the day of life is past,
 He'll with his father dwell at last;
 But know, Sir, I'm a man of letters,
 And ne'er wish evil to my betters.

'Twas thus they talk'd and drank
 their ale,
 Till the dim shades of eve prevail;

When Syntax settled each demand :
 And, while he held the Curate's hand,
 Did him be stout, and not despair :
 "The poor are God's peculiar care :
 You're not the only one, my friend,
 Who has with evil to contend :
 Resign yourself to what is given :
 Be good, and leave the rest to Heaven."
 Syntax, we've said, was tender heart-
 ed ;—

He dropp'd a tear, and then departed.
 The evening lower'd,—a drizzly
 rain

Had spread a mist o'er all the plain :
 Besides, the home-brew'd beer began
 To prey upon the inward man :
 And Syntax, muddled, did not know
 Or where he was, or where to go.

An active horseman by him trotted,
 And Syntax was not so besotted
 But he could hiecup out, "My friend,
 Do tell me if this way will tend
 To bring me to some place of rest?"
 "Yes," 'twas replied—"the very best
 Of all our inns, within a mile,
 Will soon your weariness beguile."
 Whoshould this be but 'Squire Bounty,
 do much belov'd throughout the
 county,

And he resolv'd, by way of jest,
 To have the Parson for his guest ;
 So on he gallopp'd to prepare
 His people for the friendly snare.
 The Doctor came in tipsy state ;
 The 'Squire receiv'd him at the gate,
 And to a parlour led him straight ;
 Then plac'd him in an easy chair,
 And ask'd to know his pleasure there.

SYNTAX.

Landlord, I'm sadly splash'd with
 mire
 And chill'd with rain, so light a fire ;

And tell the osle, to take care
 Of that good beast, my Grizzle mare ;
 And what your larder can afford,
 Pray place it quickly on the board.
 'SQUIRE.

We've butcher's meat of ev'ry kind ;
 But, if that is not to your mind,
 There's poultry, Sir, and if you please,
 Our cook excels in fricasees.

SYNTAX.

Tell me, my honest friend, I pray,
 What kind of fowl or fish are they ?
 Besides, my very civil Host,
 I wish to know what they will cost ;
 For a poor Parson can't afford
 To live on dainties like a Lord.

'SQUIRE.

The Clergy, Sir, when here they stay,
 Are never, never ask'd to pay :
 I love the Church, and, for its sake,
 I ne'er make bills or reck'nings take :
 Proud if its ministers receive
 The little that I have to give.

SYNTAX. [dull ;

Why, then, my friend, you're never
 Your inn, I trow, is always full :
 'Tis a good rule must be confest,
 But, though I blink, I see a jest.
 'SQUIRE.

No, Sir ; you see the cloth is laid,
 And not a farthing to be paid.

SYNTAX.

I find my head's not very clear ;
 My eyes see double, too, I fear ;
 For all these things can never be
 Prepar'd for such a guest as me :
 A banquet it must be allow'd,
 Of which Olympus might be proud.

Thus Syntax eat and drank his fill,
 Regardless of the morrow's bill ;
 He rang the bell, and call'd the wait-
 ers,
 To rid him of his shoes and garters,



D^R SYNTAX MISTAKES A GENTLEMANS HOUSE FOR AN INN

"Go, tell the maid to shew the bed,
Where I may lay my aching head;
Here, take my wig, and bring a cap;
My eye-lids languish for a nap:
No court'sying, pray; I want no
fawning, [ing."

For I shall break my jaws with yawn—
Now, Kitty, to adorn his crown,
Brought him a night-cap of her own;
And, having put it on, she bound it
With a pink-ribbon round and round it.
In this fine guise was Syntax led
Up the best stairs, and put to bed.
Though mirth prevailed the house
throughout,

Though it was all one revel rout,
He heard it not, nor did he know
The merriment he caus'd below;
For, with fatigue and wine oppress'd,
He grunted, groan'd, and went to rest.
But when the sun in Thetis' lap,
Had taken out his usual nap,
Syntax awoke, and, looking 'round,
The sight his senses did confound.
He saw that he had laid his head
Within a fine-wrought, silken bed:
A gaudy carpet, grac'd the floor
And gilded mouldings deck'd the door,
Nor did the mirror fail to shew
His own sweet form from top to toe.

"If I," said he, "remember right,
I was most lordly drunk last night:
And, as the Tinker in the play
Was taken, when dead-drunk he lay,
And made a lord for half a day;
I think that some one has made free
To play the self-same trick with me:
But I'll contrive to be posted
Of this same secret when I'm dressed:
To find it out I'll ring the bell;
The chamber-maid the truth may
tell."

She soon appear'd, and court'sying
low,

Requested his commands to know,—
"When and how did I come here?
You'll be so good to say, my dear."

"—You came last night not very late,
About the time the clock struck eight;
And I have heard the servants say,
They thought that you had lost your
way."

"—Inform me, also, how you call
This noble inn?"—"Tis Welcome
Hall."

"And pray who have you in the house?"
"We've Squire Bount and his spouse;
With Lady and Sir William Hearty,
And, you, good Sir, may join the
party;

Indeed, I'm order'd to request
That you will be their morning guest."

To question more he did not stay,
But bid the damsel shew the way.
O! 'twas a very pleasant meeting:
The Landlord gave a hearty greeting,
And plac'd the Doctor in a chair,
Between two ladies young and fair.
Syntax, well-pleas'd, began to prate,
And all his history to relate;
While mirth and laughter loud pre-
vail,

As he let forth the curious tale.
At length the 'Squire explain'd the
joke: spoke:—

When thus the Doctor quaintly
"I beg, Sir, no excuse you'll make,
Your merriment I kindly take;
And only wish the gods would give
Such jesting ev'ry day I live."

The ladies press'd his longer stay,
But Syntax said—he must away:
So Grizzle took her master home,
Some new adventure to explore.

CANTO VIII.

“ **I**n ev’ry way, in every sense,
Man is the care of Providence;

And whenceso’er he goeth wrong,
The errors to himself belong :
Nor do we always judge aright
Of Fortune’s favours, or her spite.
How oft with pleasure we pursue
Some glitt’ring phantom in our view ;
Not rightly seen or understood,
We chace it as a real good :
At length the air-born vision flies,
And each fond expectation dies !
Sometimes the clouds appear to low’r,
And threat misfortune’s direful hour :
We tremble at the approaching blast :
Each hope is fled—we look aghast ;
When lo ! the darkness disappears,
The glowing sun all nature cheers ;
The drooping heart again acquires
Its former joys, its former fires.
Last night I wander’d o’er the plain,
Through unknown ways and beating
rain,

Nor thought ’twould be my lot to fall
On such an inn as Welcome Hall ;
Indeed with truth I cannot say
When there I came I lost my way,
For all was good, and nought to pay.”

Thus Syntax, with reflection fraught,
Soliloquis’d the moral thought :
While Grizzle, all alive and gay,
Ambled along the ready way.
Last night she found it no disaster
To share the fortune of her master ;
She, ’mong the finest hunters stood,
And shar’d with them the choicest
food :

In a fine roomy stable plac’d,
With ev’ry well-trimm’d clothing
grac’d,

Poor Grizzle was as fair a joke
To all the merry stable-folk,
As the good Doctor’s self had been,
To the kind gentry of the Inn.

Enrap’t in Contemplation’s pow’r,
Syntax forgot the fleeting hour ;
Till looking round, he saw the sun
Had pass’d his bright meridian run.
A shepherd-boy he now espied,
Strolling along the highway side ;
And, on his wand’ring flock intent—
The stripling whistled as he went.
“ My honest lad, perhaps you know
What distance I shall have to go,
Before my eager eyes may greet
Some place where I may drink and
eat.”

“ Continue, master, o’er the Down,
And soon you’ll reach the neighb’ring
town :

In less, I think, than half an hour,
You’ll pass by yonder lofty tow’r :
Keep onward by the churchyard wall,
And you will see an house of call ;
The sign’s a Dragon—there you’ll find
Eating and drinking to your mind.”
Across the Down the Doctor went,
And towards the church his way he
bent,

[hur’d
“ Thus,” Syntax said, “ when man is
Upwards and downwards in the world ;
When some strong impulse makes him
stray

From Virtue’s path to Folly’s way,
The Church,—Religion’s holy seat,
Will guide to peace his wand’ring feet !
But, hark ! the death-bell’s solemn
Tells the departure of a soul ; [toll
The Sexton too I see prepares
The place where and all human cares :

And, lo, a crowd of tombs appear!
I may find something curious here;
For oft poetic flowers are found
To flourish in sepulchral ground.
I'll just walk in and take a look,
And pick up matter for my book:
The living, some wise man has said,
Delight in reading of the dead.
What golden gains my book would
boast,

If I could meet a chatty ghost,
Who would some news communicate
Of its unknown and present state:
Some pallid figure in a shroud,
Or sitting on a murky cloud,
Or kicking up a new-made grave,
And screaming forth some horrid
stave;

Or bursting from the hollow tomb,
To tell of bloody deeds to come;
Or adverse skeletons embattling,
With ghastly grins and bones rattling;
Something to make the misses stare,
And force upright their curly hair;
To cause their pretty forms to shake,
And make them doubt if they're awake:
And thus to tonish folks present,
The Picturesque of Sentiment!
But 'tis, I fear, some hours too soon—
Ghosts slumber all the afternoon:
I'll ask the Sexton, if, at night,
I may perchance, pick up a sprite."

The Doctor in canonic state,
Now op'd at once the church-yard gate;
While Grizzle too, thought fit to pass,
Who knew the taste of church-yard
grass.

"Sir," cried the Sexton, "let me say,
That you must take your mare away,
Or else, believe me, I am bound
To lead her quickly to the pound."

"You don't mistake, my honest friend—
'Tis a foul wrong that you intend:

A Parson's mare will claim a right
In a church-yard to take a bite;
And, as I come to meditate
Among these signs of human fate,
I beg you will not make a riot,
But let the poor beast feed in quiet."
No more the conscious Sexton said,
But urg'd his labours for the dead;
While Syntax cull'd, with critic care,
What the sad muse had written there.

EPITAPHS.

Here lies poor Thomas and his wife,
Who led a pretty jarring life;
But all is ended, do you see?
He holds his tongue, and so does she.

If drugs and physio could but save
Us mortals from the dreary grave,
'Tis known that I took full enough
Of the Apothecary's stuff,
To have prolong'd life's busy feast
To a full century at least;
But, spite of all the Doctor's skill,
Of daily draught and nightly pill,
Reader, as sure as you're alive,
I was sent here at twenty-five.

Within this tomb a lover lies,
Who fell an early sacrifice
To Dolly's unrelenting eyes.
For Dolly's charms poor Damon
burn'd—

Disdain the cruel maid return'd;
But, as she danc'd in May-day pride,
Dolly fell down, and Dolly died,
And now she lays by Damon's side.
Be not hard-hearted, then, ye fair!
Of Dolly's hapless fate beware!
For sure you'd better go to bed,
To one alive than one who's dead.

Beneath the sod the soldier sleeps,
 Whom cruel war refus'd to spare ;
 Beside the grave the maiden weeps,
 And Glory plants the laurel there.
 Honour is the warrior's meed,
 Or spar'd to live or doom'd to die ;
 Whether 'tis his lot to bleed,
 Or join the shout of Victory ;
 Alike the laurel to the truly brave ;
 That binds the brow, or consecrates
 the grave.

Beneath this stone her ashes rest,
 Whose memory fills my aching breast !
 She sleeps unconscious of the tear
 That tells the tale of sorrow here ;
 But still the hope allays my pain
 That we may live and love again :
 Love with a pure seraphic fire,
 That never, never, shall expire.

Syntax the Sexton now address'd,
 As on his spade he lean'd to rest.

SYNTAX. [trade :

"We both, my friend, pursue one
 I for the living, you the dead.
 For whom that grave do you prepare
 With such keen haste, and cheerful
 air?"

SEXTON.

"An' please your Rev'rence, Law-
 yer Thrust, [dust :
 Thank Heav'n, will moulder here to
 Never before did I take measure,
 Of any grave with half the pleasure :
 And when within this hole he's laid,
 I'll ram the earth down with my spade :
 I'll take good care he shall not rise,
 Till summon'd to the last assize ;
 And, when he sees for Heaven's grace,
 I would not wish to take his place.
 He once on cruel deed intent,
 Seiz'd on my goods for want of rent ;

Nay, I declare, as I'm a sinner,
 He took away the children's dinner :
 For, as they sat around the table,
 Eating as fast as they were able,
 He seiz'd the dishes great and small,
 The children's bread and milk, and
 all ;

The urchins cried, the mother pray'd,
 I begg'd his rigour might be stay'd
 Till I could on our Parson call,
 Who would engage to pay it all ;
 But he disdain'd a Parson's word,
 And mook'd the suit which I prefer'd.
 He knew a better way to thrive ;
 To pay two pounds by taking five.
 Bursting with rage, I knock'd him
 down,

And broke the cruel rascal's crown ;
 For which in county-gaol I lay,
 Half-starving many a bitter day.
 But our good Parson brought relief,
 And kindly sooth'd a mother's grief :
 He, while in prison I remain'd,
 My little family sustain'd ;
 And when I was from durance free,
 Made me his Sexton, as you see.
 But Doctor Worthy, he is gone ;—
 You'll read his virtues on the stone
 That's plac'd aloft upon the wall,
 Where you may see the ivy crawl.
 The good man's ashes rest below ;—
 He's gone where all the righteous go.
 I dug his grave with many a moan,
 And almost wish'd it were my own.
 I daily view the earthy bed,
 Where Death has laid his rev'rend
 head ;

And when I see a weed appear,
 I pluck it up and shed a tear.
 The parish griev'd, for not an eye
 In all its large extent was dry,
 Save one :—but such a kindly grace
 Ne'er deck'd the Lawyer's iron face.



L^P SYN AT MEDITATING ON THE TOMB STONES

Rembrandt

The aged wept a friend long known,
The young a parent's loss bemoan :
While we, alas ! shall long deplore
The bounteous patron of the poor."

The Doctor heard, with tearful eye,
The Sexton's grateful eulogy : [tread,
Then sought the stone with gentle
As fearing to disturb the dead,
And thus, in measur'd tones, he read :

"For fifty years the Pastor trod
The way commanded by his God ;
For fifty years his flock he fed
With that divine celestial bread
Which nourishes the better part
And fortifies man's failing heart.
His wide, his hospitable door,
Was ever open to the poor !
While he was sought, for counsel
sage,

By ev'ry rank and ev'ry age.
That counsel sage he always gave,
To warn, to strengthen, and to save :
He sought the sheep that went astray,
And pointed out the better way :
But while he with his smiles approv'd
The virtue he so dearly lov'd,
He did not spare the harsher part,
To probe the ulcer to the heart :
He sternly gave the wholesome pain
That brought it back to health again.
Thus, the commands of Heav'n his
guide,
He liv'd,—and then in peace he died."

SYNTAX. [succeeds
"Pray tell me, friend, who now
This Pastor, fam'd for virtuous deeds?"

SEXTON.
"A very worthy, pious man,
Who does us all the good he can ;
But he, good Sir, has got a wife ;"

SYNTAX.
"Who may perhaps disturb his life ;
A tongue sometimes engenders strife."

SEXTON.

"No:—she's a worthy woman too ;
But then they've children not a few :
I think it is the will of Heav'n
That they are bless'd with six or seven ;
And then you will agree with me,
That home's the scene of charity."

SYNTAX. [preach

"'Tis true—nor can your Parson
A sounder doctrine than you teach.
And now, good Sexton, let me ask,
While you perform your mortal task,
As day and night you frequent tread
The dreary mansions of the dead,
If you, in very truth can boast,
That you have ever seen a ghost?"

SEXTON.

"Your Rev'rence, no ;—tho' some
folks say
That such things have been seen as
Old women talk, in idle chat, [they.
Of ghosts and goblins, and all that ;
While round the glimm'ring fire at
night,
They fill their hearers with affright.
'Tis said that Doctor Worthy walks,
And up and down the church-yard
stalks ; [bright,
That often, when the moon shines
His form appears all clad in white ;
But to his soul it is not given [ven.
To walk on earth—for that's in Hea-
All hours I have cross'd this place,
And ne'er beheld a spirit's face.
Once, I remember, late at night,
I something saw, both large and white,
Which made me stop, and made me
stare,—
But 'twas the Parson's grizzle mare.
Such things as these, I do believe,
The foolish people are deceiv'd ;
And then the parish gossip talk
How witches dance, and spectres walk,

SYNTAX.

"Your reasoning I much commend ;
So fare you well, my honest friend.
If we are right we need not dread
Either the living or the dead :
The spirit that disturbs our rest
Is a bad conscience in our breast ;
With that a man is doubly curst :"

SEXTON.

"That spirit haunted Lawyer
SYNTAX. [Thrust."

"His race is run, his work is o'er—
The wicked man can sin no more ;
He's gone where justice will be done
To all who live beneath the sun :
And, though he wrong'd you when
alive,

Let not your vengeance thus survive :
Forgive him, now he's laid so low—
Nor trample on a fallen foe.

Once more farewell ! But ere we part,
There's something that will cheer your
heart."

SEXTON. [time yet

"Your Rev'rence, 'twill be some
Ere I forgive ;—but to forget—
No, no, for though I may forgive,
I can't forget him while I live. [bless,
For your good gift, kind Heaven I
And wish you health and happiness :
I thank my God, each coming day,
For what He gives and takes away :
And now I thank Him good and just
That he has taken Lawyer Thrust."

Syntax along the village pass'd,
And to the Dragon came at last ;
Where, as the shepherd-boy had said,
There seem'd to be a busy trade :
And, seated in an easy chair,
He found that all he wish'd was there.

CANTO IX.

A LONG the varying road of Life,
In calm content, in toil or strife ;
At morn or noon, by night or day,
As time conducts him on his way,
How oft doth man, by Care oppress'd,
Find in an Inn a place of rest ?
Whether intent on worldly views,
He, in deep thought, his way pursues ;
Whether by airy pleasure led,
Or by Hope's fond delusions fed,
He bids adieu to home, and strays
Through unknown paths and distant
ways ;

Where'er his fancy bids him roam,
In ev'ry Inn he finds a home. [wind,
—Should Fortune change her fav'ring
Though former friends should prove
unkind,

Will not an Inn his cares beguile,
Where on each face he sees a smile ?
When cold winds blow, and tempests
lower,

And the rain pours in angry shower,
The dripping traveller looks around,
To see what shelter may be found :
Then on he drives through thick and
To the warm shelter of an Inn. [thin.
Whoe'er would turn their wand'ring
feet,

Assur'd the kindest smiles to meet :
Whoe'er would go, and not depart
But with kind wishes from the heart,
O let them quit the world's loud din,
And seek the comforts of an Inn :
And as the Doric SHENSTONE sung,
With plaintive music on his tongue—

"Whoe'er has travell'd Life's dull
round, [been,
Where'er his changeful tour has
Will sigh to think how oft he found
His warmest welcome at an Inn."

'Twas at an Inn, in calm repose,
Heedless of human joys or woes,
That Syntax passed a quiet night
In pleasing dreams and slumbers
light;—

But in the morn the thunder roar'd,
The clouds their streaming torrents
pour'd;

The angry winds impetuous blew,
The rattling casement open flew.
Scar'd at the noise, he rear'd his head;
Then, starting quickly from the bed,
"Is it," he cried, "the day of doom?"
As he bestrode the trembling room.

The houses' tops with water stream'd,
The village-street a river seem'd:

While, at the tempest all amaz'd,
The rustics from their windows gaz'd.
"I'm not," he said, "dispos'd to fear,
But 'tis not time to loiter here;
I'll change the scene, and quick retire
From flaming flash to kitchen fire;
Nay, while rude Nature's threats pre-
vail,

I'll lose the storm in toast and ale."
Half-dress'd, he made a quick retreat,
And in the kitchen took his seat,
Where an old woman told the host
What by the lightning she had lost;
How a blue flash her sow had struck,
Had kill'd a cock and lam'd a duck!
With open mouth another came,
To tell a rick was in a flame;
And then declar'd that on the spire
He saw the weathercock on fire:
Nay, that as loud the winds were
singing

They'd set the peak of bells a-ringing!

A dripping tailor enter'd next
And preach'd upon the self-same text:
He swore, that, sitting on his board,
While the wind blew and thunder
roar'd,

A kind of fiery flame came pop,
And bounce'd and ran about his shop;
Now here, now there, so quick and
nimble,

It sing'd his finger through his thim-
That all about his needles ran, [ble
If there was any truth in man;
While buttons, at least half-a-score,
Were driven through the kitchen
door!

The Sexton, with important mien,
Gave his opinion on the scene;
And, to the Doctor drawing near,
Thus gently whisper'd in his ear:
"The Devil himself his cell has burst,
To fly away with Lawyer Thrust."

Now, having with due patience
heard

The story which each wight prefer'd,
Syntax was to the parlour shown,
Where he might breakfast all alone.
"I see," said he, "I here must stay
And at the Dragon pass the day:
And this same Dragon, on my life,
Just hints that I have got a wife;
Nor can I pass the morning better
Than to indite this wife a letter."
He paus'd and sigh'd ere he began,
When thus the fond epistle ran.

"My dearest Doll,—full many a day
From you and home I've been away;
But, though we thus are doom'd to
part,

You're ever present to my heart:
Whene'er my prayers to Heaven arise,
At morn or ev'ning sacrifices,
Whene'er for Heaven's sake they rise,
I ask it for my Dolly too.

My Journey, like Life's common road,
Has had its evil and its good :
But I've no reason to complain,
When pleasure has outweigh'd the
pain.

With flatter'ing Fortune in my view,
Glad I the toilsome way pursue ;
For I've no fear to make a book,
In which the world will like to look ;
Nor do I doubt will prove a Mine
For my own comfort and for thine !
But should all fail, I've found a friend
In my old school-mate, DICKY BEND ;
Who, kind and wealthy, will repay,
If hope should cheat me on the way,
My ev'ry loss I may sustain,
And ease ill-fortune of its pain :
He has engag'd to glad our home,
With promise of much good to come.

Particulars of what I've seen,
What I have done—where I have
I shall reserve for my return, [been,
When, as the crackling faggots burn,
I will in all domestic glory,
Smoke out my pipe, and tell my story :
But, be assur'd, I'm free from danger,
To the world's tricks I'm not a stranger :
Whatever risks I'm forc'd to run,
I shall take care of number *one* ;
While you, at home, will keep in view,
The self-same care of number *two*.
To my kind neighbours I commend
The wishes of their distant friend :
Within ten days, perhaps a week,
I shall YORK's famous city seek.
Where at the post, I hope to find
A line from Dolly ever kind.

And, if you will the pleasure crown,
Tell me the prattle of our town ;
Of all that's passing, and has past,
Since your dear Hub beheld it last ;
And now the truth which I impart,
The offspring of my honest heart,

That wheresoe'er I'm doom'd to roam,
I still shall find that Home is Home :
That true to Love and nuptial vows,
I shall remain your loving spouse.
Such are the tender truths I tell ;
Conjux carissima—farewell !"

Thus he his kindest thoughts re-
veal'd—

But scarce had he the letter seal'd,
When straight appear'd the trembling
Host,

Looking as pale as any ghost :— #.

"A man's just come into the town,
Who says the castle's tumbled down :
And that, with one tremendous blow,
The lightning's force has laid it low."
"What castle, friend?" the Doctor
cried—

"The castle by the river side ;
A famous place, where, as folks say,
Some great king liv'd in former day :
But this fine building long has been
A sad and ruinated scene, [dwell,—
Where owls, and bats, and starlings
And where, alas, as people tell,
At the dark hour when midnight
reigns, [chains."
Ghosts walk, all arm'd, and rattle
"Peace, peace," said Syntax, "peace,
my friend,

Nor to such tales attention lend.

—But this new thought I must pur-
A castle, and a ruin too ; [sue :
I'll hasten there,—and take a view."

The storm was past, and many a ray
Of Phœbus now reviv'd the day,
When Grizzle to the door was brought,
And this fam'd spot the Doctor sought.
Upon a rock the castle stood,
Three sides environ'd by a flood,
Where confluent streams uniting lave
The craggy rift with foaming wave.



OF SWITZERLAND TUMBLING INTO THE WATER

Around the moss-clad walls he walk'd,
Then through the inner chambers
stalk'd; [found,

And thus exclaim'd with look pro-
The echoes giving back the sound.

"Let me expatiate here awhile:

I think this antiquated pile
Is, doubtless in the Saxon style.

This was a noble, spacious hall,
But why the chapel made so small?

I fear our fathers took more care
Of festive hall than house of prayer.

I find these barons fierce and bold,
Who proudly liv'd in days of old,

To pray'r prefer'd a sumptuous treat,
Nor went to pray when they could eat.

Here all along the banners hung;
And here the welcome minstrels sung.

The walls with glitt'ring arms bedight
Display'd an animating sight:

Beneath that arch-way, once a gate,
With helmed crest, in warlike state
The bands march'd forth, nor fear'd
the toil

Of bloody war that gave the spoil.
But now, alas! no more remains
Than will reward the painter's pains;
The palace of the feudal victor
Now serves for nought but for a pic-
ture.

Plenty of water here I see,
But what's a view without a tree?
There's something grand in yonder
tower,

But not a shrub to make a bower;
How'er I'll try to take the view,
As well as my best art can do."

An heap of stones the Doctor found,
Which loosely lay upon the ground,
To form a seat where he might trace
The antique beauty of the place:
But, while his eye observ'd the line
That was to limit the design,

The stones gave way, and sad to tell,
Down from the bank he headlong fell.

The slush collected for an age,
Receiv'd the venerable Sage;

For, at the time, the ebbing flood
Was just retreating from the mud:

So, after floundering about,
Syntax contriv'd to waddle out,

Half-stunn'd, amas'd, and cover'd o'er
As seldom wight had been before.

O'erwhelm'd with mud, and stink,
and grief,

He saw no house to give relief;

So thus, amid the village din,

He ran the gauntlet to the inn.

An angler threw his hook so pat,

He caught at once the Doctor's hat:

A bathing boy, who naked stood,

Dash'd boldly in the eddying flood,

And swimming onward like a grig,

Soon overtook the Doctor's wig.

Grizzle had trac'd the barren spot,

Where not a blade of grass was got:

And, finding nought to tempt her stay,

She to the Dragon took her way.

The ostler cried, "Here's some dis-
aster— [ter!"

The mare's return'd without her mas-

But soon he came amid the noise

Of men and women, girls and boys:

Glad in the inn to find retreat

From the rude insult of the street. [bed,

Undress'd, well-wash'd, and put to

With mind disturb'd, and aching head,

In vain poor Syntax sought repose.

But lay and counted all his woes.

The friendly Host, with anxious care,

Now hastes the poet to prepare:—

The cordial draught he kindly gives;

Which Syntax with a smile receives:

Then seems, in sleep, a pause from

sorrow,

In hopes of better fate to-morrow

CANTO X.

POOE mortal man, in ev'ry state,
What troubles and what ills
await!

His transient joy is chas'd by sorrow,
To-day he's blest;—a wretch to-mor-
row.

When in the world he first appears,
He hails the light with cries and tears:
A school-boy next, he fears the nod
Of pedant pow'r, and feels the rod.
When to an active stripling grown,
When Passions seize him as their own;
Now lead him here, now drive him
there,

The alternate sport of Joy and Care;
Allure him with their glitt'ring trea-
sure,

Or give the brimming cup of pleasure;
While one eludes his eager haste,
The other palls upon the taste.
The pointed darts from Cupid's quiver,
Wound his warm heart and pierce his
liver;

While charm'd by fair Belinda's eyes,
He dines on groans, and sups on sighs.
If from this gay and giddy round
He should escape both safe and sound,
Perhaps, if all things else miscarry,
He takes it in his head to marry;
And in this lottery of life,
If he should draw a scolding wife,
With a few children, eight or ten
(For such things happen now and then),
Poor hapless man! he knows not where
To look around without a care.
Ambition, in its airy flight,
May tempt him to some giddy height;
But, ere the point he can attain,
He tumbles, ne'er to rise again.

Pale Av'rice may his heart possess,
The bane of human happiness,
Which never feels for others' woe,
Nor ever does a smile bestow;
A wretched, meagre, griping elf,
A foe to all, and to himself. [train,
Then comes Disease, with baneful
And the pale family of Pain:
Till Death appears in awful state,
And calls him to the realms of Fate.
—How oft is Virtue seen to feel
The woeful turn of Fortune's wheel,
While she with golden stores awaits
The wicked in their very gates.
But Virtue still the value knows
Of honest deeds, and can repose
Upon the flint her naked head;
While Vice lays restless on the bed
Of softest down, and courts in vain
The opiate to relieve its pain.

It was not Vice that e'er could keep
Dear Syntax from refreshing sleep;
For no foul thought, no wicked art,
In his pure life e'er bore a part:
Some ailment dire his slumbers broke,
And, e'er the sun 'rose, he awoke;
When such a tremor o'er him pass'd;
He thought that hour would prove
his last.

His limbs were all besieg'd by pain,
He now grew hot, then cold again:
His tongue was parch'd, his lips were
And, heaving the unbidden sigh, [dry,
He rang the bell and call'd for aid,
And groan'd so loud, th' affrighted
maid [house;
Spread the alarm throughout the
When straight the landlord and his
spouse

Made all dispatch to do their best
And ease the sufferings of their guest.
"Have you a doctor!" Syntax said;
"If not, I shortly shall be dead."
"O yes; a very famous man;
He'll cure you, Sir, if physic can.
I'll fetch him quick;—a man renown'd
For his great skill the country round."

The Landlord soon the Doctor
brought, [were thought:
Whose words were grave, whose looks
By the bed-side he took his stand,
And felt the patient's burning hand;
Then, with a scientific face,
He told the symptoms of the case.
"His frame's assail'd with feverish
heats:

His pulse with rapid movement beats;
And now, I think, 'twould do him
good,

Were he to lose a little blood:
Some other useful matters too,
To ease his pain, I have in view.
I'll just step home, and, in a trice,
Will bring the fruits of my advice;
In the mean time, his thirst assuage
With tea that's made of balm or sage."
He soon return'd,—his skill applied,—
From the vein flow'd the crimson tide:
And as the folk behind him stand,
He thus declar'd his stern command:
"At nine these powders let him take;
At ten this draught,—the phial shake;
And you'll remember at eleven,
Three of these pills must then be given:
This course you'll carefully pursue,
And give, at twelve, the bolus too:
If he should wander, in a crack
Clap this broad blister on his back;
And after he has had the blister,
Within an hour apply the clyster.
I must be gone; at three or four
I shall return with something more."

Now Syntax and his feverish state
Became the subject of debate.
The mistress said she was afraid
No medicine would give him aid;
For she had heard the screech-owl
scream,

And had besides a horrid dream.
Last night the candle burn'd so blue;
While from the fire a coffin flew;
And, as she sleepless lay in bed,
She heard a death-watch at her head.
The maid and ostler too declar'd
That noises strange they both had
heard. [tend

"Aye," cried the Sexton, "these port-
To the sick man a speedy end;
And, when that I have drank my li-
quor, [Vicar."

I'll e'en go straight and fetch the
The Vicar came, a worthy man,
And, like a good Samaritan,
Approach'd in haste the stranger's bed,
Where Syntax lay with aching head;
And, without any fuss or bother,
He offer'd to his rev'rend brother
His purse, his house, and all the care
Which a kind heart could give him
there.

Says Syntax, in a languid voice,
"You make my very soul rejoice;
For, if within this house I stay,
My flesh will soon be turned to clay:
For the good Doctor means to pop
Into my stomach all his shop.
I think, dear Sir, that I could eat,
And physic's but a noxious treat:
If all that stuff's to be endur'd,
I shall be kill'd in being cur'd."
"O," said the Vicar, "never fear;
We'll leave the apparatus here.
Come, quit your bed—I pray you
come,—

My arm shall bear you to my home,



DR. SYNTAX LOSES HIS MONEY AT THE RACE-GROUND AT YORK.

Syntax his simple story told;—
The 'Squire, as kind as he was bold,
His full protection now affords,
And cheer'd him both with wine and words,

"I love the Clergy from my heart,
And always take a Parson's part.
My father, Doctor, wore the gown—
A better man was never known:
But an old uncle, a poor elf,
Who to save riches, starved himself,
By his last will bequeathed me clear
At least two thousand pounds a year,
And sav'd me all the pains at college,
To pore o'er books and aim at knowledge:

Thus free from care, I live at ease;
Go where I will, do what I please;
Pursue my sports, enjoy my pleasure,
Nor envy Lords their splendid treasure.
I have an house at York beside, [aside:
Where you shall go and straight re-

And ev'ry kindness shall be shown,
Both for my Dad's sake, and your own:
For know, good Sir, I'm never loth
To mark my friendship for the Cloth.
Hearty's my name, and you shall find
A welcome, Doctor, to your mind:
And I've a wife so blithe and gay,
Who ne'er says yes when I say nay."
Syntax observed, "That was a blessing
A man might boast of in possessing."

At length arrived, a lady fair
Received them with a winning air.
"Ah," said the 'Squire, "I always
come,

My dearest girl, with pleasure home:
You see a rev'rend Doctor here,
So give him of your choicest cheer:"
"Yes," she replied, "O yes, my dear."
"Nor fail all kindness to bestow:"
"O no, my dear," she said, "O no."
Thus happy Syntax joined the party
Of Madam and of 'Squire Hearty.

CANTO XI.

IN this sad, variegated life,
Evil and good, in daily strife,
Contend we find, which shall be master:

[ter
Now fortune smiles—then sad disas-
Assumes in turn, its frowning power,
And gives to man his chequer'd hour.
With chequer'd hours good Syntax
thought,

[fraught,
And well he might, his journey
But still he hop'd, when all was past,
That he should comfort find at last.

Thus, with unlook'd-for kindness blest,
No fears alarm his tranquil breast;
He eats, and drinks, and goes to rest:
And when the welcome morrow came,
The 'Squire and Madam were the same.

Just as the Minster-clock struck nine,
Coffee and tea, and fowl and chine,
Appear'd in all their due array,
To give the breakfast of the day.
The 'Squire then the talk began,
And thus the conversation ran.

'SQUIRE HEARTY.

"Doctor, you truly may believe
The pleasure which I now receive
In seeing you, as you sit there,
On what was once my father's chair.
I pray you think this house your
home,—
Aye, though it were three months to
come.

Here you will find yourself at ease—
May read or write—just as you please.

At nine we breakfast, as you see,—
Dinner is always here at three;
At six my wife will give you tea."

MRS. HEARTY. [long,

"And should you find the evening
I'll play a tune, and sing a song."

'SQUIRE HEARTY.

"Besides, you'll range the country
round; [found:

Some curious things may there be
Your genius, too, may chance to trace,
Within this celebrated place,
Some ancient building worth a look,
That may, perhaps, enrich your book.
I'm a true Briton, as you see:
I love good cheer and liberty;
And what I love myself, I'll give
To others, while I'm doom'd to live.
This morning I intend to go
To see the military show.

The light dragoons now quarter'd here,
Will all in grand review appear:
They are a regiment of renown,
And some great Gen'ral is come down
To see them all, in bright array,
Act the fierce battle of the day.
If you should like such sights as these:
If warlike feats your fancy please,
We'll to the common take a ride,
And I myself will be your guide:
So, if you please, within an hour
Our nags shall be before the door."

SYNTAX.

"I will be ready to attend
The summons of my worthy friend.
The laurel'd Hero's my delight,
With plumed crest and helmet bright:
E'en when a boy, at early age,
I read in Homer's lofty page
How the stout Greeks in time of yore,
Brought havoc to the Phrygian shore;
I revel'd in that ancient story,
And burn'd with ardent love of glory.

Where'er I tra'd the Fields of Troy
My heart beat high with martial joy.
'Tis true, I pray that war may cease,
And Europe hail returning Peace;
Yet still I feel my bosom glow
When British heroes meet the foe;
When our arm'd legions make him fly,
And yield the palm of Victory:
Or when our naval thunders roar,
And terrify the Gallic shore.
This grand review will give me plea-
sure,

And I shall wait upon your leisure."

But, as no time was to be lost,
Syntax now hasten'd to the post:
The post obey'd his loud command,
And gave a letter to his hand.
With eager haste the seal he broke,
And thus the fond epistle spoke.

—
"My dearest husband,—on my life
I thought you had forgot your wife:
While she to her affection true,
Was always thinking, Love, on you.
By this time I presume you've made
No small advancement in your trade:
I mean, my dear, that this same book,
To which I with impatience look,
Is full of promise; and I'm bold
To hope for a return in gold.
I have no doubt that ample gains
Will well reward your learned pains,
And will with bounteous store, re-
pay

Your anxious toil of many a day;
For well, my dearest friend, I know
Where'er you are compell'd to go,
You still must sigh that you should be
So long away from Love and me.
I truly say my heart doth burn
With ardent wish for your return;
And that I may my Syntax greet
With all due honour when we meet,

The milliner is now preparing
A dress that will be worth the wear-
ing;

Just such an one as I have seen
In Aokermann's last Magazine,
Where by the skilful painter's aid,
Each fashion is so well display'd.
A robe of crape with satin bodice,
Will make me look like any goddess:
A mantle too, is all the ton,
And therefore I have order'd one:
I've also got a lilac bonnet,
And plac'd a yellow feather on it:
Thus I shall be so very smart,
'Twill vex Miss Raisin to the heart;
Oh! it will make me burst with
laughter, [daughter;

To plague the purse-proud grocer's
Whilethrough the town as you shall see
No one will be so fine as me.
Oh! with what pleasure and delight
I shall present me to your sight;
How shall I hug you, dearest honey,
When you return brimfull of money."

Syntax exclaim'd, in accents sad,
"The woman's surely gone stark mad!
To ruin, all her airs will tend;
But I'll read on, and see the end."

"As to the news, why you must
know,

Things in their usual order go:
Jobson the Tanner's run away,
And has not left a doit to pay:
Bet Bunkin was last Thursday mar-
ried,

And Mrs. Stillborn has miscarried.
In the High-street, the other day,
Good Mrs. Squeamish swoon'd away,
And was so ill, as it is said,
That she was brand' away for dead:
But Mother Gossip, who knows all
The neighbours round, both great and
small,

Has hinted to me, as she thinks,
That pious Mrs. Squeamish drinks.
—There is a lady just come down,
A dashing, frisky dame from town,
To visit Madam Stapleton;
She's said to be a London toast,
But has no mighty charms to boast:
For it is clear to my keen sight,
That she lays on both red and white.
She drives about in chaise and pair,
And, I have heard, can curse and
swear:

But I mind not these things, not I,
I never deal in calumny.
So fare you well, my dearest life,—
And I remain your loving wife."

POSTSCRIPT.

"But if you fear that you shall
come

Without a bag of money home,
'Twere better far that you should take
A leap at once into the Lake:
I'd rather hear that you were drown'd,
Than that you should my hopes con-
found."

These tender lines did not impart
Much comfort to the Doctor's heart;
He therefore thought it would be better
To lay aside this pretty letter;
Nor suffer its contents to sour
The pleasure of the present hour.

The 'Squire now became his guide,
So off they trotted, side by side;
And, ere they pass'd a mile or two,
Beheld the scene of the review.
The troops drawn up in proud array,
An animating sight display;
The well-arm'd squadrons wheel
around; [squad;
The standards wave, the trumpets
When Grizzle, long injur'd to war,
And not without an honour'd scar,

Found all her former spirits glow
As when she used to meet the foe:
No ease she prick'd, for she had none:
Nor seek'd her tail, for that was gone:
But still she snorted, foam'd and
floun'd;

Then up she rear'd, and off she bound'd;
And having play'd these pretty pranks,
Dash'd all at once into the ranks;
While Syntax, though unus'd to fear,
Suspected that his end was near.
But though his courage 'gan to addle,
He still stuck close upon his saddle;
While to the trumpets on the hill,
Grizzle sped fast, and then stood still.
With them she clos'd her warlike race,
And took with pride her ancient place;
For Grizzle, as we've told before,
Once to the wars a trumpet bore.

At length, recover'd from his fright,
The Doctor stay'd and view'd the
sight;

And then, with heart as light as cork,
He with his friend jogg'd back to York,
Where was renew'd the friendly fare,
And ev'ry comfort promis'd there.
The time in chit-chat pass'd away,
Till the chimes told the closing day:
"And now," says pleasant Madam
Hearty,

"What think you if our little party
Should each to sing a song agree?
'Twill give a sweet variety.

Thus let the passing moments roll,
Till Thomas brings the ev'ning bowl;
The Doctor, sure, will do his best
And kindly grant my poor request."
The Doctor, though by nature grave,
And rather inclin'd to tune a stave,
Where'er he got a little mellow,
Was a most hearty pleasant fellow;
Would sing a song, or tell a riddle,
Or play a thumpie on the fiddle;

And, being now a little gay,
Declar'd his wishes to obey.
"Then I'll begin," Squire Hearty
said, [made,
"But though by land my tours are
Where'er I tune a song, or glee,
I quit the land, and go to sea."

THE 'SQUIRE'S SONG.

The signal given, we seek the main,
Where tempests rage, and billows
Nor know we if we e'er again [roar:
Shall anchor on our native shore.

But, as through surging waves we
sail,

And distant seas and isles explore,
Hope whispers that some future gale
Will waft us to our native shore.

When battle rages all amain, [pour,
And hostile arms their vengeance
We British sailors will maintain
The honour of our native shore.

But, should we find a wat'ry grave,
A nation will our loss deplore;
And tears will mingle with the wave
That breaks upon our native shore.

And after many a battle won,
When ev'ry toil and danger's o'er,
How great the joy, each duty done,
To anchor on our native shore.

MRS. HEARTY'S SONG.

CUPID, away! thy work is o'er:
Go seek Idalia's flow'ry grove!
Your pointed darts will pain no more;
HYMEN has heal'd the wounds of
Love.

HYMEN is here, and all is rest;
To distant flight thy pinions move:
No anxious doubts, no fears molest;
HYMEN has seath'd the pangs of
Love.



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THE GROUP AT A MEETING

CUPID, away! the deed is done!

Away, 'mid other scenes to rove:

For Ralph and Isabel are one,

And HYMEN guards the home of
Love.

The Doctor now his rev'rence made,
And Madam's smiling nod obey'd.

"Your songs," said he, "have
giv'n me pleasure,

As well in subject as in measure;

But, in some modern songs, the taste

Is far, I'm sure, from being chaste.

They do not make the least pretence

To poetry or common sense.

Some coarse conceits, a lively air,

With a *da capo*, here and there,

Of uncouth words, which ne'er were
found

In any language above ground:

And these set off with some strange
phrase,

Compose our sing-song now-a-days.

The dancing-master of my school

In this way oft will play the fool,

And make one laugh—one knows not
why,—

But we had better laugh than cry.

The song, which you're about to hear

Will of this character appear;

From London it was sent him down,

As a great fav'rite through the town."

DOCTOR SYNTAX'S SONG.

I've got a sould of a wife,

The plague and storm of my life;

O! were she in coal-pit bottom,

And all such jades, 'od rot 'em!

My cares would then be over,

And I should live in clover;

With harum, scarum, horum scorum—

Stew'd prunes for ever!

Stew'd prunes for ever!

Brother Tom's in the codlin-tree,

As blithe as blithe can be:

While Dorothy sits below,

Where the daffodillies grow;

And many a slender rush,

And blackberries all on a bush;

With harum scarum, &c. &c.

We'll to the castle go

Like grenadiers all of a row,

While the horn and trump shall
sound

As we pace the ramparts round,

Where many a lady fair

Comes forth to take the air,

With harum scarum, &c. &c.

The vessel spreads her sails

To catch the rising gales,

And dances o'er the wave;

While many a love lorn slave

To his mistress tells his tale,

Far off in the distant vale;

With harum scarum, &c. &c.

When the dew is on the rose,

And the wanton zephyr blows;

When lilies raise their head,

And harebells fragrance shed

Then I to the rocks will hie,

And sing a lullaby;

With harum scarum, &c. &c.

By fam'd Ilyseus stream

How oft I fondly dream,

When I read in classic pages

Of all the ancient sages;

But they were born to die!

And so were you and I;

With harum scarum, horum scorum—

Stew'd prunes for ever!

Stew'd prunes for ever!

Thus, with many a pleasant lay,

The party clos'd th' exhausted day.

CANTO XII.

LIFE is a journey,—on we go [woe
 Through many a scene of joy and
 Time flits along and will not stay,
 Nor let us linger on the way : [course
 Like as a stream, whose varying
 Now rushes with impetuous force ;
 Now in successive eddies plays,
 Or in meanders gently strays,
 It still moves on, till spreading wide,
 It mingles with the briny tide ;
 And, when it meets the ocean's roar,
 The limpid waves are seen no more.
 Such, such is Life's uncertain way ;—
 Now the sun wakes th' enliv'ning day :
 The scene around enchants the sight ;
 To cool retreat the shades invite ;
 The blossoms balmy fragrance shed ;
 The meads a verdant carpet spread ;
 While the clear rill reflects below
 The flowers that on its margin grow,
 And the sweet songsters of the grove
 Attune to harmony and love.
 But lo ! the clouds obscure the sky,
 And tell the bursting tempest nigh :
 The livid flash, the pelting storm,
 Fair Nature's ev'ry grace deform ;
 While their assailing powers annoy
 The pensive pilgrim's tranquil joy :
 But, though no tempests should molest
 The bower where he stops to rest,
 Care will not let him long remain,
 But sets him on his way again.
 Thus Syntax, who the 'Squire had
 press'd [rest,
 For three whole months to take his
 Sigh'd when he found he could not
 To loiter through another day : [stay
 "No," he exclaim'd, "I must away :—
 I have a splendid book to make,
 To form a Tour,—to paint a Lake ;

And, by a well projected Tome,
 To carry fame and money home :
 And, should I fail, my loving wife
 Will lead me such a precious life,
 That I had better never more
 Approach my then forbidden door."
 'Twas thus he ponder'd as he lay,
 When the sun told another day,
 Nor long the downy couch he press'd,
 Where busy thought disturbed his
 rest ; [heart,
 But quick prepar'd, with grateful
 From this warm mansion to depart.
 The 'Squire to his professions true,
 Thus spoke at once his kind adieu.

'SQUIRE.

"I'm sorry, Sir, with all my heart,
 That you and I so soon must part :
 Your virtues my regard engage ;
 I venerate the rev'rend sage ;
 And, though I've not the mind to toil
 In Learning's way, by midnight oil,
 Yet still I feel the rev'rence due
 To all such learned men as you :
 Nor can I urge your longer stay,
 When Science calls you far away :
 But still I hope you'll not refuse
 My friendly tribute to the Muse ;
 And, when again you this way come,
 Again you'll find this house a home.
 Besides, I mean to recommend
 Your labours to a noble friend,
 Who well is known to rank as high
 In learning, as in quality ;
 Who can your merits well review ;
 A statesman and a poet too :
 He will your genius truly scan,
 And though a Lord, a learned man,
 For C***** is an honour'd name,
 Whose virtue and unsully'd fame

Will decorate th' historic page,
And live through ev'ry future age.
That courteous Lord doth condescend
To know me for a faithful friend ;
And, when you to his Lordship give
The letter which you now receive,
Expect, on his right noble part,
A welcome that will cheer your heart.
To ———— then repair,
And Honour will attend you there.
Nor fear, my friend, that gilded state
Will frown upon your humble fate ;
My Lord is good as he is great."

SYNTAX.

"Your kindness, surely, knows no
You are in truth a real friend ; [and ;
Nor can my feeble tongue express
This unexpected happiness :
For if this noble Lord should deign
My feeble labours to sustain,
With the all-cheering, splendid rays
Of his benign, protecting praise,
My fortune will at once be made,
And I shall bless the author's trade."

Thus, as he spoke, 'Squire Hearty
gave

The letter Syntax longed to have ;
And with it a soft silky note, [wrote ;
On which two coal-black words were
The sight of which his sense confounds,
For these said words were Twenty
Pounds.

"Check," said the 'Squire, "your
wond'ring look ;

'Tis my subscription to your book ;
And when 'tis printed, you will send
A copy to your Yorkshire friend ;
Besides, I'll try to sell a score
Among my neighbours here, or more."

The Doctor's tongue made no reply,
But his heart heav'd a grateful sigh :
Nor, as he sits, can we do better
Than to repeat the promised letter.

"MY LORD,

This liberty I take,
For Laughter and for Merit's sake ;
And when the bearer shall appear
In your fine mansion's atmosphere,
His figure will your spirits cheer.
You need no other topic seek ;
He'll furnish laughter for a week :
But still I say, and tell you true,
You'll love him for his merit too.
You'll see, at once, in this Divine,
Quixote and Parson Adams shine :
An hero well combin'd you'll view
For FIELDING and CERVANTES too :
Besides, my Lord, if I can judge,
In classic lore he's us'd to drudge.
O do but hear his simple story ;
Let him but lay it all before you ;
And you will thank me for my letter,
And say that you are HEARTY'S
debtor :

Nay, when your sides are tir'd with
mirth,

Your heart will feel his real worth.
I know your kindness will receive him,
And to your favour thus I leave him.
So I remain, with seal most fervent,
Your Lordship's true and hearty ser-
vant.

YORK, Thursday. R. H."

The Doctor now prepared to go,
With heart of joy and look of wee ;
He silent squeez'd the 'Squire's hands,
And ask'd of Madam her commands.
The 'Squire exclaim'd, "why so re-
mies ?

She bids you take a hearty kiss ;
And if you think that one won't do,
I beg, dear Sir, you'll give her two."
"Nay, then," says Syntax, "you shall
see ;"

And straight he gave the Lady three.

Nor did he linger to exclaim,
 "He ne'er had kiss'd a fairer dame."
 The Lady blushing thank'd him too,
 And in soft accents, said—"Adieu."

Syntax, since first he left his home,
 Had no such view of good to come,
 As now before his fancy rose
 To bid him laugh at future woes.
 "Fortune," he cried, "is kind at last,
 And I forgive her malice past:
 Glad in C——'s benignant form,
 Her power ~~no more~~ will wake the
 Nor e'en again her anger shed [storm,
 In frequent showers upon my head."

Now, after a short morning's ride,
 In eager Hope and Fancy's pride,
 The Doctor views, with conscious smile,
 Fair ———'s splendid pile.
 Not Versailles makes a finer show,
 As, passing o'er the lofty brow,
 The stately scene is view'd below.
 My Lord receiv'd him with a grace
 Which marks the sov'reign of the place;
 Nor was poor Syntax made to feel
 The pride which fools so oft reveal;
 Who think it a fine state decorum,
 When humble merit stands before 'em:
 But here was birth from folly free;
 Here was the true nobility,
 Where human kindness gilds the crest;
 The first of virtues, and the best.

An hour in pleasant chit-chat past,
 The welcome dinner came at last:
 And now the hungry Syntax eats
 Of high ragouts and dainty meats:
 Nor was the good man found to shrink
 Whenever he was ask'd to drink.

MY LORD. [show

"What think you, Doctor, of the
 Of pictures that surround you glow!"

SYNTAX.

"I'll by-and-by enjoy the treat:
 But now, my Lord, I'd rather eat."

MY LORD.

"What say you to this statue here?
 —Does it not flesh and blood appear?"

SYNTAX.

"I'm sure, my Lord, 'tis very fine;
 But I, just now, prefer your wine."

SIR JOHN.

"I wonder you can keep your eye
 From forms that do with Nature vie;
 Nay, in my mind, my rev'rend friend,
 Nature's best works they far transcend.
 Look at that picture of the Graces,
 What lovely forms!—what charming
 faces!"

SYNTAX.

"Their charms, Sir John, I shall
 discover,

I have no doubt, when dinner's over:
 At present, if to judge I'm able,
 The finest works are on the table.
 I should prefer the cook just now,
 To Rubens or to Gerard Dow."

MY LORD.

"I wish to judge, by certain rules,
 The Flemish and Italian schools;
 And nicely to describe the merits
 Or beauties which each school in-
 herits."

SYNTAX.

"Tho', in their way they're both
 bewitching;

I now prefer your Lordship's kitchen."

The dinner done, the punch appears,
 And many a glass their spirits cheers,
 The festive hours thus pass'd away,
 Till time brought on the closing day:
 The Doctor talk'd, nor ceas'd his
 quaffing,

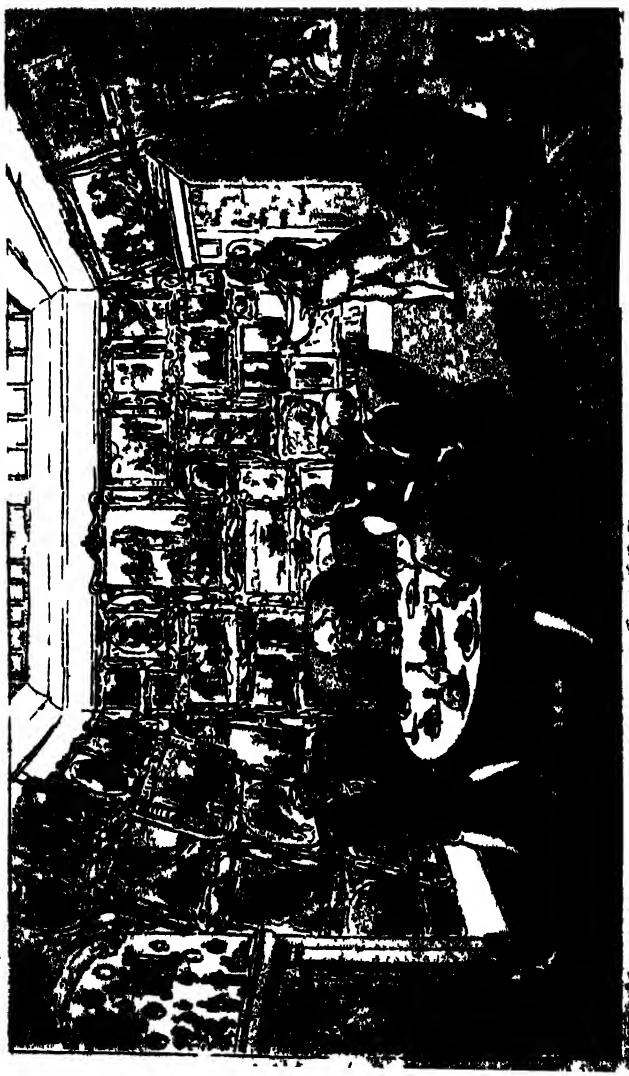
[laughing.

While all around were sick with

MY LORD.

"Again the subject I renew,
 And wish you would the pictures
 view."

ĐỒ CHƠI TRONG PHÒNG TRƯỞNG





DR SYNTAX MADE FREE OF THE CELLAR

SYNTAX.

"To view them now would be a trouble,
For faith, my Lord, my eyes see double."

MY LORD.

"To bed then we had best repair,—
I give you to the Butler's care;
A sage grave man, who will obey
Whate'er your Rev'rence has to say."

The sage grave man appear'd, and bow'd:

"I am of this good office proud;
But 'tis the custom of this place,
From country-yeoman to his Grace,
Whene'er a stranger guest we see,
To make him of the cellar free.
To you the same respect we bear,
And therefore beg to lead you there;
When ev'ry noble butt doth claim
The honour of some titled name."

The servants waited on the stairs,
With cautious form and humble airs.
"Lead on," says Syntax, "I'll not stay,
But follow where you lead the way."

The Butler cried, "You'll understand

It is our noble Lord's command
To give this rev'rend Doctor here
A sample of our strongest beer;
So tap her Grace of Devonshire."

At length the potent liquor flows,
Which makes poor man forget his woes.
Syntax exclaim'd, "Here's Honour's
boast;—

The health of our most noble Host—
And let fair Devon crown the toast."

The cups were cheer'd with loyal
song;

But cups like these ne'er lasted long:
And Syntax stammer'd, "Do you see?
Now I'm of this fam'd cellar free,

I wish I might be quickly led
T' enjoy my freedom in a bed."

He wish'd but once, and was obey'd,
And soon within a bed was laid,
Where, all the day's strange business
o'er,

He now was left to sleep and snore.

CANTO XIII.

HOW oft, as through Life's vale
we stray,

Doth fancy light us on our way!
How oft, with many a vision bright,
Doth she the wayward heart delight,
And, with a fond enliv'ning smile,
The heavy hour of care beguile!
But though so oft she scatters flowers,
To make more gay our waking hours,
Night is the time when o'er the soul
She exercises full control.

While Life's more active functions
pause,
And sleep its sable curtain draws,

'Tis then she waves her fairy wand,
And strange things rise at her com-
mand:

She then assumes a motley reign,
And man lives o'er his life again;
While many an airy dream invites
Her wizard masks, her wanton sprites:
Through the warm brain the phan-
toms play,

And form a visionary day. [pauseth,
Thus Syntax, while the bed he
And pass'd the night in balmy rest,
Was led in these unconscious hours,
By Fancy, to her fairy bowers,

Where the light spirits wander free
In whimsical variety.

No more an humble Curate now,
He feels a mitre on his brow ;
The mildew'd surplice, thus with-
drawn,

Yields to the fine, transparent lawn ;
And peruke, that defied all weather,
Is nicely dress'd to ape a feather.
Grizzle no more is seen to wail,
Her mangled ears and butcher'd tail :
Six Grizzles now, with ev'ry ear,
And all their flowing tails appear ;
When, harness'd to a light barouche,
The ground they do not seem to touch ;
While onward whirl'd in wild surprise,
The air-blown Prelate thinks he flies.
Now through the long cathedral aisle
Where vergers bow and virgins smile,
With measured step and solemn air,
He gains at length the sacred chair :
And to the crowd, with look profound,
Bestows his holy blessing round.

Above the pealing organs blow,
To the respondent choir below ;
When, bending to religion's shrine,
He feels an energy divine. [clutches,
Now, 'scaped from Dolly's angry
He thinks he's married to a Duchess,
And that her rank and glowing beauty
Enliven his prelatie duty.

Thus Fancy, with her antic train,
Pass'd nimbly through the Doctor's
brain :

But, while she told her varying story
Of short-liv'd pomp and fading glory,
A voice upon the vision broke—
When Syntax gave a grunt—and
'woke.

"And may it please you, I've a word
To tell your Reverence, from my Lord."
"A Lord," he cried, "why, to be free,
I've been as good a Lord as he :

Throughout the night, I've been as
As any Lord, with all his state ; [great
But now that fine-drawn scene is o'er,
And I'm poor Syntax as before. [tain,
You spoil'd my fortune, 'tis most cer-
The moment you withdrew the curtain ;
So, if you please, my pretty maid,
You'll tell me what my Lord has said."
"—My Lord has sent to let you know
That breakfast is prepared below."

"—Let my respects upon him wait,
And say that I'll be with him straight."
Out then he bounced upon the floor :
The maid ran shouting through the
door,

So much the figure of the Doctor,
In his unrob'd condition shock'd her.

Syntax now hasten'd to obey
The early summons of the day.
He humbly bow'd and took his seat ;
Nor did his Lordship fail to greet
With kindest words his rev'rend
guest—

As how he had enjoy'd his rest :
Hop'd ev'ry comfort he had found ;
That his night's slumbers had been
sound ;

And that he was prepar'd to share
With keen regard, his morning's fare.
The Doctor smil'd, and soon made free
With my Lord's hospitality :
Then told aloud his golden dream,
Which prov'd of mirth a fruitful theme.
"'Tis true," he said, "when I awoke,
The charm dissolv'd, the spell was
broke ;

The mitre and its grand display,
With my fine wife, all pass'd away :
Th' awak'ning voice my fortune
cross'd :

I op'd my eyes, and all was lost ;
But still I find to my delight,
I have not lost my appetite."

SIR JOHN.

"As for the mitre and the gold,
Which Fancy gave you to behold,
They, to a mind with learning fraught,
Do not deserve a passing thought;
But I lament that such a bride
Should thus be stolen from your side."

SYNTAX. [roam;

"For that choice good I need not
I've got, Sir John, a wife at home,
Who can from morn to night contrive
To keep her family alive:

Such sprightly measures she can take
That no one sleeps when she's awake.
For me, if Fortune would but show'r
Some portion of her wealth and pow'r,
I would forgive her, on my life,
Though she forgot to add a wife.

Indeed, Sir John, we don't agree,
Nor join in our philosophy; [knows.
For did you know what that man
Had you e'er felt his cutting woes,
Who has of taunts a daily plenty,
Whose head is comb'd, whose pocket's
empty;

You ne'er would call those shiners
Whose touch is life—whose name is

MY LORD. [Cash."

"A truce, I pray, to your debate;
The hunters all impatient wait;
And much I hope our learned Clerk
Will take a gallop in the Park."

SYNTAX. [take,

"Your sport, my Lord, I cannot
For I must go and hunt a lake;
And while you chase the flying deer,
I must fly off to Windermere,
'Stead of hallooing to a fox,

I must catch echoes from the rocks;
With curious eye and active scent,
I on the picturesque am bent;

This is my game, I must pursue it,
And make it where I cannot view it,

Though in good truth, but do not
flout me,

I bear that self same thing about me,
If in man's form you wish to see
The picturesque, pray look at me;
I am myself without a flaw,
The very picturesque I draw.

A Rector, on whose face so aleek
In vain you for a wrinkle seek;
In whose fair form, so fat and round,
No obtuse angle's to be found;
On such a shape no man of taste
Would his fine tints or canvas waste:
But take a curate who's so thin, [skin,
His bones seem peeping through his
Make him to stand, or walk, or sit,
In any posture you think fit, [him,
And, with all these nice points about
No well-taught painter e'er would
scout him:

For with his air, and look and mien,
He'd give effect to any scene.

In my poor beast, as well as me,
A fine example you may see:
She's so abrupt in all her parts—
O what fine subjects for the arts!

Thus, though we travel on together,
With gentle gale or stormy weather;
And, though we trot along the plains,
Where one dead level ever reigns,
Or pace where rocks and mountains
rise, [skies;

Who lift their heads, and brave the
I, Doctor Syntax, and my horse,
Give to the landscape double force.

—I have no doubt I shall produce
A volume of uncommon use,
That will be worthy to be plac'd
Beneath the eye of men of taste:
And I should hope, my Lord, that you
Will praise it and protect it too;
Will let your all-sufficient name
The two-fold patronage proclaim:

That time may know, till time doth
and, [friend.]

That O——— was my honour'd
SIR JOHN.

"And can you, learned Doctor, see
When that important hour shall be?"

SYNTAX.

"Sir Knight, that was not wisely
spoke;

The point's too serious for a joke;
And you must know, by Heav'n's decree,

That hour will come to you and me,
And then succeeds—Eternity."

MY LORD.

"Peace, peace, Sir John, and let
me tell

The Doctor that I wish him well.
I doubt not but his work will prove,
Most useful to the arts I love.

But pray, good Sir, come up to town,
That seat of wealth and of renown:
Come up to town, nor fear the cost,
Nor time nor labour shall be lost.

I'll ope my door and take you in—
You've made me laugh, and you shall
win:

We'll then consult how I can best
Advance your real interest:

And here this piece of writing take;—
You'll use it for the donor's sake;
I mean, you see, that it shall crown
Your wishes while you stay in town:
But you may, as it suits you, use it,—
No one, I fancy, will refuse it."

The Doctor, when he view'd the paper,
Instead of bowing—out a caper.

My Lord now sought the expected
And Syntax in his usual pace, [chace,
When four long tedious days had past,
The town of Keswick reach'd at last,
Where he his famous work prepar'd,
Of all his toil the hap'd reward.

Soon as the morn began to break,
Old Grizzle bore him to the Lake,
Along the banks he gravely pac'd,
And all its various beauties trac'd;
When, lo, a threat'ning storm ap-
pear'd!

Phœbus the scene no longer cheer'd;
The dark clouds sunk on ev'ry hill;
The floating mists the valleys fill:
Nature, transform'd, began to lour,
And threaten'd a tremendous show'r.
"I love," he cried, "to hear the rattle,
When elements contend in battle;
For I insist, though some may flout it,
Who write about it, and about it,
That we the picturesque may find
In thunder loud, or whistling wind:
As often, as I fully ween,
It may be heard as well as seen:
For, though a pencil cannot trace
A sound as it can paint a place,
The pen, in its poetic rage,
Can make it figure on the page."

A fisherman, who pass'd that way,
Thought it civility to say—

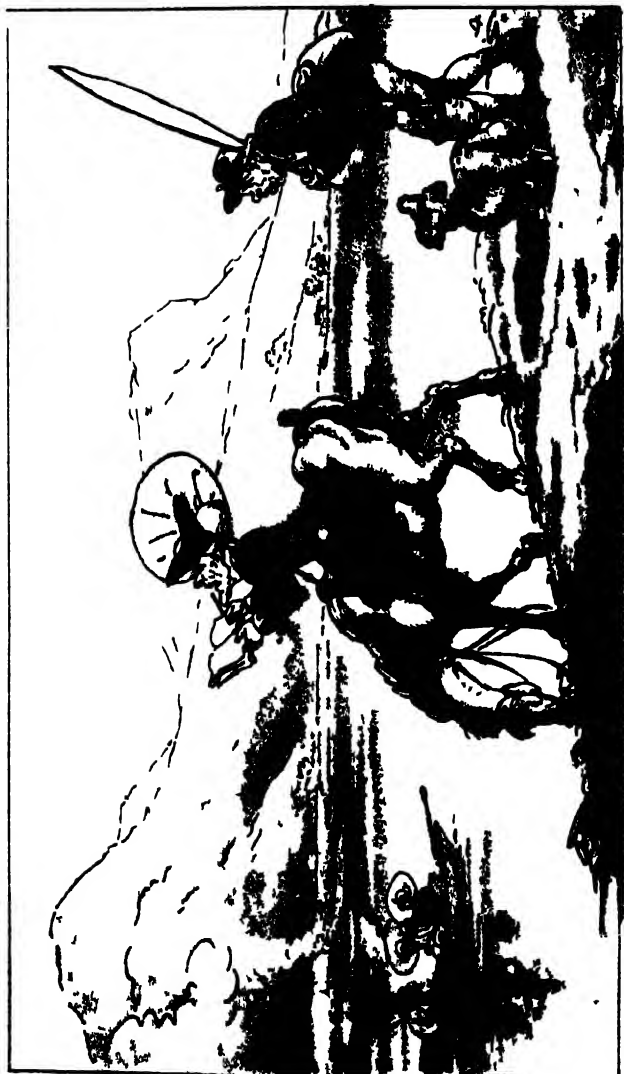
"An' please you, Sir, 'tis all in vain
To take your prospects in the rain;
On horseback too you'll ne'er be
able—

"Twere better sure to get a table."—

"Thanks," Syntax said, "for your
advice,

And faith I'll take it in a trice;
For, as I'm moisten'd to the skin,
I'll seek a table at the Inn:—

But Grizzle, in her haste to pass,
Lur'd by a tempting tuft of grass,
A luckless step now chanc'd to take,
And sou'd the Doctor in the Lake;
But, as it prov'd, no worse disaster
Befel poor Grizzle and her master,
Than both of them could well endure,
And a warm Inn would shortly cure.



D^o SYNTAX SKETCHING THE LAKE

Amberland

To that warm Inn they quickly hied,
Where Syntax, by the fire-side,
Sat in the Landlord's garments clad,
But neither sorrowful nor sad :

Nor did he waste his hours away,
But gave his pencil all its play,
And traced the landscapes of the
day.

CANTO XIV.

“NATURE, dear Nature, is my
goddess,
Whether arrayed in rustic bodice,
Or when the nicest touch of Art
Doth to her charms new charms impart:
But still I, somehow, love her best,
When she's in ruder mantle drest:
I do not mean in shape grotesque,
But when she's truly picturesque.”

Thus then next morning as he stray'd,
And the surrounding scene survey'd,
Syntax exclaim'd.—A party stood
Just on the margin of the flood,
Who were, in *statu quo*, to make
A little voyage on the Lake.

The Doctor forward stepp'd to show
The wealth of his port-folio:
The ladies were quite pleas'd to view
Such pretty pictures as he drew;
While a young man, a neighbouring
'Squire,

Expressed a very warm desire,
Which seem'd to come from honest
heart,

That of their boat he'd take a part.

Now from the shore they quickly
sail'd;

And soon the Doctor's voice prevail'd.

“This is a lovely scene of nature;
But I've enough of land and water:
I want some living thing to show
How far the picturesque will go.”

LADY,

“See, Sir, how swift the swallow fly;
And lo, the lark ascends on high;
'Tis scarce can view him in the sky.

Behold the wild fowl, how they spread
Upon the Lake's expansive bed:
The kite sails through the airy way,
Prepar'd to pounce upon its prey:
The rooks, too, from their morning
food,
Pass cawing to the distant wood.”

SYNTAX.

“When with a philosophic eye
The realms of Nature I descry,
And view the grace that she can give
To all the varying forms that live;
I feel with awe the plastic art
That doth such wondrous pow'rs im-
part

To all that wing the air, or creep
Along the earth, or swim the deep.
I love the winged world that flies
Through the thin azure of the skies;
Or, not ordain'd those heights to scan,
Love the familiar friends of man,
And, in his yard or round his cot,
Enjoy, poor things! their destin'd lot:
But though their plumes are gay with
dyes,

In endless bright diversities,
What, though such glowing tints pre-
vail, [tail;

When the proud peacock spreads his
What, though the nightingales prolong
Through the charm'd night th' en-
chanting song; [throat

What, though the blackbird and the
Make vocal ev'ry verdant bush;
Not one among the winged kind
Presents an object to my mind:

Their grace and beauty's nought to
In all their vast variety [me ;

The picturesque I cannot see.
A carrion fowl tied to a stake
Will a far better picture make,
When as a scare-crow 'tis display'd
To make all thievish birds afraid,
Than the white swan, in all its pride,
Sailing upon the crystal tide.

As a philosopher I scan [man ;
Whate'er kind Heav'n has made for
I feel it a religious duty
To bless its use and praise its beauty ;
I care not whatsoe'er the creature,
Whate'er its name, its form and fea-
ture,

So that fond Nature will aver
The creature doth belong to her.
But though indeed, I may admire
The greyhound's form, and snake's
attire,

They neither will my object suit
Like a good shaggy, ragged brute.
I will acknowledge that a goose
Is a fine fowl of sov'reign use :
But for a picture she's not fitted—
The bird was made but to be spitted.
The pigeon, I'll be bound to show it,
Is a fine subject for a poet ;
In the soft verse his mate he woos,
Turns his gay neck, and bills and oods,
And as in am'rous strut he moves,
Sooths the fond heart of him who loves :
But I'll not paint him, no, not I—
I like him better in a pie,
Well rubb'd with salt and spicy dust,
And thus embody'd in a crust.
How many a bird that haunts the wood,
How many a fowl that cleaves the flood,
With their sweet songs enchant my ear,
Or please my eye as they appear,
When in their flight, or as they row,
Delighted on the lake below .

But still, whate'er their form or feather,
You cannot make them group together ;
For let them swim or let them fly,
The picturesque they all defy.
The bird that's sitting quite alone
Is fit but to be carv'd in stone ;
And any man of taste 'twould shock
To paint those wild geese in a flock :
Though I like not a single figure,
Whether 'tis lesser or 'tis bigger :
That fisherman so lean and lank,
Who sits alone upon the bank,
Tempt not the eye ; but, doff his coat,
And quickly group him with a boat,
You then will see the fellow make
A pretty object on the Lake.

If a boy's playing with a hoop,
'Tis something, for it forms a group.
In painter's eyes—O what a joke
To place a bird upon an oak :
At the same time, 'twould help the jest,
Upon the branch to fix a nest.
A trout, with all its pretty dyes
Of various hues, delights the eyes ;
But still it is a silly whim
To make him on a canvas swim :
Yet, I must own, that dainty fish
Looks very handsome in a dish !
And he must be a thankless sinner
Who thinks a trout a paltry dinner.

“ The first, the middle, and the last,
In picturesque is bold contrast ;
And painting has no nobler use
Than this grand object to produce.
Such is my thought, and I'll pursue it ;
There's an example—you shall view it.
Look at that tree—then take a glance
At its fine, bold protuberance ;
Behold those branches—how their
shade

Is, by the mass of light, display'd :
Look at that light, and see how fine
The backward shadows make it shine :

The sombre clouds that spot the sky,
Make the blue vaulting twice as high;
And where the sunbeams warmly
glow

They make the hollow twice as low.
The Flemish painters all surpass
In making pictures smooth as glass:
In Cuypp's best works there's pretty
painting;

But the bold picturesque is wanting.

"Thus, though I leave the birds to
sing,

Or cleave the air with rapid wing—
Thus, though I leave the fish to play
Till the net drags them into day—
Kind Nature, ever bounteous mother!
Contrives it in some way or other,
Our proper wishes to supply
In infinite variety.

The world of quadrupeds displays
The painter's art in various ways;
But, 'tis some shaggy, ragged brute
That will my busy purpose suit;
Or suchas, from their shape and make,
No fine-wrought, high-bred semblance
take.

A well-fed horse, with shining skin,
Form'd for the course, and plates to
win,

May have his beauties, but not those
That will my graphic art disclose:
My raw-bon'd mare is worth a score
Of those fine pamp'rd beasts, and
To give effect to bold design, [more,
And decorate such views as mine.

To the fine steed you sportsman bow,
But picturesque prefers a cow;
On her high hips and horned head
How true the light and shade are shed:
Indeed, I should prefer by half,
To a fine colt, a common calf;

The un-shorn sheep, the shaggy goat,
The ass with ragged, ragged coat,

Would to a taste-inspired mind,
Leave the far-fam'd Eclipse behind:
In a grand stable he might please,
But ne'er should graze beneath my
trees."

[Squire
Caught by his words, the northern
Fail'd not his learning to admire:

But yet he had a wish to quiz
The Doctor's humour and his *paix*.

"I have a house," he said, "at hand,
Where you my service may command;

There I have cows and asses too,
And pigs, and sheep, Sir, not a few;

Where you, at your untroubled leisure,
May draw them as it suits your plea-

sure. [mare,

You shall be welcome, with your
And find a country 'Squire's fare:

If a few days with us you pass,—
We'll give you meat—and give her

grass." [shore,

Thus 'twas agreed; they 'came on
The party saunter'd on before;

But ere they reach'd the mansion fair,
Grizzle had borne her master there.

It was indeed a pleasant spot
That this same country 'Squire had

got;

And Syntax now the party join'd
With salutation free and kind.

'SQUIRE.

"This, Doctor Syntax, is my sister:
Why, my good Sir, you have not

kiss'd her."

SYNTAX.

"Do not suppose I'm such a brute
As to disdain the sweet salute."

'SQUIRE.

"And this, Sir, is my loving wife,
The joy and honour of my life."

SYNTAX.

"A lovely Lady to the view!
And with your leave, I'll kiss her too."

Thus pleasant words the converse
 cheer'd
 Till dinner on the board appear'd;
 Where the warm welcome gave a zest
 To all the plenty of the feast.
 The Doctor eat, and talk'd and quaff'd;
 The good Host smil'd, the Ladies
 'SQUIRE. [laugh'd.

"As you disdain both fowl and fish,
 Think you your art could paint that
 dish?"

SYNTAX. [lief,—
 "Though 'twill to hunger give re-
 There's nothing picturesque in beef:
 But there are artists—if you'll treat
 'em; [em."
 Will paint your dinners; that is—eat
 'SQUIRE. [mand

"But sure your pencil might com-
 What'er is noble, vast and grand,—
 The beasts, forsooth, of Indian land;
 Where the fierce, savage tiger scowls,
 And the fell, hungry lion growls."

SYNTAX. [fit;
 "These beasts may all be subjects
 But, for their likeness, will they sit?
 I'd only take a view askaunt,
 From the tall back of elephant;
 With half an hundred Indians round
 me, [confound me.
 That such sharp claws might not
 But now, as we have ceas'd to dine,
 And I have had my share of wine,
 I should be glad to close the feast
 By drawing some more harmless
 beast."

The Doctor found a quick consent,
 And to the farm their way they bent.
 A tub inverted, form'd his seat;
 The animals their painter meet:
 Cows, asses, sheep, and ducks and
 geese,
 Present themselves to grace the piece:

Poor Grizzle, too, among the rest,
 Of the true picturesque possess,
 Quitted the meadow to appear,
 And took her station in the rear:
 The sheep all baa'd, the asses bray'd,
 The moo-cows low'd, and Grizzle
 neigh'd! [glee;
 "Stop, brutes," he cried, "your noisy
 I do not want to hear—but see;
 Though by the picturesque laws,
 You're better too with open jaws."

The Doctor now, with genius big,
 First drew a cow, and next a pig:
 A sheep now on the paper passes,
 And then he sketched a group of asses:
 Nor did he fail to do his duty
 In giving Grizzle all her beauty.

"And now," says Miss (a laughing
 elf) [self."
 "I wish, Sir, you would draw your-
 "With all my heart," the Doctor said,
 "But not with horns upon my head."
 "—And then I hope you'll draw my
 face." [trace

"In vain, fair maid, my art would
 Those winning smiles, that native
 grace.

The beams of beauty I disclaim;
 The picturesque's my only aim:
 My pencil's skill is mostly shown
 In drawing faces like my own,
 Where time, alas, and anxious Care,
 Have placed so many wrinkles there."

Now all beneath a spreading tree
 They chat and sip their evening tea,
 Where Syntax told his various fate;
 His studious life and married state;
 And that he hoped his Tour would tend
 His comforts and his purse to mend.

At length they to the house retreated,
 And round the supper soon were seated;
 When the time quickly pass'd away,
 And gay good humour clos'd the day.



PERSONS IN THE WOODS AFTER NOON.

CANTO XV.

“VIRTUE embraces ev’ry state ;
 And, while it gilds the rich
 and great,
 It cheers their heart who humbly stray
 Along Life’s more sequester’d way :
 While, from beneath the portals
 proud, [crowd,
 Wealth oft relieves the suppliant
 The wayworn pilgrim smiles to share,
 In lowly homes, the welcome fare.
 In splendid halls and painted bow’rs
 Plenty may crown the festive hours ;
 Yet still within the secret dell
 The hospitable Virtues dwell ;
 And in this Isle, so brave and fair,
 Kind Charity is ev’rywhere.
 Within the city’s ample bound
 Her stately piles are seen around ;
 Where ev’ry want, and every pain
 That in man’s feeble nature reign,
 Where the sad air of pining grief
 May, bless’d be Heaven ! obtain relief :
 While, on the humble village-green,
 How oft the low-roof’d pile is seen,
 Where poverty forgets its woes,
 And wearied age may find repose.

“Thrice happy Britons ! while the
 Of furious, unrelenting War [car
 Leaves the dire track of streaming gore
 On many a hapless, distant shore,—
 While a remorseless tyrant’s hand
 Deals misery, through each foreign
 land,

And fell destruction, from the throne
 To him who doth the cottage own,—
 Peace beams upon your sea-girl Isle,
 Where the bright virtues ever smile ;
 Where hostile shoutings ne’er molest
 The happy inmate’s genial rest.

Where’er it is his lot to go,
 He will not meet an armed foe ;
 Nay, wheresoe’er his way doth tend,
 He sure may chance to find a friend.”

Thus, having rose at early day,
 As through the fields he took his way,
 The Doctor did his thoughts rehearse,
 And, as the Muse inspir’d, in verse :
 For, while with skill each form he
 His Rev’rence was a poet too. [drew,
 But soon a bell’s shrill, tinkling
 sound,

Re-echo’d all the meads around,
 And said as plain as bell could say—
 “Breakfast is ready—come away.”

The welcome summons he obey’d,
 And found an arbour’s pleasing shade,
 Where, while the plenteous meal was
 spread,

The woodbine flaunted o’er his head.
 “Ah ! little do the proud and great
 Amid the pomp and toil of state,
 Know of those simple, real joys,
 With which the bosom never dloys !
 O ! what a heart reviving treat
 I find within this rural seat !
 All that can please the quicken’d taste,
 Is offer’d in this fair repast.

The flowers, on their native bed,
 Around delicious odours shed :
 A bloom that with the flow’ret vies
 On those fair cheeks, attracts my eyes ;
 And what sweet music greets my ear,
 When that voice bids me welcome here !
 Indeed, each sense combines to bless
 The present hour of happiness.”

Thus Syntax spoke, nor spoke in
 vain ;

The Ladies felt the flattering strain ;

Nor could they do enough to please
The Doctor for his courtesies.

"All that you see, if that's a charm,
Is, Sir, the produce of our farm:
The rolls are nice, our oven bakes
'em; [em;

Those oat cakes too, my sister makes
The cream is rich, pray do not save it;
The brindled cow you drew, Sir, gave
it;

And here is some fresh-gathered fruit,
I hope it will your palate suit:

'Tis country fare which you receive,
But 'tis the best we have to give."

"O!" said the 'Squire, "the Doctor jokes:

With us poor harmless country folks:
I wonder that with all his sense,
And such a tickling eloquence,
He has not turn'd an humble priest
Into a good fat dean at least.

We know how soon a Lady's ear
Will list the honey'd sound to hear:
At the same time, I'm free to say,
I think the men as vain as they.
How happens it, my learned friend,
That you have not attained your end;
That all your figures and your tropes
Have not fulfill'd your rightful hopes?
I should suppose your shining parts,
And above all your flatt'ring arts,
Would soon have turn'd your grizzly
mare

Into a handsome chaise and pair.
I live amidst my native groves,
And the calm scene my nature loves;
But still I know, and often see,
What gains are made by flattery."

"That may be true," the Doctor
said:

"But flattery is not my trade.
Indeed, dear Sir, you do me wrong—
No selfish interest guides my tongue;

Honour and Virtue I admire,
Or in a Bishop or a 'Squire;
But falsehood I most keenly hate,
Tho' gilt with wealth, or crown'd
with state.

For *TRUTH* I'm like a lion bold;
And a base lie I never told:
Indeed, I know too many a sinner
Will lie by dozens for a dinner;
But, from the days of earliest youth,
I've worshipp'd, as I've practis'd
Truth:

Nay, many a stormy, bitter strife
I've had with my dear, loving wife,
Who often says she might have seen
Her husband a fine, pompous Dean;
Indeed, she sometimes thinks her
spouse

Might have a mitre on his brows,
If, putting scruples out of view,
He'd do as other people do.
No—I will never lie nor fawn,
Nor flatter, to be rob'd in lawn.
I too, can boast a certain rule
Within the precincts of my school:
Whatever faults I may pass by,
I never can forgive a lie.

I hate to use the birohen rod;
But, when a boy forswears his God;
When he in purpos'd falsehood deals,
My heavy stroke the culprit feels.
Vice I detest, whoever shows it,
And, when I see it, I'll expose it:
But, to kind hearts my homage due
I willing pay, and pay to you;
Nor will you, Sir, deny the share
That's due to these two Ladies fair."

The 'Squire replied, "I'm musty old,
And leave you master of the field:
These Ladies will, I'm sure, agree
That you have fairly conquer'd me:
But, be assur'd, all jokes apart,
I feel your doctrine from my heart.



D^r SYNTAX ROBBED OF HIS PROPERTY

Your free-born conduct I commend,
And shall rejoice to call you friend;
O! how it would my spirits cheer
If you were but the Rector here.
Our Parson, I'm concern'd to say,
Had rather drink and game—than
pray:

[swear,
He makes no bones to curse and
In any rout to take a share, [a hare.
And what's still worse, he'll springe
I wish his neck he would but break,
Or tumble drunk into the Lake!
For, know the Living's mine to give,
And you should soon the cure receive:
The Benefice, I'm sure, is clear,
Atleast three hundred pounds a-year."

"I thank you, Sir, with all my
heart," [part."

Said Syntax, "but we now must
The fair ones cry'd—"We beg you'll
And pass with us another day." [stay,
"—Ladies, I would 'twere in my
But I can't stay another hour: [pow'r,
I feel your kindness to my soul,
And wish I could my fate control:
Within ten days the time will come
When I shall be expected home;
Nor is this all—for, strange to say,
I must take London in my way."
Thus converse kind the moments
cheer'd,

Till Grizzle at the gate appear'd.

"Well," said the 'Squire, "since you
must go,

Our hearty wishes we bestow:
And if your genius bids you take
Another journey to the Lake,
Remember *Worthy-Hall*, we pray,
And come and make a longer stay:
Write too, and tell your distant friends
With what ~~sublime~~ your journey ends.
We do not mean it as a bribe,
But to your work we must subscribe."

The Ladies too, exclaim'd—"Repeat
Your visit to our northern seat."

Poor Syntax knew not how to tell
The gratitude he felt so well: [bye,"
And, when at length he said—"Good
A tear was bright in either eye.

The Doctor pac'd along the way
Till it drew nigh the close of day,
When the fair town appear'd in sight,
Where he propos'd to pass the night:
But as he reach'd the destin'd Inn,
The landlord, with officious grin,
At once declar'd he had no bed
Where Syntax could repose his head;
Atleast, where such a rev'rend guest
Would think it fit to take his rest:
A main of cooks had fought that day,
And all the gentry chose to stay.

"Observe, my friend, I mind not cost,"
Says Syntax to his cringing host;
"But still, at least, I may be able
To sleep with Grizzle in the stable;
And many a Doctor after all,
Is proud to *slumber in a stall*:
In short, I only want to sleep
Where neither rogue nor knave can
creep:

I travel not with change of coats,
But in these bags are all my notes:
Which, should I lose, would prove my
ruin,

And be for ever, my undoing."

Thus as he spoke, a lively blade,
With dangling queue and smart cock-
ade,

Reply'd at once, "I have a room;
The friend I look'd for is not come;
And of two beds where we may rest,
You, my good Sir, shall have the best;
So you may sleep without alarm:
No living wight shall do you harm:
You may depend upon my word;—
I serve the King, and wear a sword."

"Your offer, Sir, I kindly greet,"
Says Syntax, "but you'll let me
treat

With what is best to drink and eat;
And I request you will prepare,
To your own taste, the bill of fare."

The Doctor and the Captain sat,
Till tir'd of each other's chat,
They both agreed it would be best
To seek the balmy sweets of rest.
Syntax soon clos'd his weary eye,
Nor thought of any danger nigh:
While, like the ever-watchful snake,
His sharp companion lay awake.
Impatient to assail his prey;
When, soon as it was dawn of day,
He gently seiz'd the fancied store;
But, as he pass'd the creaking door,
Syntax awoke, and saw the thief;
When, loudly bawling for relief,

He forward rush'd in naked state,
And caught the culprit at the gate:
Against that gate his head he beat,
Then kick'd him headlong to the street.

The ostler from his bed arose,
In time to hear and see the blows.
Says Syntax, "I'll not make a riot;
I've sav'd my notes, and I'll be quiet.
The rascal, if I'm not mistaken,
Will ask his legs to save his bacon:
But what a figure I appear!
I must not stand and shiver here;
So take me back into the room,
From whence in this strange way I've
come."

The ostler then the Doctor led,
To the warm comforts of his bed:
Into that bed he quickly crept,
Beneath his head his bags he kept,
And on that pillow safely slept.

CANTO XVI.

FAIR Virtue is its own reward,
For Heaven remains its con-
stant guard;

And it becomes us all to trust [just.
In this grand truth—that Heaven is
Whatever forms the human lot,
Whether in palace or in cot,
In the calm track or frequent strife,
Man leads his variegated life;
Whether he feasts his smiling hours
In stately halls or painted bow'rs;
Whether he labours through the day
In Winter cold, or Summer's ray;
Or, in long nights of tort'ring pain,
He strives to close his eyes in vain;
Comfort will on his lot attend
If virtue be his bosom friend.
In youth, when Love's creative pow'r
Forms the young Passion's roscat
bow'r;

When, life matur'd, the eager game
That hunts for wealth or seeks for
fame,

Is subtly play'd, with various art,
To seize the mind and fill the heart:
When Pleasure doth its charms dis-
play,

And Syrens sing but to betray;
If Virtue's call'd, it will defy
Th' attack of ev'ry enemy.
When age comes on with stealing
pace,

And the crutch marks the closing race,
Virtue supports her champion's cause,
And cheers him with her fond ap-
plause;

Nay, e'en at Death's relentless hour,
She still displays a conscious pow'r;
Nor fails to make the flow'rets bloom
Round the dark confines of the tomb.

Thus Syntax pondered — when
around
His head he turn'd, and grateful found
His bags and notes all safe and sound ;
Pleas'd with the prospect, he was fain
To yawn and go to sleep again.

But, while he still enjoy'd his dream,
His story was the gen'ral theme
Of ev'ry tongue, and made a din
Through all the purlieus of the Inn.
The ostler told it to the maid,
And she the whole, and more betray'd
Nay, in her idle, eager prate,
Mistook the window for the gate :
For, though she lay all snug and quiet,
And, slept unconscious of the riot,
She swore that, all within her view,
The Parson from the window threw
A full grown man into the street,
Who haply lighted on his feet,
And then ran off through all the dirt,
With night-cap on, and half a shirt.

The barber caught the story next,
Who stuck no closer to the text :
But left a face half-shav'd, and ran
To tell it to the clergyman.

" O ! bless me, Sir," he cried, " I
fear

To utter what you now must hear :
At the *Blue Bell* there's been such
doing—

The house, I'm certain, it must ruin ;
Nay, as I live, I'll tell no further,—
A Bishop has committed murder !
He seiz'd a Captain by the pate,
And dash'd it so against the gate,
That all the planks are cover'd o'er
With scatter'd brains and human gore.
His lordship gave him such a bang-
ing,

That he will scarce escape with hang-
[ing.
They quarrell'd, Sir, as it was said,
About the colours black and red ;

The Captain manfully profess'd
That the bright scarlet was the best ;
And they, who that fine colour wore,
The first of all professions bore ;
While black (it was not very civil)
Was the known liv'ry of the devil.
Thus soon a loud dispute arose,
Which from hard words went on to
blows ;

And ended in this bloody strife,
Which robb'd the Captain of his life :
And, if fair justice does not falter,
She'll deck the Bishop with a halter."
The Parson smil'd and bid the calf
Go home and shave the other half :
But when he came the lather'd elf,
Had shav'd the other half himself.

The Tailor laid aside his needle
To hear the story from the Beadle,
Who swore he had strange news to tell
Of what had happen'd at the *Bell* :

" Would you believe it, that, last
night,

A highwayman, a man of might,
Down in his bed a Lawyer bound,
And robb'd him of a thousand pound ;
Then gagg'd him that he might not
rouse

The people sleeping in the house."
" No, no," says Snip, " however strong,
No gag will stop a Lawyer's tongue ;
And, after all, the stolen pelf,
Is what, I'm sure, he stole himself ;
For, if the real truth we knew,
He's the worst villain of the two !
They're thieves in grain—they never
alter—

Attornies all deserve a halter.
If that is all, I'll find my stitches,
Nor lay aside John Bunkin's
breeches." [stay'd

The Blacksmith, while a trav'ler
That a new horse-shoe might be made,

Inform'd him that a rev'rend Clerk
Last night was strangled in the dark,
No one knew how—'twas at the *Bell*,
The murd'rer not a soul could tell.
The justice though would make a rout,
And try to find the fellow out.—
Thus Rumour spread the simple case,
In ev'ry form throughout the place.

The Doctor now unclos'd his eyes,
And thought that it was time to rise:
So up he got, and down he went,
To scold the Landlord fully bent;
Who, pale, and trembling with affright
At what had happen'd in the night,
Approach'd with such an humble look,
The Doctor's rage at once forsook
His Christian breast; and, with a voice
That did the poor man's heart rejoice,
He bid him soon as he was able,
To let the coffee grace the table.
"I do aver," the Landlord said,
"That since I've carried on my trade,
Since I've been master of the *Bell*,
As all throughout the town can tell,
(And that is now ten years or more)
I ne'er knew such mishap before.
The fellow, Sir, upon my word,
Let loose his money like a Lord.
I receive all who come this way,
And care not, Sir, how long they
stay,
So they but eat and drink—and pay.
I ask not from whence people come,
What is their name, or where their
home.

That he's a rogue I think is clear,
Nor e'er again shall enter here.
He is some sharper, I suppose,
Who round about the country goes:
While to assist his lawless game,
He takes the soldier's noble name.
I understand the rogue you bang'd,
And in good time, Sir, he'll be hang'd;

I hope that all your notes you've
found,— [pound."

I'm told they're worth a thousand
"Prove that," said Syntax, "my
dear honey,

And I will give you half the money.
Think not, my friend, I'm such a fool,
That I have been so late at school,
To put my bank-notes in a bag
That hangs across my Grizzle nag;
No, they were notes to make a book;
The thief my meaning, friend, mis-
took; [found

For know the man would not have
Them worth—to him—a single pound:
Though much I hope that they will be
The source of many a pound to me."
Thus Syntax cheer'd the Landlord's
heart

'Till the time warn'd him to depart;
When soon along the beaten road,
Poor Grizzle bore her rev'rend load.

The Doctor's pleasant thoughts be-
guile

The journey onward many a mile;
For many a mile he had not seen
But one unvarying, level green;
Nor had the way one object brought
That wak'd a *picturesquish* thought.
A spire, indeed, across the down,
Seem'd to denote a neighbouring town;
And that the view'd with some delight—
For there he hop'd to pass the night.

A farmer now, so blithe and gay,
Came trotting briskly on his way.
"Will you," says Syntax, "tell me,
friend,

If to yon town this way doth tend?"
"This road, good Sir, will take you
there;

You're surely going to the fair;
'Tis the first mart both far and near;
For horses, cows, and such like gear;



DR SYNTAX SELLS GRIZZLE

And, from the beast I've in my eye,
You're going, Sir, a nag to buy :
I think, if I the truth may tell,
You have not got a nag to sell ;
For not a person in the fair
Will give ten shillings for your mare."
Syntax, who dearly lov'd a joke,
And long had liv'd 'mong countryfolk,
Thought he could work a little mirth
Out of this rustic son of earth ;
So thus the conversation flow'd,
As they jogged on the beaten road.

SYNTAX.

"Believe me, Farmer, long to-
gether,
In sun-shine, and in stormy weather,
My mare and I have trotted on,
Nor is as yet our labour done :
And, though her figure you despise,
Did you but know her qualities,
You would not rate her quite so low
As now you seem dispos'd to do."

FARMER.

"I'll lay a pound, if you are will-
ing, [ing."
She does not fetch you twenty shill-

SYNTAX.

"First, my good friend, one truth
I'll tell ;—

I do not want my mare to sell :
While to lay wagers I am loth :
The practice would disgrace my cloth :
Nor ever, while Life's path I trace,
Will I my sacred rank disgrace :
But yet I think you under-rate
Poor Grizzle's qualities and state.
'Tis true, she's past the age of beauty ;
Yet still the old girl does her duty ;
And some one surely will be found
To think, at least she's worth a pound :
Nay, to amuse the country folk,
We'll put her up by way of joke,
But no one must the wager smother ;

And I propose, that if you lose,
(No Christian will the bet refuse)
The money to the poor you'll give,
'Twill be a Christian donative :
And if my old and faithful mare
Should be so treated in the fair,
That not a person would be willing
To offer for her twenty shilling,
On honour I will do the same,
As sure as Syntax is my name.
Such are the terms that I propose,
So let us now the bargain close."

"Give me your hand," the farmer
said, [made."

"The terms I'll keep, the bargain's
They thus rode on and reach'd the
town :—

The pipe and bowl the ev'ning crown.
The 'morrow came, and through the
fair

The Farmer led the grizzle mare.
Says one, "I would not bid a pound ;
She's only fit to feed a hound ;
But would a hound the gift receive,
For she has nought but bones to
give?"

Where must we look her ears to find?
And faith, she's left her tail behind!"

"Why," says another, "view her
scars : [wars."

She must have got them in the
As a warm Yeoman pass'd along,
He heard the jeerings of the throng,
And felt a strong desire to know
What pleas'd the laughing people so.

"A Parson, Sir," says one, "dis-
tress'd, [beast ;
Would sell that poor, that wretched
And asks, I hear, a pound or two :
I think he'll ne'er get that from you."
"If that's the case," the Yeoman
said,—

"I'll ease his heart, and buy the jade.

I'll bid two pounds, my friend, that's plain,
And give him back his beast again."

The Farmer own'd the wager lost,
And op'd his bag to pay the cost:
"No, Sir," says Syntax, "'tis to you
To pay where'er you think it due:
But, as we pass'd the Common o'er,
I saw beside a cottage door,
A woman with a spinning-wheel,
Who turn'd her thread around the reel;

While joyful frolick'd by her side
Three children, all in Nature's pride;
And I resign it to your care
To leave the welcome bounty there."

The Yeoman, when he heard the joke,
In friendly words to Syntax spoke.
"I, Sir, an humble mansion own,
About five furlongs from the town;

And there your Bev'rence I invite
To go and dine and pass the night.
To-day I give an annual feast,
Where you will be a welcome guest.
I love the cloth,—and humbly crave
That we may there your blessing have.
Come, then, and bring your mare
along;

[song;
Come, share the feast, and hear the
And in the ev'ning will be seen
The merry dancers on the green."

"With joy," said Syntax, "I receive
The invitation which you give;
In your kind feast I'll bear a part,
And bring with me a grateful heart."
"I," said the Yeoman, "must be gone:
But shall expect you, Sir, at one."

Nor did the Doctor long delay:
To the farm-house he took his way;
And chang'd the bustle of the fair,
For a kind, noiseless welcome there,

CANTO XVII.

YE Courtesies of life, all hail:
Whether along the peaceful vale,
Where the thatch'd cot alone is seen,
The humble mansion of the green,
Or in the city's crowded way,
Man—mortal man, is doom'd to stray;
You give to joy an added charm,
And woe of half its pangs disarm.
How much in ev'ry state he owes
To what kind Courtesy bestows;
To that benign engaging art
Which decorates the human heart,
And free from jealousy and strife,
Gilds all the charities of life.
To ev'ry act it gives a grace;
It adds a smile to ev'ry face;
And Goodness' self we better see
When dress'd by gentle Courtesy.

Thus Syntax, as the house he
sought, [thought;
Indulg'd the grateful, pleasing
And soon hestep'd the threshold o'er,
Where the good Farmer went before:
Plenty appear'd, and many a guest
Attended on the welcome feast.
The Doctor then, with solemn face,
Proceeded to th' appointed place,
And, in due form, pronounc'd the
grace.
That thankful ceremony done,
The fierce attack was soon begun;
While meat and pudding, fowl and fish,
All vanish'd from each ample dish;
The dinner o'er, the fowl appear'd:
Th' enlivening draughts the spirits
cheer'd:

Nor did the pleasant Doctor fail,
Between the cups of foaming ale,
To gain the laugh by many a tale.
But it so happ'd—among the rest—
The Farmer's Landlord was a guest;
A buckish blade, who kept a horse,
To try his fortune on the course;
Was famous for his fighting cocks,
And his staunch pack to chase the fox:
Indeed, could he a booby bite,
He'd play at cards throughout the night;

Nor was he without hopes to get
Syntax to make some silly bet.
"I never bet," the Doctor said,
While a deep frown his thoughts betray'd:

"Your gold I do not wish to gain,
And mine shall in my purse remain:
No tempting card, no gambling art,
Shall make it from my pocket start.
Gaming, my worthy Sir, I hate;
It neither suits my means nor state:
'Tis the worst passion, I protest,
That's known to haunt the human breast!

Of all vile habitudes the worst;
The most delusive and accurst;
And, if you please, I'll lay before you
A very melancholy story;
Such as, I think, will wring your heart,

And wound you in the tend'rest part;
That will in striking colours show
The bitter pangs—the bitter woe,
That do, too oft, from gaming flow."

"Nay," said the 'Squire, "I don't deny

I often like my luck to try:
And no one here, I'm sure, will say
That when I lose I do not pay:
But as you think it such a sin,
Pray try to cure me—and begin,"

SYNTAX.

"How many of the human kind,
Who to their common honour blind
Look not in any path to stray
But where fell passion leads the way;
Who, born to ev'ry real claim
To wear the fairest wreath of Fame,
Reject the good by Nature given,
And scoff at ev'ry boon of Heaven!
Yes; such there are, and such we find
At ev'ry point that gives the wind:
But, when among the crowd we see
One whom, in prodigality,
Fortune and Nature had combin'd
To fill his purse and form his mind;
Whose manly strength is grac'd with ease,

And has the happy pow'r to please;
Whose cooler moments never heard
The frantic vow to Heav'n prefer'd;
And near whose steps Repentance bears

The vase of purifying tears;
When such a victim we behold,
Urg'd by the rampant lust of gold,
Yielding his health, his life, his fame,
As off'rings to the god of game;
The tear grows big in Virtue's eye,
Pale Reason heaves the poignant sigh;
The guardian spirit turns away,
And hell enjoys a holiday.

"Is there on earth a hellish vice?
There is, my friend, 'tis avarice:
Has avarice a more hellish name?
It has, my friend—the lust of game.
All this, perhaps, you'll thus deny:—
'There's no one, with more grace
than I,

Lets shillings drop and guineas fly!
To the dejected hapless friend
My door I open, my purse I lend;
To purchase joy my wealth I give,
And like a man of fashion live.'

—This may be true—but still your
breast

Is with the love of gold possess'd.

Why watch whole nights the fatal
card,

Or look to dice for your reward ?

Why risk your real wealth with those
Whom you know not, and no one
knows ;

With maggots whom foul fortune's ray
Has rais'd from dunghills into day ;

Who would in your misfortune riot,
And seek your ruin for their diet ?

Pleasure it cannot be, for pains

Will mingle with your very gains—

Will hover round the golden store,

Which, ere the passing moment's o'er,
May, horrid chance ! be yours no more.

“As yet, you cannot use the plea
Of beggar'd men—necessity ;

Plenty as yet adorns your board,

And num'rous vassals own you Lord.
Your woods look fair—their trunks

increase,

The Hamadryades live in peace ;

But cards and dice, more pow'ful far
Than e'en the sharpest axes are,

At one dire stroke have oft been found
To level forests with the ground :

Have seiz'd the mansion's lofty state,
And turn'd its master from the gate.

“A youth, in wealth and fashion bred,
But by the love of gaming led,

Soon found that ample wealth decay ;
Farm after farm was play'd away,

Till, the sad hist'ry to complete,
His park, his lawns, his ancient seat,

Were all in haste and hurry sold,

To raise the heaps of ready gold.

They, like the rest soon pass'd away,
The villain's gain, the sharper's prey ;

While he, alas ! resolv'd to shun

The arts by which he was undone,

Sought by hard labour, to sustain

His weary life of woe and pain ;

But Nature soon refus'd to give

The strength by which he strove to
live ;

And nought was left him but to try

What casual pity would supply ;

To stray where chance or hunger led,

And humbly ask for scanty bread.

One day, to his despairing eyes,

He saw a stately mansion rise ;

Nor looked he long before he knew

Each wood and copse that round it
grew ;

For all the scene that seem'd so fair,

Once knew in his a master's care.

Struck with the sight, and sore op-
press'd,

He sought a bank whereon to rest ;

There long he lay, and sigh'd his grief ;

Tears came—but did not bring relief.

At last he took his tott'ring way

Where once he lov'd so well to stray,

And, press'd by hunger, sought the
gate

Where suppliant Want was used to
wait—

Where suppliant Want was ne'er
denied

The morsel left by glutt'd Pride.

But, ah ! those gen'rous times were
o'er,

And suppliant Want reliev'd no more.

The mastiff growl'd—the liv'ried thief
With insolence denied relief :—

The wretch, dissolving in a groan,

Turn'd from the portal, once his own ;

But ere he turn'd, he told his name,

And curs'd once more the love of game ;

Then sought the lawn, for Nature fail'd,

And sorrow o'er his strength prevail'd.

Beneath an oak's wide-spreading shade

His weary limbs he careless laid ;

Then call'd on Heaven ;—(the bitter
pray'r

Of Mis'ry finds admittance there!)
And ere the sun with parting ray,
Had heighten'd the last blush of day,
Sunk and worn out with want and
grief,

He found in death a kind relief.

"The oak records the doleful tale,
Which makes the conscious reader
pale ;

And tells—'In this man's fate behold
The love of play—the lust of gold.'

No moral, Sir, I shall impart ;

I trust you feel it in your heart.

"'You're young,' you'll say, 'and
must engage

In the amusements of the age.'

Go then, and let your mountain bare,
The forest's verdant liv'ry wear ;

Let Parian marble grace your hall,

And Titian glow upon your wall ;

Its narrow channels boldly break,

And swell your riv'let to a lake :

To richer harvests bend your soil,

While labour fattens in the toil :

Encourage Nature, and impart

The half transparent veil of Art.

Let Music charm your melting breast,

And soothe each passion into rest :

Let Genius from your hand receive

The bounty that can make it live ;

And call the Muses from on high,

To give you immortality.

To these the hardy pleasures join,

Where Exercise and Health combine :

At the first op'ning of the morn,

O'er hill and dale, with hound and
horn,

Boldly pursue the subtle prey,

And share the triumphs of the day :

Nor let the evening hours roll

Unaided by the social bowl :

Nor should fair Friendship be away,
But crown with smiles the festive day.

Say, need I add the joys they prove

Who live in bonds of virtuous love ?

Where fond affection fills the heart,

The baser passions shall depart.

While the babe hangs on Beauty's
breast,

While in a parent's arms caress'd,

Each low-bred thought, all vicious
aims,

The pure domestic mind disclaims.

Virtue inspires his ev'ry sense,

Who looks on cherub innocence :—

Then seek a shield 'gainst passion's
stife

In the calm joys of wedded life.

"This is to live, and to enjoy
Those pleasures which our pains de-
stroy :

This is to live, and to receive

The praises which the good will give :

This is to make that use of wealth

Which heightens e'en the flush of
health ;

Improves the heart, and gives a claim

To a fair, fragrant wreath of Fame."

"I thank you, Sir," the Farmer
said ;—

"'Tis a sad tale you have display'd.

How I the poor man's lot deplore !

The more I think, I feel the more :

And much I wish my Landlord too

Would keep his wretched fate in view ;

But while my poor good woman
weeps,

Behold how very sound he sleeps.

I beg that we may change the scene,
And join the dancers on the green."

Sal now exclaim'd, "The people say

Ralph is so drunk he cannot play."

"Then I'll be Fiddler," Syntax cried ;

"By me his place shall be supplied !

Ne'er fear, my lasses, you shall soon
 Be ambling to some pretty tune,
 And in a measur'd time shall beat
 The green-sod with your nimble feet.
 While Virtue o'eryour pleasure reigns,
 You're welcome to my merry strains;
 While Virtue smiles upon your joy,
 I'll gladly my best skill employ;
 For, sure, 'twill give me great delight
 To be your Fiddler through the night.
 I know full well I do not err
 From any point of character:
 To Heav'n I cannot give offence
 While I enliven innocence:
 For thus to virtuous man 'tis given
 To dance, and sing, and go to Heaven.
 Your merry minstrelsy prolong,
 And to your dances add the song:

E'en while you caper, loudly sing
 In honour of your noble King."

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

"Strike, strike the lyre! awake the
 sounding shell! [dwell!
 How happy we who in these valleys
 How blest we live beneath his gentle
 sway,
 Whom mighty realms and distant seas
 obey!
 Make him, propitious Heaven! your
 choicest care!
 O make him happy as his people are!"
 'Twas thus they fiddled, danc'd,
 and sung;
 With harmless glee the village rung;
 At length dull midnight bid them close
 A day of joy, with calm repose.

CANTO XVIII.

LET Grandeur blush, and think
 how few
 Of all the many-colour'd crew,
 The motley group of fools and knaves,
 Who hourly prove themselves its
 slaves,
 However Fashion gilds the dress,
 Attain the expected happiness!
 Let Grandeur blush, and blushing own
 How seldom is to greatness known,
 That pure and unimbitter'd lot
 Which often cheers the peasant's cot;
 The hallow'd bliss, the nameless
 charm,
 That decorates the fertile farm.

Thus Syntax ponder'd as his eye
 Survey'd the cheerful family:
 Who round the breakfast-table seated,
 With one accord his entrance greeted:
 At the same time, they all express'd
 Much sorrow that their rev'rend guest

Had order'd Grizzle to the door
 In order to pursue his Tour.
 "Doctor, I'm grieved so soon to part,"
 Burst from the Yeoman's friendly
 heart; [come,
 "Yet hope, whene'er you this way
 You'll not forget this is your home:—
 You see how we poor farmers live,—
 A welcome's all we have to give;
 But that's sincere—so come and try."
 A few kind words were the reply.
 Syntax once more his beast bestrode:
 He bade farewell, and off he rode.
 Now Nature's beauties caught his
 Array'd in gay simplicity: [eye,
 And as he pass'd the road along,
 The blackbird's note, the thrush's song,
 With musical and native mirth,
 Seem'd to do homage to his worth:
 The vary'd landscape here combin'd
 To fascinate the eye and mind,



D^o SYNTAX - RURAL SPORTS

To charm the gazer's ev'ry sense
 From the commanding eminence.
 Th' expanding plain, with plenty
 crown'd,
 Diffuses health and fragrance round ;
 While, on a lofty, craggy height,
 A castle rises to the sight,
 Which in its day of strength and pride,
 The arms of threat'ning foes defy'd.
 Beneath the mouldering abode
 In many course a riv'let flow'd :
 And, free from the tempestuous gale,
 Its silent stream refresh'd the vale :
 The vale the scatter'd hamlet cheer'd,
 And many a straw-roof'd cot appear'd ;
 While smiling groups at ev'ry door
 Spoke grief a stranger to the poor.
 With pious thought and eye serene,
 Syntax survey'd th' enchanting scene,
 And thus in grateful mood began :
 " So deals th' Omnipotent with man.
 Such are thy gifts, all gracious Power,
 To us, the creatures of an hour !
 And yet how oft we barter these,
 How oft we risk our health and ease,
 Thy best bequest, thy choicest trea-
 sure, [sure :
 For follies which we misname plea-
 And slaves to vanity and art
 Check the best feelings of the heart.—
 How the scene charms the ravish'd eye ;
 I cannot, will not, pass it by !"
 He said,—and from his pocket took
 His pencil, and his sketching book ;
 While Grizzle, in contented mood,
 Close by her busy master stood :
 When, clouds of dust proclaim'd th'
 approach
 Of something Syntax deem'd a coach,
 Four wheels in truth it had to boast,
 Although what it resembled most
 Were hard to say :— suffice, this tub
 Was built in London, where a club,

Yclept *Four-horse*, is now the rage,
 And fam'd for whims in equipage.
 Dashers ! who once a month assemble
 Make creditors and coachmen tremble :
 And, dressed in colours vastly fine,
 Drive to some public-house to dine :
 There game, and drink, and swear, and
 Drive in disorder back again. [then—
 Now Syntax, with some kind of fear,
 Beheld the vehicle draw near ;
 And, like her master, Grizzle too
 Was far from happy at the view ;
 For a long whip had caught her eye
 Moving about most rapidly ;
 Though little thought the hapless nag,
 The joke which the exalted wag,
 Who held the reins with skilful hand,
 Against both mare and master plann'd.
 But now the curious Doctor spied
 The emblem of Patrician pride,
 Which on the panels of the coach,
 Proclaim'd a noble Lord's approach :
 Nay, (for the facts will plainly prove it)
 It was a noble Lord who drove it :
 For 'tis well known to men of rank
 That Lords will sometimes play a
 prank,
 And thus indulge themselves in jokes
 As low as those of vulgar folks.
 But 'tis not easy to express
 The wild surprise, the deep distress,
 Which Syntax felt, when this same
 Lord
 Aim'd at his back the flaunting cord ;
 And when the whip, with skilful turn,
 Was well applied to Grizzle's stern ;
 That stern, enough to make one
 shudder, [ruder ;
 Which we all know had lost its
 Her rage appear'd in either eye,
 And then she neigh'd indignantly.
 Such seem'd she as when capt she bore
 A tramping to fields of gore ;

When, in the battle's heat, at large,
Sheled whole squadrons to the charge;
While Syntax, as she scour'd the plain,
Indulged the moralizing strain.

"Can I, in this foul conduct scan
The Peer, or well-bred Gentleman?
Or rather must not virtue frown
On such a high-born, titled clown?
Thus, then, do Nobles play the fool?
A conduct which in my poor school,
If 'mong my boys it dare appear;
If they should ape that monkey there;
They for their fun should pay full
dearly; [verely.

I'd whip the blackguards most se-
But I'll not waste another word
Upon this vulgar, booby Lord;
For I have something else to do,
And Grizzle, what's become of you?"
A farmer's well-stor'd barn, hard by,
Attracted her observing eye,
Where many a truss of fragrant hay
Induced the prudent beast to stay.
Meanwhile, her discontented master,
Reflecting on the late disaster,
Pac'd slowly on, brimful of care,
And wonder'd who had got his mare.
Indeed he fear'd she might be found
Within the precincts of a pound;
But soon his quadruped he saw,
Up to her girths in hay and straw;
While he, who own'd the neighb'ring
farm,

Prepar'd to raise his weighty arm;
And, having just observ'd the theft,
Brandish'd a horsewhip right and left,
(Alas! it cannot be denied,)
To lay about on Grizzle's hide.
Syntax beheld the harsh intent:
"Forbear," he cried, "the punish-
ment! [thong?

Why make her feel the chast'ning
She knows not she is doing wrong.

Forgive my warmth, but truly, Sir,
This suits not with the character
Of one who treads on British ground,
A land for justice so renown'd:
I'll pay for all the straw that's wasted,
And all the hay that she has tasted:
Your courtesy I now invoke,
So name the cost, and spare the stroke."

The Farmer paus'd—as by a charm—
And dropp'd at once th' uplifted arm:
"Forgive me, Sir, for what," he cried,
"Cannot, indeed, be justified:
But for my haste, I'll make amends:
And let us now, good Sir, be friends:
That, is my house:—you'll enter there;
And, Thomas, take the Doctor's mare.
Come, rev'rend Sir, I'll lead the way:"
The Doctor did not disobey,
And soon was met with welcome glee,
By all the Farmer's family.
At length some bus'ness of the day
Summon'd the honest host away;
So Syntax thought he'd look about,
To find some curious object out:
When, lo! a dairy met his view,
Where, full of cream, in order due,
The pans, the bowls, the jugs were
plac'd,

Which tempted the Divine to taste,
But he found something better there:
A village damsel young and fair
Attracted his admiring eye;
Who, as he enter'd, heaved a sigh.
Now Syntax, as we all must know,
Ne'er heard a sigh or tale of woe,
But instant wish'd to bring relief,
To dry the tear and soothe the grief.
"Come here, sweet girl," he softly said;
"Tell me your cares—nor be afraid:
Come here, and seat you by my side;
You'll find in me a friendly guide.
Relate your sorrows,—tell the truth;
What is it? does some pett'rd youth



DR SYNTAX WITH THE DAIRY MAID

Unfaithful to his promise prove,
Nor make the fond return of love ?
'Tis so, I see ; but raise your eye :
On me, my pretty girl, rely :
You have my tend'rest sympathy.
Again, I say, your grief impart ;
You've gain'd an int'rest in my heart :
For well I know the pangs they prove
Who grieve for unrequited love."

The list'ning mother, who had heard
Love talk'd of, kindled at the word ;
And, rushing in, express'd her rage :—
" For shame ! for shame ! while hoary
age

Whitens your head, I see your eye
Is beaming with iniquity.
Begone, you old, you wanton goat,
Your heart is black as is your coat !
A Parson too ! may heaven forgive
The wicked age in which we live !

I'll go and tell my honest spouse
The snake he harbours in his house :
He'll give such hypocrites their due,
I'll warrant it ;" and off she flew.

The Host arriv'd, but by that time
The false alarm, th' imputed crime,
Nancy had ventur'd to unfold,
And mother now had ceas'd to scold ;
While, the rude anger turn'd to mirth,
They all confess the Doctor's worth.

Dinner was soon upon the table ;
And Grizzle feeding in the stable ;
While joyful Syntax, once again,
Forgot past accidents and pain ;
And, when night came, repos'd his head
In peace, upon the welcome bed :
But ne'er did he to sleep consign
His weary limbs, till to the shrine
Of Heaven, he had address'd the prayer
Which ever finds admittance there.

CANTO XIX.

THE Sun arose in all its pride !
" Hail the bright orb," the
Doctor cried, [glow,
" That makes the distant mountains
And clears the misty vales below ;
O ! let me bless the Power divine
That bade its splendid fires to shine,
Invigorating warmth to give
To all that grow, and all that live :
Which, in the bowels of the earth,
Brings the rich metal into birth ;
Or, piercing through the secret mine,
Makes rubies bluish, and di'monds
shine :

While man, the first, the head of all
That breathes upon this earthly ball,
As freely feels its force as they
Of insect tribe, who, in its ray,
Pass their short hour, and pass away.

O, what a picture greets my sight !
How my heart revels in delight,
While I behold th' advancing day
O'er the wide scene its power display !
While as I gaze, th' enchanted eye
Drinks in the rich variety ! [tower !
How the gleam brightens yonder
How deep the shade within the bower !
The spreading oak and elm between,
How fine those blushes intervene !
Those brilliant lights !—they would
demand

Claude's pencil, or a Titian's hand !
E'en while the distant hills I view,
Their orient colours change to blue.
The stream, within whose silver wave,
Poets might see the Naiads lave,
Now, lost in shade, no more is seen
To flow among the silted green.

But, let the eye its course pursue,
Again it brightens in the view :
Reflecting, as its current flows,
Each flower that on the margin blows.

"Hail, favour'd easement! where
the sight

Is courted to enjoy delight ;
I' ascend the hill, and trace the plain,
Where lavish Nature's proud to reign!
Unlike those pictures that impart
The windows of Palladian art,
From whence no other object's seen
But gravel-walk, or shaven green ;
Plann'd by the artist on his desk ;
Pictures that are not *picturesque*.
But I should not perform my duty
Did I relinquish all this beauty ;
Nor snatch, from this expansive view,
Some pretty little scene or two.

"The cot that's all bewhiten'd o'er,
With children playing at the door :
A peasant hanging o'er the hatch,
And the vine mantling on the thatch ;
While the thick coppice, down the hill,
Throws its green umbrage o'er the rill,
Whose stream drives on the busy mill,
In pleasing group their forms combine,
And suit a pencil such as mine.
Nor shall I miss the branchy screen
Of those fine elms that hide the green,
O'er which the tap'ring spire is seen.
I'll add no more—for to my mind,
The scene's complete—and well design'd.

There are, indeed, who would insert
Those pigs, which wallow in the dirt ;
And though I held a pig is good
Upon a dish, prepar'd for food,
I do not fear to say the brute
Does not my taste in painting suit ;
For I most solemnly aver,
That he from genuine taste must err,
Who flouts at grace or character ;

And there's as much in my old wig
As can be found about a pig.
For, to say truth, I don't inherit
This self-same *picturesquish* spirit,
That looks to nought but what is
rough, [enough.

And ne'er thinks Nature coarse
Their system does my genius shock,
Who see such graces in a dock ;
Whose eye the *picturesque* admires
In straggling brambles, and in briars :
Nay, can a real beauty see
In a decay'd and rotten tree.
I hate with them the trim of Art :
But from this rule I'll ne'er depart ;—
In grandame Nature's vast collection,
To make a fair and fit selection,
Which, when in happy contrast join'd,
Delights th' informed, well-judging
mind."

But lo ! the Farmer, at the gate,
Proclaim'd aloud, the hour of eight ;
And Syntax now in haste descends
To join his kind, expecting friends.

"Well," said his Host, "another
day

I trust your Reverence will stay."
"I thank you for the offer made,
But it can't be," the Doctor said :
"I have a weary way to go,
And much to see, and more to know ;
Indeed so far I've got to roam,
A fortnight scarce will take me home ;
And thanking you for all your care,
I must beg leave to seek my mare."
Grizzle was quickly to be found ;
And, as the good folks stood around,
Syntax thought proper to discourse
Upon the virtues of his horse ;
Nor did he fail at large to tell
That she had served him passing well :
While he forgot not to bewail
Her loss of ears and loss of tail.

But though among the passing folk,
 His beast created many a joke,
 And though the foul and sad disaster
 Oft forced a laugh against the master,
 They should not part while he was able
 To keep himself and keep a stable;
 Nay, to the last he'd out and carve,
 That his poor Grizzle might not starve.
 Thus, as his hist'ry he recounted,
 Into the saddle up he mounted,
 And there for sometime having sat,
 He clos'd at length his farewell chat.
 He thought it best t' avoid caressing;
 So gave no kiss, but gave his blessing.
 —On home, on book, on fame, intent,
 The Doctor ponder'd as he went:
 At night he look'd his papers o'er,
 And added to the learned store:
 But the next morn, another scene,
 The vast expanse of liquid green,
 The ocean's self—broke on his eye,
 In inexpressive majesty.
 There, as he look'd, full many a sail
 Gave its white canvas to the gale,
 And many a freighted vessel bore
 Its treasure to the British shore.
 When, as he trac'd the winding coast,
 In praise and admiration lost,
 Up-rising in the distant view,
 Half-seen through the ethereal blue,
 A city's stately form appear'd;
 Upon the shore the mass was rear'd,
 With glistening spires, while below
 Masts like a forest seemed to grow.
 'Twas Liverpool, that splendid mart,
 Imperial London's counterpart,
 Where wind'ring Mersey's rapid
 streams
 Rival the honours of the Thames,
 And bear on each returning tide,
 What'er by commerce is supplied;
 What'er the winds can hurry o'er
 From ev'ry clime and distant shore.

Thus Syntax pac'd along the strand,
 Through this fine scene of sea and
 land.

But nearer now the town appears,
 The hum of men salutes his ears:
 And soon, amid the noisy din,
 He found the comforts of an Inn.
 He eat, he drank, his pipe he smok'd,
 And with the Landlord quaintly jok'd;
 But ere he slept, he pass'd an hour
 In adding something to his Tour;
 Then sought his couch, in hopes the
 morn [adorn.

Would with new thoughts the page
 The morning came—he sallied out
 To breathe the air, and look about.
 Where'er he turn'd, his ev'ry sense
 Grasp'd one vast scene of opulence:
 In all he saw there was display'd
 The proud magnificence of trade.

Syntax, an humble scholar bred,
 With nought but learning in his head;
 Profound, indeed, in classic art,
 And goodness reigning in his heart,
 Yet forty pounds a year was all
 He could his fix'd revenue call:
 For which, on ev'ry Sabbath-day,
 He went eight miles to preach and pray.
 His school, too, brought but little gains,
 And scarce repaid him for his pains;
 It gave, 'tis true, to drink and eat,
 It furnish'd him with bread and meat,
 And kept the wolf without the door,
 But Syntax still was very poor.
 His wife, indeed, had got the art,
 To keep herself a little smart,
 Yet he, good man, was always seen
 With scanty coat, and figure mean;
 Yet still he never throw aside
 The pedant's air—the pedant's pride.
 Thus, through the streets of this rich
 place,
 He strutted with his usual grace;

And thus he walked about the town,
As if its wealth had been his own:
But of his wealth he could not va-
pour—

Twelve guineas and a piece of paper
(The present of a noble Lord,)
Was all his pocket did afford:
Though still the lining of his coat
Secreted 'Squire Hearty's note.
And now he thought 'twould not be
rash

To turn the paper into cash.
Thus, at his breakfast, while he sat,
And social join'd the common chat,
He took occasion to enquire
Who would comply with his desire:
Who would his anxious wish fulfil,
And give him money for his bill.
An arch young sprig, a banker's clerk,
Resolv'd to hear the rev'rend spark,
And counsell'd him to take a range
Among the Merchants on the 'Change
"Some one, perhaps, may want to
send

A payment to a London friend;
He'll in your wishes gladly join,
And take the draft and pay the coin."

The Barber now the Doctor shear'd,
And soon whipp'd off his three-days'
beard,

His wig, which had not felt a comb,
Not once since he had quitted home,
Was destin'd now, with friz and twist,
To be tormented into curl:
His coat, which had long ta'en the
rust,

Was soon depriv'd of all its dust;
His gaiters too, were fresh jaquard;
Such were the Doctor's state, and
mand:

And now with spirits fresh and new,
To the Exchange he took his way,
To try in this commercial town
A little commerce of his own.

Th' Exchange soon met his wond'ring
sight;

The structure fill'd him with delight.
"Such are the fruits of trading know-
ledge!

[collego!
Learning," he cried, "builds no such
Indeed, I entertain a notion, [tion,)
(I speak the thought with true devo-
Though we in Holy Scripture read
That Tyre and Sion did exceed
In wealth, the cities of the world,
Where ships their wand'ring sails
unfurld,

That c'en her merchants bore the bell
In eating and in drinking well;
Were richer than the lordly great,
And vied with princes in their state;
Yet, with all their power and rule,
I think that they ne'er went to school
In such a 'Change as Liverpool."

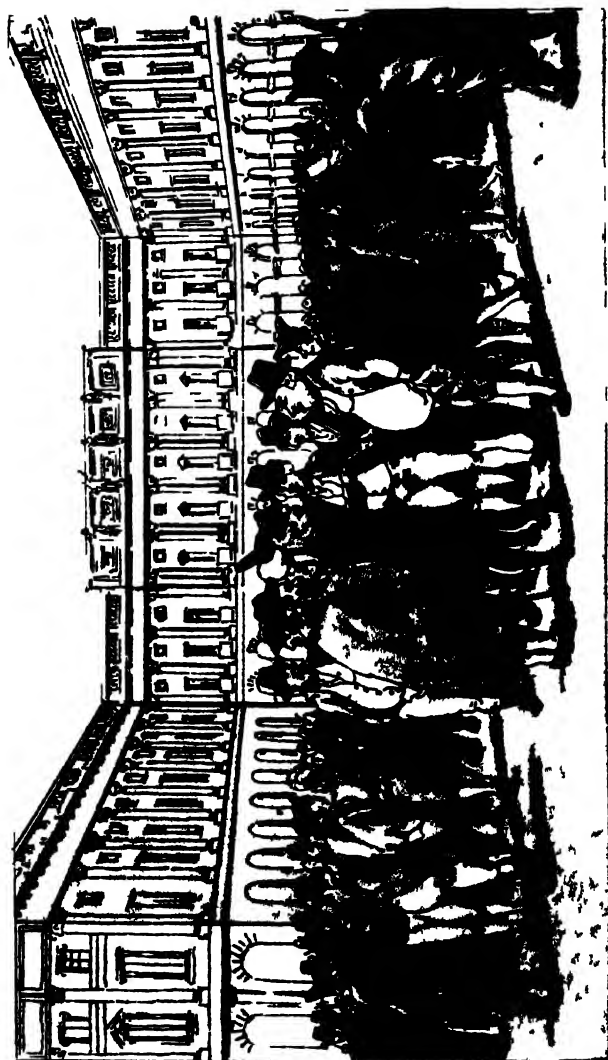
He enter'd now—and heard within
The crowded mart—a buzzing din—
A sound confus'd—the serenade
Of ardent gain, and busy trade:

At length his penetrating eye
Was thrown about him, to descry
Some one in whose sleek, smiling face,
He could the lines of kindness trace;
And soon a person he address'd,
Whose paunch projected from his
breast;

[fraught,
Who looking with good humour
Appear'd the very man he sought;
When, with an unassuming grace,
To him he thus disclos'd his case.

"For this paper you'll peruse;
And then, perhaps, you'll not refuse
The favour which I ask to grant,
To give the money that I want;
My draft is good—and, on my word,
It was a present from a Lord."

MERCHANT. [fear,
"That may be true: but Lords, I
Will meet but little credit here:



"SYNTAX A L INCO"

'Tis a fair draft upon the view—
Yes! he's a Lord—but who are you?"

SYNTAX.

"Look, and an honest man you'll
A Doctor in Divinity, [see,
Whose word's his bond; nor o'er was
known

To do a deed he would not own."

MERCHANT.

"I've nought to say—all this may
But have you no security? [be—
Pray, Doctor, can't you find a friend
To answer for what you pretend?"

SYNTAX.

"No, I have none!—I am not
known
Within the precincts of this town."

MERCHANT.

"And do you come to Liverpool
To find a poor good-natur'd fool?
With all your learning and your worth,
Pray have you travell'd so far north,
To think we have so little wit,
As by such biters to be bit?
To learning we make no pretence:
But, Doctor, we have common sense.
For learned men we do not seek:
And if I may with freedom speak,
I take you for a very Greek."

SYNTAX.

"To know the Greek I do profess—
'Tis my delight and happiness;
And Homer's page I oft have read,
Through the long night, with aching
head,
When my wife wanted me in bed."

MERCHANT.

"Then go to Homer, if you will,
And see if he'll discount your bill.
But the clock strikes.—Good bye, old
Sinner!
'Tis time for me to go to dinner."

"You want the monies!" said another,

A bearded, Israelitish brother.

"'Tis a suspected bill, I find;
But you look poor, and I am kind.
Well, we must take the chance of
trade;

For twenty pounds the draft is made:
It is too much, as I'm alive,
But give it me—and, here, take five."

"Patience, good Heaven!" the
Doctor said; [trade!—

"Is this the boast and pride of
Each man, they do not know, to treat
As an incorrigible cheat;

And, when he does his want prefer,
To play the base extortioner?

Commerce, I envy not thy gains,
Thy hard-earn'd wealth, thy golden
pains, [with ease,
(For that's hard-earn'd, though gain'd
Where Honour's sacred functions
cease).

The dangers which thy vot'ries run,
Or to undo, or be undone;
Whose hungry maws are daily bent
On the fine feast of cent per cent;
Whose virtue, talents, knowledge,
health, [wealth.

Are all combin'd in that word—
'Tis a proud scene of money'd strife
Forms this magnificence of life:
But poor and rich, with all they have,
Will find at length a common grave.
Continue, bounteous Heav'n! to me,
A feeling heart, and poverty.

These wights despise me, 'cause I'm
poor!

But yet the wretched seek my door!
I fear no Duns, I'm not in debt,
I tremble not at the Gazette:
'Twould to my profit be, and fame,
Did but its page display my name;

Can these proud merchants say the same?"

More he had said—but now his bell
The Beadle rang aloud, to tell
That the good folks should vanish
straight,

As he must shut the pond'rous gate.
But Syntax did not seem to hear—
So the man rang it in his ear.

SYNTAX.

"I pray, my friend, what's all this
roust

With your fierce bell?"

BEADLE.

"To ring you out."

SYNTAX.

"I've been used to hear the din
Of bells that always rang me in."

BEADLE.

"All I've to say, for you to know,
I'll shut the gate if you don't go.
I sure shall leave you in the lurch,
For now, good Sir, you're not at
church."

SYNTAX.

"Indeed, my friend, you speak
most true:

I know all that as well as you.
This is no temple; for 'tis clear
I find no money-changers here:
Nor will I say my mind conceives
It may be call'd a den of thieves.
Howe'er, I'll quit these sons of pelf,
And keep my paper to myself:
They shall no more at Syntax scoff;—
Grizzle and I will soon be off.
Thanks to my stars, I've got enough
Of that same yellow, useful stuff,
As will my ev'ry want befriend,
And bear me to my journey's end.
Arriv'd in town, my noble Lord,
Will welcome me to bed and board;
When it will make his Lordship
sport,
As I these trading tricks report;
How near I was the being cheated;
And how his ancient name was
treated."

CANTO XX.

THUS as he spoke, there pass'd
along,
Among the crowding, grinning throng,
One who was in full fashion drest,
In coat of blue and corded vest,
And seem'd superior to the rest.
His small-clothes sat so close and tight;
His boots, like jet, were black and
bright, [steel,
While the gilt spur, well-arm'd with
Is seen to shine on either heel.
Loaded with seals, and all bespangled,
A watch-chain from his pocket
dangled;

His hat a smiling face o'erspread,
And almost hid his well-cropp'd head:
He swung his whip about to greet
His friends who hurried through the
street;

When, as he pass'd all big with rage,
Syntax appear'd upon the stage,
And still continued talking loud
For the amusement of the crowd.

The well-dress'd man now stopp'd,
to know

What work'd the angry Doctor as;
And, in a pleasant friendly way,
Demanded where his grievance lay;

When, Syntax bowing, on they
walk'd,
And thus the social strangers talk'd.

SYNTAX.

"These traders, Sir, I can't admire:
You, I presume, Sir, are a 'Squire."

MR. ———

"I have (and here there pass'd an
oath),

To say the truth, a spice of both:
For now you have within your view
A trader and a 'Squire too.

Here I can some importance claim,
And ——— is my well known
name,

Nay, there are few within this town
Of more substantial renown.

My house of trade is in this street;
A few miles off my country seat:
Where I most frequently reside
'Mid all the charms of rural pride;—
And I'll be ——— if e'er you see
A Lord who better lives than me."

SYNTAX.

"Fie, fie, good Sir, I cannot bear
To hear a fellow-christian swear;
You must well know such profanation
Is a foul trick in ev'ry station;
And will draw down celestial ire,
Or on a trader, or a 'Squire:
Nay, 'tis the duty of my cloth,
Whene'er I hear, to check an oath.
I'm a poor Parson—very poor—
I keep a school, and hold a cure;
But when I'm in the parish church,
Or when at home I wield the birch,
I know the dignities that wait
Upon the power of either state;
I keep them always in my view—
Aye, Sir, and I maintain them too:
Nay, in your 'Change, where riches
reign,

I did that dignity maintain;

In that proud place, where, I am told,
There sometimes pour down showers
of gold:

But not like that we read of Jove,
For that, you know, was pour'd for
And nothing like it did I see; [love:
Nor love, nor e'en civility:

I only ask'd a common grace,
When the man mock'd me to my face:
Had I an arrant swindler been,
He could not with more scornful mien
Have my polite proposal greeted:
Indeed, I was most foully treated;
And by this dolt was made a joke
Among the rude surrounding folk.

Thus was I work'd into a stew,
By Turk, by Gentile, and by Jew:
How bless'd am I to meet with you!
For know, Sir, I've the art to scan
The well-bred, finish'd gentleman;
And, therefore, I shall lay before you
Some items of my honest story.

The object of the Tour I make
Is chiefly for the profit sake;
At the same time, I trust my name
May find some literary fame:
You, if you please, may take a look
At what I've finished of my Book:
A noble Peer doth condescend
To be my patron, and my friend:
I saw him late in York's fair county,
And was the object of his bounty.
This draft, with most becoming grace,
The smile of goodness in his face,
He soft convey'd unto my touch,—
He said, indeed, it was not much;
But could I visit him in town,
He'd make his further friendship
known:

And, here, alas! I was so rash
To try to get it chang'd for cash:
For which, myself and this great Peer,
Of these rude rask, became the jeer.

Permit me, Sir, to show the paper
That made these purse-proud trades-
men vapour:

To its full value you'll accord;—
Perhaps, Sir, you may know my Lord."

MR. —

"I know him well,—'tis his hand-
writing—

It is his Lordship's own inditing:
I'll give the coin:—Why, blood and
'ounds!

I wish 'twere for five hundred pounds!
He is a Lord of great discerning:
His friendship proves your store of
learning;

[birth,
He's not more known for ancient
Than for the charm of private worth;
For all that elegance and grace
Which decorates a noble race;
Come here with me, and you shall find
At least one trader to your mind."

Syntax now smooth'd his angry
look,

[Book.

And straight prepar'd to show his
In a fine room he soon was seated;
With all attention he was treated;
And while they at their luncheon sat,
Ten minutes pass'd in friendly chat.
At length the bus'ness was arrang'd,
The deed was done,—the draft was
chang'd;

And, as the Doctor plac'd his note
In a small pouch within his coat,
"There," said the 'Squire, "there's
another:

I've match'd it with its very brother,
The Bank of England is their mother;
And when they're offer'd to her eye,
She'll own them as her progeny.
So tell my Lord, that I, for one,
Am proud to do as he has done:
Nor is this all, my learned friend;
Here our acquaintance must not end:

My carriage and my servants wait,
All in due order at the gate:
So you shall go along and see
My rural hospitality.
For a few days we will contrive
To keep our spirits all alive;
I'll send a groom to fetch your mare,
So laugh at thought and banish care."
Thus off they went—and four-in-hand,
Dash'd briskly tow'ards the promis'd
land:

Syntax first told his simple story,
And then the 'Squire detail'd his glory.

MR. —

"Now we're away in chaise-and-
four,

I am a Merchant, Sir, no more,
At least, whene'er I thus retire,
To flourish as a country 'Squire;
And you will see how I prepare
An opiate for mercantile care.
In learned labours some proceed,
But I prepare the racing steed:
Some to Ambition's heights ascend;
I to the Racing-course attend:
In study I ne'er wander far;
Mine is the Racing Calendar.

While with keen eye the Heralds see
The long-trac'd line of ancestry,
Give me a Horse's pedigree.

Others some pow'rful station boast;
But let me gain the winning post.
It may be sweet with babes to play,
But I prefer the Filly's neigh.
You talk of men of wit and parts,
Of the deep sciences and arts;
Give me the science that will teach
The knowing-one to over-reach:
And, as for pictures and such things,
Which taste from foreign countries
brings;

A brood-mare, in maternal pride,
With a soft trotting by her side,

Is to my eye more pleasing far
Than Hero in triumphant car,
Or sea-born Venus weeping o'er
Adonis, wounded by a boar."

SYNTAX.

"These points, good Sir, I can't
discuss ;
I know no steed but Pegasus."

MR. ——— [horse

"Cut off his wings,—I've got a
Shall run him o'er the Beacon Course :
And, though Apollo should bestride
him, [him."

I'll back my horse—for I will ride

Thus as he spoke, a row of trees,
Which a full age had felt the breeze,
And half that time, at least, had made
A long cathedral aisle of shade,
Appear'd in view, and mark'd the road
Which led to this brave 'Squire's
abode,

Whose stately chambers soon possess
The Doctor as a welcome guest.
The dinner came—a sumptuous treat ;
Nor did the Parson fail to eat
In the same way he us'd to do—
As much as any other two.
The cakes he munch'd—the wine he
quaff'd,

His tale he told—the Ladies laugh'd ;
And thus the merry moments pass'd,
Till cap and slippers came at last.
At length his balmy slumbers o'er,
Morn smil'd, as it had smil'd before,
And as, without our care or pain,
It will not fail to smile again ;
When Syntax, having proved as able
At breakfast, as at dinner table,
Bagg'd leave, with due respect, to say
He must pursue his anxious way.

"No," said the 'Squire, "before you
go,
I shall my stud of racers show."

So off they went ;—from stall to stall
He show'd the steeds, and nam'd them
all ;

Describ'd their beauty and their birth ;
Their well-earn'd fame and golden
worth :

The various feats they all had done,
With plates which they had lost and
won.

At length the astonish'd 'Squire saw
Poor Grizzle to her girths in straw.

"That, Sir," said Syntax, "is my
steed ;

But though I can't detail her breed,
I sure can tell what she has won—
Those scars by Frenchman's sabre
done.

I cannot brag what she has cost ;
But you may see what she has lost."

"Where," said the 'Squire, "are her
ears ?" [shears ;

Quoth Syntax, "You must ask the
And now, perhaps, her switchy tail
Hangs on a barn-door, from a nail !"
The Doctor then began to state
Poor Grizzle's character and fate.

"Who was her dam, or who her sire,
I care not," says the merry 'Squire :

"But well I know, and you shall see,
Who will her noble husband be ;

Yon fam'd grey horse, of Arab birth,
A princely steed, of nameless worth."

"The match is very grand indeed,"
Says Syntax, "but it won't succeed ;

Our household is not form'd to breed.
My dearest Dorothy and I

Have never had a progeny ;
Our fortune has more wisely eav'd ;

Had she born babes they must have
start'd ;

What should we do with such dear
elves, [elves !"

Who scarce know how to keep our-

"I'll hear no more," the 'Squire
replied; [tried,

"The scheme shall be this moment
Grizzle shall be young Match'em's
You are a very worthy man, [bride.
And may the depths of learning scan;
But in these things you're quite a dolt;
You'll get a hundred for the colt.

I'll have my whim—it shall be car-
ried."— [ried.

So Grizzle was that morning mar-
And now the 'Squire invites the
stay

Of Syntax for another day. [send
"Your mare," he said, "we'll onward
Ty'd to the London waggon's end:
When she's got forty miles, or more,
We'll follow in a chaise-and-four:
At the Dun Cow, upon the road,
Grizzle shall safely be bestow'd;
And there, my friend, or soon or late,
Her master's coming may await:
You'll neither lose nor time nor space
—Your way I'm going to a race,
Where I've a famous horse to run;
And if you do not like the fun,
Why you may then proceed to town
With my best wishes that renown
And profit may your labours crown.
To-morrow, by the close of day,
We shall find Grizzle on the way."

"Just as you please," the Doctor said:
"Your kind commands shall be
obey'd;

I think myself supremely bless'd
By noble minds to be caress'd:
The kind protection you impart
Pervades all of gladness on my heart."

The Ladies now desir'd to see
His journey's pictur'd history:
The book he show'd, which prov'd a
bribe

For those kind fair ones to subscribe;

And, while they felt the gen'rous
pleasure

Of adding to his growing treasure,
The 'Squire to keep the joke alive,
Had bade his stable folk contrive,
Ere the good Doctor's grizzle mare
Was given to the carrier's care;
Ere on her voyage she set sail,
To furnish her with ears and tail.
Grizzle was soon a crop no more,
As she had been some weeks before;
Nor was it long before her stump
Felt all the honours of the rump:
And thus equipp'd with specious art,
She pac'd behind the carrier's cart.
Their breakfast done, the following
day, [away;

The 'Squire and Syntax bounc'd
And, ere the sun had set at eve,
The Dun Cow did the sage receive;
Where Grizzle, her day's journey o'er,
Had a short time arriv'd before.

Syntax now felt a strong desire,
To smoke his pipe by kitchen fire,
Where many a country neighbour sat,
Nor did he fail to join the chat;
When, having supp'd and drank his
And silence seeming to prevail, [a],
He slowly from his pocket took,
His travelling memorandum book;
And, as he turn'd the pages o'er,
Revolving on their curious lore,
Th' exciseman, a right village sage,
(For he could cast accounts and gage,)
Spoke for the rest—who would be
proud

To hear his Rev'rence read aloud.
He bow'd assent, and straight began
To state what beauty is in man;
Or on the surface of the earth,
Or what finds, in its earliest birth:
With all things in their true degree,
That live in air or love the sea;



DE SYRIAX READING HIS TOUR

In all the trees and plants that grow,
 In all the various flowers that blow;
 Of all things in the realms of nature,
 Of senseless forms, or living creature:
 In short he thus profess'd to show,
 Through all the vast expanse below,
 From what concentr'd state of things
 The varying form of beauty springs.
 But, as he read, though full of grace,
 Though strong expression mark'd his
 face,
 Though his feet struck the sounding
 floor,
 And his voice thunder'd through the
 door,
 Each hearer as th' infection crept
 O'er his numb'd sense, unconscious
 asleep!

One dropp'd his pipe—another smor'd,
 His bed of down an oaken board:
 The cobbler yawn'd, then sunk to rest,
 His chin reclining on his breast:
 All slept at length but Tom and Sue,
 For they had something else to do.
 Syntax heard nothing; the enraptur'd
 elf
 Saw and heard nothing but himself:
 But, when a swineherd's bugle
 sounded, [founded,
 The Doctor then amaz'd—con-
 Beheld the death-like scene about
 him; [him,
 And, thinking it was form'd to flout
 He frown'd disdain—then struck his
 head,
 Caught up a light, and rush'd to bed.

CANTO XXI.

SLEEP, to the virtuous ever kind,
 Soon hush'd the Doctor's turbid
 mind, [dew,
 And, when the morning shed its
 He 'rose his journey to pursue.
 Of tea and toast he took his fill,
 Then told the Host to bring the bill;
 But when it came, it made him stare
 To see some curious items there.
 "Go tell your Ostler to appear;
 I wish to see the fellow here."
 The Ostler now before him stands,
 And bows his head, and rubs his
 hands.—
 "In this game bill, my friend, I see
 You're witty on my mare and me:
 For all your ears, and beans, and hay,
 'Tis a fair charge which I shall pay:
 But here a strange demand appears—
 'For cleaning of her tail and ears!'

Now know, my lad, if this be done
 On me to play your vulgar fun,
 (For ears and tail my mare has none,)
 I'll make this angry horse-whip crack
 In all directions on your back."
 The man deny'd all ill intent;
 He knew not what his Rev'rence
 meant.
 So thought it best to say no more,
 But bring up Grizzle to the door.
 Of painted canvas were her ears;
 Upon her stump a tail appears;
 So chang'd she was, so gay, so smart,
 Deck'd out with so much curious art,
 That even Syntax hardly dare
 To claim his metamorphos'd mare.
 He said no more—he knew the joke
 Was not the sport of vulgar folk;
 So trotted off—and kindly lent
 His smile to aid the marriagist.

Now, as his journey he pursu'd,
He thus broke forth in solemn mood:—

“Though time draws on when those
at home

Expect that I should cease to roam,
(Though I have objects in my view
Which are of great importance too,)
Yet, as this is the day of rest
Appointed both for man and beast,
To the first church I will repair,
And pay my solemn duties there.”

Thus as he spoke, a village chime
Denoted it was service time:
And soon a ruddy Curate came,
To whom he gravely told his name,
His rank, and literary fame;
And said as he'd been us'd to teaching,
He'd give him half an hour's preach-
ing.

This was accepted with a smile,
And they both strutted up the aisle;
When, in due time, and with due grace,
Syntax display'd his preaching face.
And in bold tones, though somewhat
hoarse,

He gave the following discourse:—

“The subject I shall now rehearse,
Is Job the fifth,—the seventh verse:—

“‘As sparks rise upwards to the
sky,
So man is born to misery.’

“This is a truth we all can tell;
In every state we know it well:
The infant in his cradle lies,
And marks his trouble as he cries:
From his young eyes the water flow,
The emblems of his future woe:
His cheeks the varying scenes display
That mark a changeful April day:
Symbols of joy and hope appear,
And now a smile, and then a tear.
The years of puling childhood o'er,
The nurse's care he knows no more;

To learning's discipline resign'd,
The Tutor forms his early mind;
And hopes and fears alternate rise
In all their strange varieties.
How oft, disdainful of restraint,
His voice lifts up the loud complaint,
While stern correction's pow'ful law
Keeps the young urchin-mind in awe,
And some dark cloud for ever low'rs,
To shade his bright and playful hours.
Nor, when fair Reason's steady ray
Begins to light Life's early day;
Though the thick mist instantly clears,
It dries not up the source of tears;
Nay, 'tis its office, as we know,
Sometimes to make those tears to flow.
For now the Passions will impart
Their impulse to th' unconscious heart;
Will mingle in Youth's ardent hours,
And plant the thorns amid the flow'rs;
While Fancy, in its various guise,
With plumage of a thousand dyes,
Flits round the mind in wanton play,
To bear each serious thought away.
The Pleasures seldom tempt in vain
To join their gay, deluding train;
Courting the easy hearts to stray
From Reason's path, and Wisdom's
way.

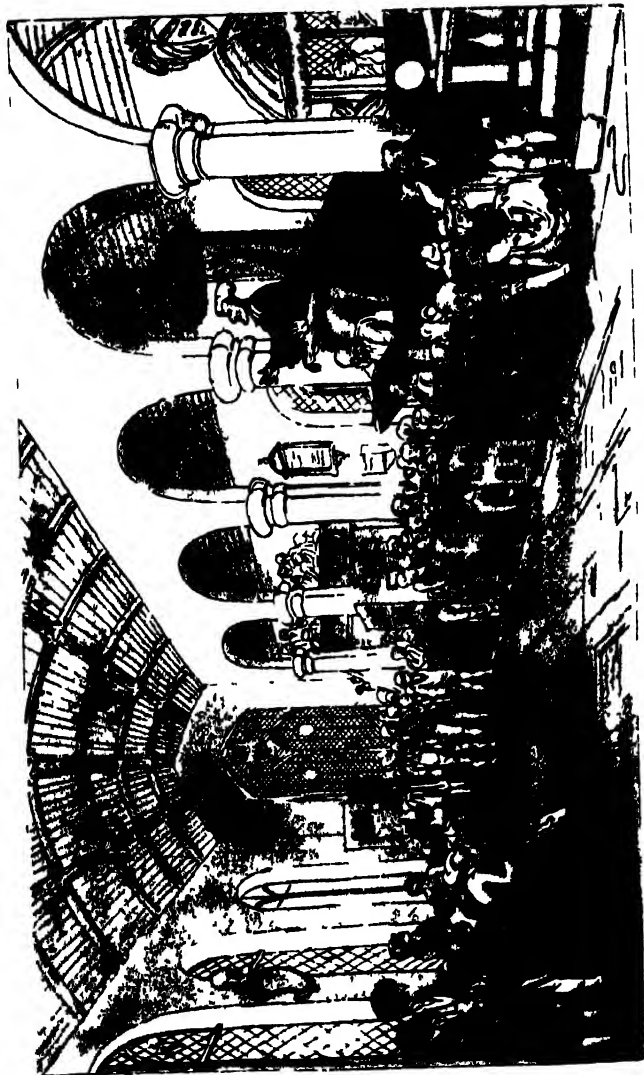
And oh! how oft the senses cloy
With what is call'd the height of
Joy!

While pale Repentance comes at last,
To execrate the Pleasure past!

—At length to finish'd manhood
grown,

The world receives him as its own;
Life's active busy scenes engage
Each moment of maturer age:
Here Pleasure courts him to her
bow'rs,

Where serpents lurk beneath the
flow'rs.



L' N N P H T - C N

—Ambition tempts him to explore
The height where daring spirits soar ;
While Wealth presents the glitt'ring
ore,
Which mingles in each mortal plan,
And is the great concern of man.
—Thus Pleasure, Wealth, or love of
pow'r,
Employ man's short or lengthen'd
hour.

“In youth or manhood's early day,
Pleasure first meets him on the way,
The Syren sings, his eager ear
Drinks in the sound so sweet to hear ;
To the delicious song a slave,
He leaves his vessel to the wave :
The helm forsaken, on it goes,
The lightnings flash, the whirlwind
blows :

When, by the furious tempest toss'd,
The gay, the gilded, bark is lost !
But should he, 'mid the ocean's roar,
Be cast upon some distant shore ;
Then wand'ring on the lonely coast,
He sighs to think what he has lost ;
Health, ease, and ev'ry joy that heav'n
Had to his early wishes given.
Life still is his—but Life alone
Cannot for follies past atone,
When Pain assails, and Hope is flown.
He feels no more the sunny rays,
Of smiling hours and prosperous days :
The world turns from him, nor will
know

The man of sorrow and of woe ;
But bids him to some cell repair,
In hope to find Contrition there.

“Nor is Ambition more secure,
Nor less the ills which they endure
Within whose breast is seen to dwell
The vice by which the Angels fell .
The love of rule, the thirst of pow'r,
Ne'er give a peaceful, tranquil hour ;

'Tis the fierce fever of the soul
That maddens for supreme control ;
Whose burning thirst continual
grows ;
Whose pride no lasting pleasure
knows :
While Hatred, Envy, jealous Fear,
Wait on the proud and bold career.
Contention ev'ry act attends ;
Now friends are foes—now foes are
friends :

Enjoyment quickens new desire,
And Hope for ever fans the fire.
Whene'er the nearer height is gain'd,
A loftier still must be attain'd ;
And then the eye looks keenly round
In hope another's to be found ;
One—such is the aspiring soul—
Whose tow'ring height shall crown
the whole.

But oft as the aspirant gains
The object of his toil and pains,
The giddy view each sense appals—
In vain for some kind help he calls ;
The faithless friend, th' insulting foe,
Rejoice as to the gulph below
He headlong falls—a prey to lie
Of grinning Scorn and Infamy.

“Now riches next demand our
thought :

But gold may be too dearly bought,
As in each clime and ev'ry soil,
It wakes the universal toil.
For this, defying health and ease,
The sailor ploughs the distant seas ;
This shares the daring Soldier's aim,
Who fights for wealth as well as fame :
But, though all wish its pow'r to wear,
It is the source of many a care.
—Of all the vices that infest
The purlieus of the human breast,
The love of Mammon is the worst,
The most detested and accursed.

Pleasure's gay moments may impart
Some gladness to the human heart;
Ambition, too, we often find
The inmate of a noble mind;
But love of riches ever bears
The token of the lowest cares.
We see one base unvarying vice
In the pale form of Avarice:
It only lifts its prayer to Heav'n
To increase the store already given;
Nor does it e'er the gift repay,
By shedding one kind, cheering ray
Upon the weather-beaten shed
Where want scarce finds the scanty
bread,

By wiping from the widow's eye
The flowing tears of misery:
Or giving to the naked form
The vestment that will keep it warm.
For gold it courts the sleepless night,
And toils through day's returning
light:

Nor these alone;—the cool deceit—
The treach'rous heart—the hidden
cheat—

The ready lie—the hard demand—
And Law's oppressive griping hand;
These demons never fail to wait
At Mammon's dark and dreary gate.
What does he love? can it be told?
Yes, I can tell:—he loves his gold:
In that one term he comprehends
His kindred, neighbourhood, and
friends.

But e'en should Fortune daily pour
Her treasures to increase his store,
Say, is he happy?—Does he feel
A pleasure which he dare reveal?
Ah, no!—his throbbing anxious
breast

Continued doubts and fears molest.
See how he trembles with affright
When justice claims the widow's right,

And bids him at the bar appear,
To answer to the Orphan's tear,
By restoration to atone
For many a wrong that he has done.
Nay, a still far severer doom
May aggravate the time to come:
The scourge without, the scourge
within
May lash the unavailing sin;
And, after all his toil and care,
'Tis well if he escape Despair.

“But o'en when Pleasure is not
cross'd

With ruin'd health and fortune lost,
Yet still it leaves a void behind—
And dulness stupefies the mind.
The season of enjoyment o'er,
The phantom then can please no more:
Brief is its time, it soon is past:
A vernal bloom not made to last.
Say, what presents its longest doom?
A flower, a fever, and a tomb!

“What, though Ambition holds its
pow'r

To Life's extreme, but certain hour,
Is not its most exalted joy
Encumber'd with some base alloy?
And, on its proudest, loftiest height,
Say, does it always find delight?
Say, could it ever guard its heart
From Fear's assault, and Envy's
dart?

It cannot shut th' averted eye
From passing life's mortality.
E'en from its most aspiring brow,
It must behold a grave below.

“Though Wealth should haply be
attain'd

By fair pursuits, with honour gain'd,
Yet in its train how oft we see
The pallid forms of misery.
Intemperance yields its foul delight
And feeds the obnoxious appetite;

While Luxury in a thousand ways,
To sensual carelessness betrays,
And lights up in the mortal frame
Disease's slow corroding flame.
Fortune, in fickle mood, may frown ;
The firmest base may tumble down :
While it appears in strength secure,
It falls and leaves its owner poor.
The largest heaps of treasur'd wealth
Cannot restore declining health ;
They cannot bribe the sun to stay,
And mitigate his burning ray ;
Nor will the North's imperious cold
Dissolve to genial warmth for gold.
Time will not one short moment stay,
Though millions lay athwart his way ;
Nor all the wealth that Cæsar bore
Can add to Life one moment more.
The regal palace and the cot
Are subject to one common lot :
The rich and poor, the small and
great,

Alike must feel the stroke of fate :
Virtue alone, we ought to know,
Is real happiness below ;
And yet how oft her kindness proves,
By pain and toil the child she loves,
Honour, of noble minds the flower,
Is oft betray'd by Treachery's pow'r :
And Charity, we often see,
The dupe of base Hypocrisy.

"Who then will venture to declare
That man's mistitled sorrow's heir ?
But, Brethren, let us not complain,
That Heaven's unjust when we sustain
Th' allotted term of Care and Pain.
Our life in such a mould is cast,
'Tis plain it is not made to last :
'Tis but a state of trial here,
To fit us for a purer sphere ;
A scene of contest for a prize,
That in another region lies,
In better worlds and brighter skies :

Here doom'd a painful lot to bear,
Our happiness is treasur'd there.
To struggle with the woes of life,
To wage with evil, constant strife ;
T' oppose the Passions as they rise,
And check their wild propensities ;
T' improve our nature, and to bear
With patience, the allotted share
Of human woes—and thus fulfil
The wise and the eternal Will,
That forms the grand, mysterious plan
For Mortal and Immortal man. [crec,

"Man is indeed, by Heaven's de-
As happy as he ought to be ;
As suited to his state and nature,
A restless, frail, and finite creature :
His work well done—his labour o'er—
Evil and sorrow are no more ;
And having pass'd the vale of death,
He claims the never-fading wreath ;
Glory's Eternal Crown to share,
Which Cherubs sing, and Angels
wear :

Then is complete th' amazing plan,
And Mortal is Immortal man."

Here Syntax thought it fit to
close :—

Th' admiring congregation rose ;
And after certain hems and ha's,
The 'Squire nodded his applause :
Nay, such attention he had given
To the sage Minister of Heaven,
That neither did he sleep nor more—
A wonder never known before.
Then quickly issuing from his pew,
He came to thank the Doctor too.
"Sir, your discourse so good and fine,
Proves you to be a great Divine,
While I, alas ! am but a sinner ;
So you'll go home with me to dinner ;
And, shortly after ev'ning pray'r,
The Curate too, will meet you there."

The Doctor found the house well stor'd;
 A chatt'ring wife and plenteous board:
 The dinner was a pleasing sight,
 For preaching gets an appetite:
 And Syntax could perform them both
 As well as any of the cloth.
 At length, the eatables remov'd,
 The 'Squire began the talk he lov'd.

'SQUIRE.

"Have you much game, Sir, where
 you live?"

SYNTAX.

"An answer, Sir, I scarce can give:
 I never hunt or bear a gun;
 I have no time, nor like the fun.
 Learning's the game which I pursue:
 I have no other sport in view:
 But I have heard—the country round
 With hares and partridge does abound;
 Though on my table it is rare
 To see or one or t' other there.
 Oft when I rise at early morn,
 And hear the cheerful, echoing horn,
 I'm forc'd from the inspiring noise,
 To hunt a pack of idle boys;
 And when they babble in their din,
 I am a special whipper-in:

Nay, if they should be found at fault,
 I crack my whip, Sir, as I ought."

Syntax now told his story o'er,
 A story told so oft before;
 When soon the 'Squire began to feel
 A lumber o'er his senses steal:
 The Curate, too, bamus'd in beer,
 Was more dispos'd to sleep than hear.
 Says Syntax, "See the effect of drink!
 Heav'n spare the souls which cannot
 think!

But I will not their sleep molest;
 The Sabbath is a day of rest."
 In short his words no more prevail;
 There now were none to hear his tale:
 He strove another pipe to smoke,
 But there were none to hear his joke:
 So on his elbow he reclin'd,
 And thus the sleeping party join'd.
 —The clock struck ten ere they awoke;
 When a shrill voice their slumbers
 broke:

In such a tone it seem'd to come,
 That Syntax thought himself at home.
 So, having yawn'd and shook their
 heads, [their beds.
 They wish'd good-night, and sought

CANTO XXII.

THE clock struck five when Syntax
 woke;

The sounding door his slumbers broke:
 When a soft female voice related
 That breakfast and her master waited;
 Up rose the Doctor, down he went,
 With joyful look and heart content.

"Well," said the Squire, "I hope
 you'll stay

And pass with me another day;
 The sporting season's coming on,
 And something now is to be done;

For I must breathe my dogs a-bit,
 And try my gun at some tom-tit.
 You'll take a stroll around the fields,
 And see what game my manor yields."
 Says Syntax, "'Tis not in my power
 To pass with you another hour;
 While you perform your sporting feats,
 I must be tramping London streets:
 You, therefore, will my thanks receive,
 For now, Sir, I must take my leave."
 The 'Squire reply'd—"All I can say
 —Another time a longer stay."

He then walk'd off with dog and gun,
While Syntax travell'd slowly on ;
And, o'er the hill, or on the plain,
Indulg'd the contemplative strain.

"I cannot, while I Nature view,
Cloth'd in her robe of verdant hue,
Or when the changeful veil is thrown,
Of Summer's gold or Autumn's brown,
Or midst the scenes of snow and frost,
When her gay colouring is lost ;
I cannot but the Pow'r admire
That gives such charms to her attire :
Nor do her wond'rous shapes, that rise
In countless forms to meet the eyes,
Mark with less force the unerring soul
Which with such beauty decks the
whole.

The mountain's top that seems to meet
The height of Heaven's Imperial seat ;
The rocks, the valley's guardian
pride,

Or bound'ries of the ocean's tide,
That oft, in grand confusion hurl'd,
Seem like the fragments of a world ;
While the low hill and vale between,
Appear to variegate the scene.

But lesser forms invite to trace
Fair Nature's ever varying face :
The humble shrub, the spreading tree,
In this same principle agree.

Along the ground the brambles crawl,
And the low hyssop tops the wall ;
The bull-rush rises from the sedge,
The wild-rose blossoms in the hedge ;
While flowers of every colour shed
A fragrance from their native bed.
The streamlet, winding through the
glade,

The hanging wood, the forest shade ;
The river's bold and flowing wave,
Doth many a peopled margin lave,
'Till, with increasing course, 'tis seen
To blend its white waves with the
green.

Nor these alone ;—how various they
Who cleave the air, or skim the sea
Or range the plain, or from the brow
Look down upon the vale below :
The cygnet's snow, the peacock's dye
The pigeon's neck, the eagle's eyes ;
Nor in less beauty do they rove,
Who form the music of the grove.
The elephant's resistless force ;
The strength and spirit of the horse,
The ermine's softness, and the boar,
With rising bristles cover'd o'er.
Thus throughout Nature's various
Of living or inanimate, [state,
In ev'ry diff'rent class we see
How boundless the variety !
What playful change in all we know
Of this mysterious world below ;
In all where instinct motion gives,
In what by vegetation lives :
But these are trivial when we look,
Through the first page of Nature's
book, [scan
When, half-inspired, we're taught to
The vast varieties of man."

Thus, in deep metaphysic mood,
Syntax his shorten'd way pursued ;
And many a system had been brought
To ripen in his learned thought ;
But none arose which did not tend
Poor human nature to befriend ;
None but were aptly form'd to prove
The firm support of social love.
Thus, all bemus'd he took his way,
Unconscious of the passing day ;
And, thus employ'd in cogitating,
No wonder hence'er thought of halting :
No wonder that it came to pass
When Grizzle saw a little glass,
That he, contemplating the view
Of knotty questions, never knew
She stopp'd to take a bite or two ;
Or, when they pass'd a limpid brook,
That she a plantaceous beverage took ;

Or if, by chance upon the road,
They found a cart with hay well stow'd,
She lagg'd behind to crop the fare,
And levy contributions there.

But now a trumpet's warlike sound
Woke Syntax from his dream profound;

[straight
While Grizzle frisk'd, and mov'd on
With many a prancing to the gate,
Where, in a gorgeous cap of fur,
Stood the proclaiming Trumpeter,
With face as the old Lion red,
Which dangling hung above his head.
"Oh!" he exclaim'd, "I now could

swear

I see again the Grizzle mare;
I know her well by that same scar
Which she got with me in the war
For she received that angry hack
When I was sounding on her back;
A furious Hussar onward came,
And struck at me but miss'd his aim;
When my poor mare receiv'd the blow,
And straight the blood began to flow;
Nay, the same sword had crack'd my
crown,]

[Brown,
But my brave comrade Stephen
Came up and cut the Frenchman down.
I have been borne by that same grey
Through many a rough and bloody
day:

[strain;—
Her ears well know the martial
I'm glad to see her once again."

"That well may be;—but for her
ears—

A wicked clown's infernal shears
Have robbed her," Syntax smiling
said,

"Of the fair honours of her head;
Nor did one tender thought prevail,
From the same fate to save her tail."
He then proceeded to relate
Her past mishap and present state:

And ask'd the Trumpeter to share
A flowing bowl and ev'ning fare.

Now Syntax sat and heard the story
The soldier told of England's glory;
How British columns fought their way,
And drove the foe, and won the day:
How oft did he his breath enlarge,
To call to arms and sound the charge;
But, though he rous'd to many a feat,
He never sounded a retreat.
Still he declaim'd in modest tone—
For England's glory was his own.

"Oft have I seen in bright array,
(Sure promise of a glorious day)
The martial bands alive to meet
Their foes, and lay them at their feet;
And, when my breathing trumpet
told 'em

To go and conquer—to behold 'em,
At once their beaming blades display,
And rush on their victorious way,
I felt the inexpressive joy [cloy.
Which grim-faced danger could not
If that same Grizzle steed you rode
Could speak, she'd tell the ground she
Was oft, alas! all cover'd o'er [trod
With soldiers slain and clotted gore.
Full many a hair-breadth 'scape I've
In many a peril have I been; [seen;
And soon again the time may come,
When, order'd from our native home,
We shall seek foreign climes to share
The dangers and the din of war.

So be it, I'm prepar'd to go,
Wherever I may meet the foe;
And should it be my lot to die,
I have no wife or babes to cry;
And 'mid what blood-shed I may fall,
There'll be an end of Thomas Hall."

Said Syntax, "It is well, my friend,
To be prepar'd to meet our end:
To do that well, I'm call'd to preach;
'Tis a prime duty which I teach;

But thoughts of a far diff'rent kind
 Just now employ my anxious mind :
 The present busy hours must claim
 Attention to my purse and fame ;
 And, as I think 'twould prove a joke
 To shew my mare to London folk,
 It has just come into my mind
 To leave poor Grizzle here behind,
 And let some stage or mail convey
 My bags and me my onward way.
 Perhaps, for old-acquaintance sake,
 Of my poor beast the care you'll take."
 "If so,"—the Trumpeter replied—
 "'Twill be my honour and my pride.
 God bless your Rev'rence,—never
 fear—

Your mare shall have protection here :
 When you return her looks will tell,
 Thather Old Friend has us'd her well."

A horn now told the near approach
 Of some convenient, rapid coach ;
 And soon a vehicle and four
 Appear'd at the Red Lion door ;
 Into his place the Doctor pounc'd :
 The coachman smack'd, and off they
 bound'd.

The scene around was quite com-
 posing,
 For his companions all were doring ;
 So he, forsooth, conceiv'd it best
 To close his lids and try to rest.
 When the morn dawn'd he turn'd an
 eye

Upon his slum'ring company :
 A red-fac'd man, who snor'd and
 snorted,

A lady, with both eyes distorted,
 And a young miss of pleasing mien,
 With all the life of gay sixteen.

A sudden jolt their slumbers broke :
 They started all, and all awoke ;
 When Sooty-beetle yawn'd wide, and
 spoke,

"We move," said he, "confounded
 slow." [go!"]

"La, Sir," cried Miss, "how fast we
 While madam, with a smirking face,
 Declar'd it was a middling pace.

"Pray, what think you, Sir?"—"I
 agree," [three :

Said simp'ring Syntax, "with all
 Up hill, our course is rather slow ;
 Down hill, how merrily we go !

But, when 'tis neither up nor down,
 It is a middling pace I own." [pretty!"]

"O la!" cried miss, "the thought's so
 "O yes!" growl'd Red-Face, "very

The lady said, "If I can scan [witty!"]
 The temper of the gentleman,

He's one of those, I have no doubt,
 Who loves to let his humour out ;

Nor fails his thread-bare wit to play
 On all who come within his way :

But we who in these stages roam,
 And leave our coach-and-four at home,

Deserve our lot when thus we talk
 With those who were ordain'd to walk ;

And now, my niece, you see how wrong
 It is to use your flippant tongue,

And chatter as you're apt to do
 With any one—the Lord knows who."

Surly turn'd round, and friendly sleep
 Soon o'er his senses 'gan to creep !

So Syntax thought he'd overlook
 The embryo of his future Book ;

Thus all was silence till they came
 To the great town we London name.

Oursage thought wisely that the din
 Which he should hear about an Inn,

Would not assist his studious hours,
 Nor aid his intellectual powers,

To make his volume fit to show
 The Dons of Paternoster Row ;

And as his Patron of the North,
 That Lord renown'd for sense and

worth,

Had bid him make his house his home
Whenever he to town should come,
He was resolv'd to try his fate
In knocking at his Lordship's gate.
At that same gate he soon appear'd;
My Lord, with smiles the Doctor
cheer'd. [friend,

"You have done well, my learned
Hither your early steps to bend;
Bus'ness has brought me up to town,
And thus you find me all alone:
Here pitch your tent, and pass your
hour

In working up your pleasant Tour;
And, when 'tis done, I'll aid your
scheme—

It shall not prove an idle dream."
Syntax receiv'd his Lordship's grace
With moisten'd eye, but smiling face,
And for ten days, at morn and night,
He toll'd to bring his book to light;
While the few intervening hours
Were render'd gay with wine and
flow'rs.*

My Lord, by gen'rous friendship
mov'd,
Now read his volume, and approv'd.
"Think not," said he, "I fondly give
Opinions, tending to deceive:
That I'm sincere, my friend, you'll see,
When I declare that you are free
To dedicate your book to me;
Nor is this all—I'll recommend
My very pleasant, learned friend
To one who has as lib'ral feeling
As any in this kind of dealing:
And when my letter you present,
He'll take the work, and give content.
Thus, my good Sir, I've done my best:
You'll see him, and explain the rest."

* *Huc via et unguenta et nimum breves,
Flores amans facit jube roses.*

Hon.

The Doctor now received his papers
In spirits almost to cut capers;
Nor did he then delay to go,
Not to the realms of sight and show,
But those of Paternoster Row.
The shop he enter'd;—all around
He saw the shelves with volumes
crown'd,

In Russia and Morocco bound:
And when he had, with fond delight,
Glanc'd o'er the literary sight,
"Go, call your master," Syntax said,
To an attendant on the trade;
"Tell him that a D.D. is here:"
The lad then answer'd, with a sneer,
"To no D.D. will he appear;
He would not come for all the know-
ledge

Of Oxford or of Cambridge College:
I cannot go, as I'm a sinner;
I dare not interrupt his dinner:
You know no how I should be blam'd."
Stamping his foot, Syntax exclaim'd,
"Apollo and the Muses nine!
Must Learning wait while Tradesmen
dine?" [boy:

"They're common hacks," replied the
"We never such as those employ;
I've heard their names, but this I
know,
They seldom come into the Row."
The master, who had fill'd his crop
In a smart room behind the shop,
On hearing a loud angry voice,
Came forth to know what caus'd the
noise;

And left his wife and bottle too,
To see about this strange to-do.
He was a man whose ample paunch
Was made of beef, and ham, and
haunch:

And when he saw the shrivell'd form
Of Syntax he began to storm.



BOOKSELLER.

"I wish to know, Sir, what you mean,
By kicking up, Sir, such a scene?
And who you are, Sir, and your name,
And on what errand here you came?"

SYNTAX.

"My errand was to bid you look
With care and candour on this Book;
And tell me whether you think fit
To buy, or print, or publish it?
The subject which the work contains
Is Art and Nature's fair domains;
'Tis form'd the curious to allure;—
In short, good man, it is a Tour;
With Drawings all from Nature made,
And with no common skill display'd:
Each house, each place, each lake,
each tree, [see."

These fingers drew—these eyes did
BOOKSELLER.

"A Tour, indeed! I've had enough
Of Tours, and such-like flimsy stuff.
What a fool's errand you have made,
(I speak the language of the trade,)
To travel all the country o'er,
And write what has been writ before!
We can get Tours—don't make wry
faces,

From those who never saw the places.
I know a man who has the skill
To make you Books of Tours at will;
And from his garret in Moorfields
Can see what ev'ry country yields;
So, if you please, you may retire,
And throw your Book into the fire:
You need not grin, my friend, nor
vapour;

I would not buy it for waste paper!"

SYNTAX.

"Blockhead! and is it thus you
treat
The men by whom you drink and eat?"

Do you not know, and must I tell ye,
'Tis they fill out your monstrous belly?
Yes, booby! from such skulls as mine
You lap your soup, and drink your
wine,

Without one single ray of sense
But what relates to pounds and pence,
Thus good and evil form the whole—
Heaven gave you wealth, and me a
soul:

And I would never be an ass
For all your gold, with all your brass.
When humble Authors come to sue,
(Those very men that pamper you,)
You feel like Jove in all his pride,
With Juno squatting by his side."

BOOKSELLER.

"How dare you, villain, to defame
My dearest wife's unsully'd name;
Yes, she's my wife! ten years ago
The Parson join'd our hands at Bow,
And she's the flower of all our Row.
As for Miss Juno, she's a harlot,
You foul-mouth'd, and malicious
varlet!

A prostitute, who is well known
To all the rakes about the town;
First with a footman off she ran,
And now lives with an Alderman."

SYNTAX.

"Have done—have done! pray read
that letter, [better."
And then I think you'll treat me
BOOKSELLER.

"Sir, had you shown the letter first,
My very belly should have burst
Before I would have said a word
Your learned ears should not have
heard;

But, in this world wherein we live,
We must forget, Sir, and forgive.
These little heats will sometimes start
From the most friendly, gentle heart."

My Lord speaks highly of your merit,
As of the talents you inherit;
He writes himself supremely well;
His works are charming—for they
sell.

I pray, you take a glass of wine;
Perhaps, Sir, you have yet to dine:
We now, I fear, have nothing hot:
My dear, put something in the pot;
'Twill soon be done; or tell our Nan
To toss a outlet in the pan.
His Lordship here expressly says
Your work transcends his utmost
praise;

Desires the printing may commence,
And he'll be bound for the expense.
The Book will sell, I have no doubt,
I'll spare no pains to bring it out:
A work like this must not be stinted,
Two thousand copies shall be printed.

And if you please—"

SYNTAX.

"I cannot stay;
We'll talk of that another day;
When I came out, I gave my word
To take my dinner with my Lord."

BOOKSELLER.

"Perhaps some other time you'll
come,

When my good Lord may dine from
home;

It will be kind indeed, to share,
Quite as a friend, our humble fare;
In the mean time you may command,
In ev'ry sense, my heart and hand."

Thus (such are this world's odds
and ends)

Though foes they met—they parted
friends.

CANTO XXIII.

"**W**HATE'ER of genius or of
merit

The child of labour may inherit,
They will not, in this mortal state,
Or give him wealth, or make him great,
Unless that strange capricious dame,
Whom Pagan poets Fortune name,
That unseen, ever active pow'r,
Propitious, aids his toilsome hour.
Throughout my life I've struggled
hard;

And what has been my lean reward?
What have I gain'd by learned lore,
By deeply reading o'er and o'er,
What ev'ry ancient sage has writ,
Renown'd for pure and Attic wit;
Or those rich volumes which dispense
The strains of Roman eloquence?

No fav'ring patrons have I got,
But just enough to boil the pot.
What though by toil and pain, I know
Where ev'ry Hebrew root doth grow,
And can each hidden truth descry
From Genesis to Malachi;
Yet I have never been decreed
To shear the fleeces that I feed:
No, they enrich the idle dunces
Who never saw his flock but once,
And meanly grudges e'en to spare
My pittance for their weekly fare.
Have I made any real friends,
By wasting eyes and candles' ends?
And though a good musician too,
What did my fiddle ever do?
I sometimes might employ its pow'r
To soothe an over-anxious Mour:

But though it with my temper suits,
 It never yet could soften brutes.
 My sketching-pencil, too, is known
 In ev'ry house throughout the town ;
 For, to replace some horrid scrawl,
 My drawings hang on ev'ry wall :
 And yet, 'tis true, as I'm a sinner,
 They seldom paid me with a dinner.
 What do I get poor boys to teach ?
 And drive in learning at the breech ?
 A task, which Lucian says is given
 As the worst punishment from Heaven.
 While Fortune's boobies out and carve,
 I may be said to teach and starve ;
 Too happy, if on Christmas-day,
 I've just enough the duns to pay.
 Though sometimes I have almost sworn
 When from the threshold of the door,
 My poverty repell'd the poor ;
 When the cask, empty'd of its ale,
 No more the thirsty could regale.

"At length the lucky moment came
 To fill my purse and give me fame ;
 And, after all my labours past,
 Hope bids me look for rest at last.
 For scarce had I one prosperous hour
 Till Fortune bid me Write a Tour.
 Oft have I said in words unkind,
 That strumpet Fortune's very blind !
 But now I think the wench can see,
 Since she's become so kind to me.
 To say the truth, I scarce believe
 The favours which I now receive :
 In a Lord's house I take my rest,
 A welcome and an honoured guest :
 The favours on my Tour I found
 Are by his present kindness crown'd.
 I'd always heard that these same
 Lords

Were only friendly in their words :
 Truth can alone my patron move,
 Whose generous deeds his promise
 prove."

Thus Syntax did his feelings broach,
 As he reclin'd within a coach :
 For, pond'ring as he pass'd along,
 He was sore pummell'd by the throng :
 Now by a porter's package greeted,
 Now on the pavement he was seated ;
 While, deafen'd by a news-boy's din,
 A fruit-girl's barrow strikes his shin ;
 And as his cautious course he guides,
 The passing elbows punch his sides :
 While a cart-wheel with luckless spirit
 Gives him a taste of London dirt :
 At length, to get in safety back,
 He sought the comforts of a Hack.

His little journey at an end,
 The Doctor join'd his noble friend :
 Together they in comfort dine,
 Then munch'd their cakes, and sipp'd
 their wine,

When Syntax, briefly, thus display'd
 His parley with the man of trade :—

"I owe unto your Lordship's name
 My future gains in gold and fame.
 My uncomb'd wig—my suit of black,
 Which had grown rusty on my back,
 My grizzled visage, pale and thin,
 My carcase, nought but bones and
 skin,

Presented to the Tradesman's eye
 The ghastly form of Poverty :
 Nor would he deign to cast a look
 Upon the pages of my book ;
 But, with the fierceness of a Turk,
 In sorry terms revil'd my work ;
 And let loose all his purse-proud
 spleen

Against a thing he ne'er had seen.
 But your kind note, where it was said
 That all expenses should be paid,
 New-dy'd my coat, new-cook'd my hat,
 Powder'd my wig, and made me fat.
 His eye now saw me plump and sleek,
 With not a wrinkle in my cheek ;

And strength, and stateliness, and
vigour,

Completed my important figure ;
While, in my pocket his keen look
Glanc'd at your Lordship's pocket-
book. [sell,

'Twas now—"I'm sure the work will
And pay the learned author well :"

Then grac'd his shrill and sputtering
speeches [breeches ;

With pulling up his monstrous
And made me all the humblest bows
His vast protuberance allows :

For had he come with purse in hand,
E'en Satan might his press command ;
So that the book had not a flaw
To risk the dangers of the law.
Prove but his gains, and he'd be civil,
Or to the Doctor or the Devil."

Thus Syntax and his patron sat,
And thus prolong'd the evening chat.

MY LORD.

"Your rapid pencil fairly traces
Men's characters as well as faces.

Your latter sketch is true to Nature,
And gives me Vellum's every feature.
With all your various talents fraught,
So deeply read, so ably taught,
I feel a curious wish to know
From whence your high endowments
flow :

And how it happens that a man,
Whose worth I scarce know how to
scan, [state,

Should ne'er have reach'd a better
Than seems to be your present fate."

SYNTAX.

"My Lord, a very scanty page
Will tell my birth and parentage :
A mod'rate circle will contain
My round of pleasure and of pain,
Till you, my ever-honour'd friend,
Bede my horizon wide extend,

And lighted up a brighter ray
To beam upon my clouded day.

"My father was a noble creature
As e'er was form'd by pregnant Na-
ture ;

A learned Clerk, a sound Divine,
A fav'rite of the Virgins nine
Who dwell upon Parnassian hill,
Or bathe in Heliconian rill.

In the sequester'd vale of life,
An equal foe to pride and strife,
He pass'd his inoffensive day
In teaching Virtue's peaceful way :
A shepherd, form'd his flock to bless
In this world's thorny wilderness,
And lead them, when their time is o'er,
To where, good man, he's gone before,
Ambition ne'er disturb'd his rest,
Nor bred a serpent in his breast
To sting his peace : no sordid care
Corroded the contentment there :
While he possess'd an income clear
Of full five hundred pounds a year.

"My mother, first of woman-kind,
In figure, feature, and in mind,
In her calm sphere contented mov'd,
The counterpart of him she lov'd.
Form'd to adorn the highest lot,
She grac'd the Vicar's rural cot,
With all those manners that became
The Parson's wife, the village dame.
They liv'd and lov'd—and might have
wore

The Flitch, when twenty years were
o'er.

"An only child appear'd to prove
The pledge of fond, connubial love.
I was that child—a darling boy ;
Their daily hope—their daily joy.
My anxious father did not spare
The urchin to another's care ;
He taught the little forward elf
To be the image of himself ;

And from the cradle he began
To form and shape the future man.
When fifteen summer suns had shed
Their lustre on my curly head,
To *Alma Mater* he consign'd,
With pious hope, my rip'ning mind.

"There, sev'n short years (for
short they were)

Fair science was my only care;
I gave my nights, I gave my days,
To Tully's page, and Homer's lays.
Whate'er is known of ancient lore
I fondly studied o'er and o'er:
I follow'd each appointed course,
And trac'd up learning to its source.
But in my way I gather'd flow'rs;
I sought the Muses in their bow'rs,
And did their fav'ring smiles repay
With many a lyric roundelay;
Nor did I fail the arts to woo
Of Music and of Painting too.
Thus was my early manhood pass'd
In happiness too great to last.
My father dy'd—and ere his urn
Had fill'd my arms, I had to mourn
A mother who refus'd to stay,
When her lov'd mate was ta'en
away.

"What follow'd?—I was left alone,
And the world seiz'd me as its own.
I sought gay Fashion's motley throng,
On Pleasure's tide I sail'd along;
Till, by rude storms and tempests
toss'd,
My shatter'd bark at length was lost,
While I stood naked on the shore,
My treasure gone, my pleasure o'er.

"Now chang'd by Fortune's fickle
wind,
The friends I cherish'd prov'd unkind:
All those who shar'd my prosperous
day,
Whene'er they saw me—turn'd away:

And, as I almost wanted bread,
I undertook a bear to lead,
To see the brute perform his dance,
Through Holland, Italy, and France:
But it was such a very Bruin,
To be with him was worse than ruin;
So, having pac'd o'er classic ground,
And sail'd the Grecian Isles around,
(A pleasure, sure, beyond compare,
Though link'd in couples with a bear,)
I took my leave, and left the cub
Some humble Swiss to pay and drub.
Yet, when I reach'd my native shore,
Determin'd to lead bears no more,
No better prospect did I see,
Than a free-school and curacy;
The country tradesmen's sons to
teach;

In lonely village-church to preach,
With the proud sneer and vulgar
taunt,

Of thrown at Learning when in want;
All which you'll think, my noble
friend,

Did not to ease or comfort tend.

But now, another act displays
The folly of my former days:
A new scene opens of my life;
For faith, my Lord, I took a wife."

MY LORD. [mate

"I should have thought a married
Must have improv'd your lonely state!
That a kind look and winning smile
Would serve your labours to beguile."

SYNTAX.

"Love in itself, is very good,
But, 'tis by no means, solid food:
And, ere our honey-moon was o'er,
I found we wanted something more.
This was the cause of all my trouble;
My income would not carry double;
But, led away from Reason's plan
By Love, that torturer of men

In our delirium we forgot
 What is Life's unremitted lot;
 That man and woman, too, are born
 Beneath each rose to find a thorn:
 We thought, as other fools have done,
 That Hymen's laws had made us one;
 But had forgot that Nature, true
 To her own purpose, made us two.
 There were two mouths that daily cry'd,
 At morn and eve, to be supply'd:
 Though by one vow we were betroth'd,
 There were two bodies to be cloth'd;
 And, to improve my happiness,
 Dolly is very fond of dress.
 My head's content with one hat on it,
 While Dorothy has hat and bonnet:
 In short, there's no day passes through
 But I, and my dear Doll, are two.
 One good has my kind fortune sped:
 Dolly, my Lord, has never bred.
 Thus, though we're always Two, you
 see,
 We haply yet have ne'er been THREE.
 She came a beauty to my arms;
 Her only dower was her charms:
 But much she sav'd me, I must own,
 By never bringing brats to town."

MY LORD,

"Another time, my rev'rend guest,
 I hope you will relate the rest:
 I truly wish the whole to know,
 But bus'ness calls, and I must go.
 I need not, sure, repeat my words:
 Command what'er the house affords."

The Peer thus with the Doctor
 parted,
 And left him gay and easy-hearted;
 While many a pipe his thoughts di-
 gest,
 Till his eyes told the hour of rest.

When the next morn, and break-
 fast came,
 Said Syntax, "I should be to blame,

If I delay'd to tell my mind
 To one so gen'rous and so kind,
 In hopes such counsel to receive
 As he will condescend to give.
 For as I on my bed reel'd,
 A sudden thought possess'd my mind,
 Which may produce, as I've a notion,
 A North-West passage to promotion.

"Loyal and true I've ever been,
 And much of this same world I've
 seen:

Well vers'd in the historic page
 Of this and ev'ry other age,
 I could employ my studious hour
 For those who hold the reins of power;
 And sure a well-turn'd pamphlet might
 Attention from the court invite;
 By which I could, in nervous prose,
 Unveil the ministerial foes;
 And, with no common skill and care,
 Praise and support the powers that are.
 I then might be prefer'd at once,
 No more the prey of any dunce,
 Who views poor authors as mere
 drudges,
 And ev'ry do it he pays them grudges;
 Nor cares how much he makes them
 feel,

Just as a cook-maid akins an eel.
 It would be better far I trow,
 Than this same Paternoster-Row;
 Where the poor bees in Learning's
 hive, [thrive—
 Toil, but to make the tradesmen
 And for their intellectual honey,
 Get but a poor return in money.
 It would be cutting matters short,
 Could I but get a friend at court:
 'Twould be, and I repeat the notion,
 A North-West passage to promotion."

MY LORD,

"Patient, my learned Doctor, hear;
 And to my counsels give an ear:

I long have known, and known too well,

The country where you wish to dwell.
Corruption, fraud, and envy wait
At the proud Statesman's crowded gate;

There fawning flatt'ry wins its way,
There the base passions join the fray,
Like beasts that on each other prey;
While the smile hides each trait'rous heart,

And interest plays a Proteus* part.
You've too much virtue, my good friend,

Your talents and your time to lend,
To such a power—for such an end.

Can you work up the specious lie
That does not quite the Truth deny?

Can you that kind of Truth relate,
On which you may prevaricate?

Will you from others bear to seek
What you must think, and write, and speak?

Will you, to-day, their systems borrow,
[row?

And calmly shake them off to-mor-
Will you,ameleon-like, receive

The hue a Patron wants to give?
—You've too much honest pride to be

A scribbler to the Treasury,
Where you must wait the lagging

hour,
And cringe to images of power;

To men in office, upstart elves,
Who think of little but themselves.

"When long an hacknied slave
you've been, [and thin:

And dash'd and div'd through thick

* L'Ingenue, il mentir, la fraude, il furto,
Et le rapin de piete vestita;
Crescer nel danno, e precipio altrui,
E far a te de l'altrui biamo more,
Son le virtu di quella gente infida.

PATRICK FRANK.

When you have chang'd each pure
thought

For morals which in courts are taught:
When all distinctions that belong

To what is right, and what is wrong,
Have, of your reason, lost their hold,

For dribblets of a patron's gold;
When the bold Logic, fram'd by Truth,

Your filial breast in early youth,
Yields to the vacillating rule

Of policy's complying school:—
When guile and cunning, from your

breast,
Have driven that once-honour'd guest,

You may, perhaps, or you may not
Be set aside, unheard, forgot:

Or haply find, when Virtue's lost,
Repentance, and some petty post.

This will not do, my learned friend,
You must to better things attend;

Al! thoughts of Downing Street forego,
And stick to Paternoster Row.

"The man of trade you cannot
blame,

For money is his native aim;
It is the object of all trade

To make as much as can be made:
Bankers and Booksellers alike,

At ev'ry point of profit strike;
And the same spirit you will meet

In Mincing Lane or Lombard Street.
'Tis not confin'd, we all must know,

To vulgar tradesmen in the Row.
Success depends on writing well—

Booksellers bow when volumes sell.
On the Exchange each day at three,

This self-same principle you'll see;
Lead thither the vast, pressing throng;

And know, dear Sir, or right or wrong,
'Tis that which makes Old England

strong:
Though rogues in Vellum's shop,

It is, my friend, the Nation's prop:

And though you please, good Sir, to
flout it,
Old England could not do without it.
Without it she might be as good,
But half as great she never would.
I look with pleasure to the fame
That now awaits your learned name,
And when your labours are well paid,
You'll be the Eulogist of Trade.

"Vellum may be a purse-proud Cit,
With more of money than of wit,
But Vellum, my good Sir, can tell
The kind of book that's made to sell.
Indeed, the man whose pocket's full,
However empty be his skull,
Although unmeasurably dull,
Will find, 'midst the ill-judging crowd,
Far greater reason to be proud,
Than he whose head contains a store
Of critic skill, and learned lore,
If to his wit he does not join
The blest command of ready coin.
Write and get rich, nor fear the taunts
Of Booksellers and such gallants;
Vellum has no more sordid tricks
Than those who deal in Politics;
But till your various Learning's
known, [Town;
And your works sell throughout the
Till, having settled Fortune's spite,
Your name shall sanction what you
write,
Let Vellum his rewards bestow,
Nor scoff at PATERNOSTER ROW."

SYNTAX. [to say,
"To your kind words I've nought
But thank your Lordship, and obey.
And now, as twenty years have pass'd
Since I beheld fair London last,
I shall employ the present day
In strolling calmly to survey [made,
What changes Time and Chance have
What Wealth has done, and Art essay'd,

What Taste has, in its fancies, shown,
To give new splendour to the Town:
That being done, I'll take my way
To Covent Garden—to the play."

"Then," said his Lordship, "when
I shall expect a special treat, [we meet,
To hear my learned friend impart
His notions of dramatic art."

The Doctor bow'd, and off he went,
Upon his curious progress bent:
He pac'd the Parks—he view'd each
Square,

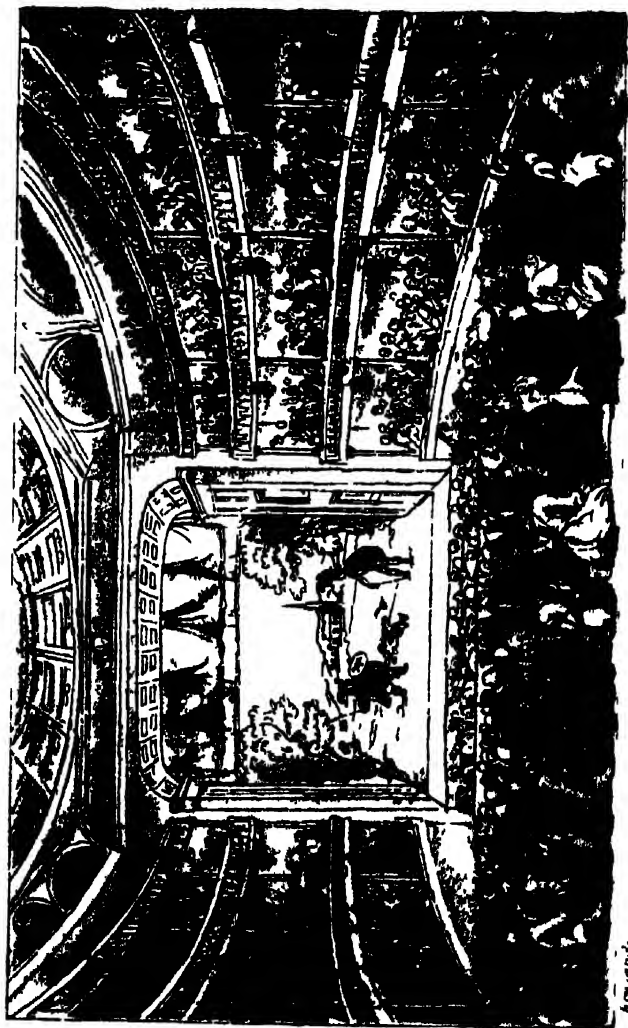
And, staring, he made others stare.
At length, at the appointed hour,
He hasten'd to the Playhouse door,
And took his place within the pit,
Beside a critic and a wit,
As wits and critics now are known
Who hash up nonsense for the Town;
And, in the daily columns, show
How small the sum of all they know.

"I think," says Syntax, looking
round,

"It is not good, this vast profound:
I see no well-wrought columns here!
No attic ornaments appear;
Nought but a washy, wanton waste
Of gaudy tints and puny taste:
Too large to hear—too long to see—
Full of unmeaning symmetry.
The parts all answer one another;
Each pigeon-hole reflects its brother;
And all, alas! too plainly show
How easy 'tis to form a Row: [whole!
But where's the grand, the striking
A Theatre should have a soul."

"Excuse me, Sir," the Critic said,
"These Theatres are all a trade:
Their owners laugh at scrolls and
friezes:

'Tis a full house, alone, that pleases:
And you must know, it is the plan
To stick and stuff it as they can:



DR SYNTAX AT COVENT GARDEN THEATRE

Your noble architect'ral graces
Would take up room, and fill up
places."

"This may be true, Sir, to the
letter ;

But genius would have managed bet-
ter,"

Syntax replied :—"Nay, I am willing
To let them gain the utmost shilling ;
But surely talent might be found,
(The natives, too, of British ground,)
Who could have blended attic merit
With this proprietary spirit."

Thus as he spoke, the curtain rose,
And for'd his harangue to a close :
But still, as they the drama view'd,
The conversation was renew'd,

And lasted till the whole was o'er ;
When, as they pass'd the Playhouse
door, [heart

The Critic said—" 'Twill wound my
If you and I so soon must part :
O, how I long to crack a bottle
With such a friend of Aristotle !

Now, as you seem to know him well,
Perhaps his residence you'll tell."

"Where it is now I do not know,"

Syntax replied ;—"and I must go ;
But this I can most boldly say—
You'll never meet him at the play."

When fairly got into the street,
"O," thought the Doctor, "what a
treat [meet!"

For my good Lord, when next we

CANTO XXIV.

NOW Syntax, as he travell'd back,
Lolling and stretching in a
hack,

Could not but ponder in his mind
On what he had just left behind.

"I've seen a play," he mutt'ring said ;

"'Twas Shakespeare's—but in mas-
querade.

'I've seen a farce, I scarce know
what ;

'Twas only fit to be forgot.

I've seen a Critic, and have heard
The string of nonsense he prefer'd.
Heaven bless me ! where has Learn-
ing fled ?

Where has she hid her sacred head ?

O how degraded is she grown,

To spawn such boobies on the town !

The sterling gold is seen no more ;

In vain we seek the genuine ore :

Some mixture doth its worth debase ;

Some wire-drawn nonsense takes its
place.

How few consume the midnight oil !
How few in Learning's labour toil !

Content, as they incurious stray
Through Life's unprofitable day,

With straws that on the surface flow,

Nor look for pearls that live below ;

They ne'er the hidden depths explore,

But gather sea-weed on the shore !

There was a period when the stage

Was thought to dignify the age ;

When learned men were seen to sit

Upon the benches of the pit ;

When to his Art and Nature true,

GARRICK his various pictures drew ;

While ev'ry passion, ev'ry thought.

He to perfection fully wrought,

By Nature's self supremely taught :

He did her very semblance bear,

And look'd as she herself were there.

Whether old Lear's form he wore,

With age and sorrow cover'd o'er ;

Or Romeo's am'rous flame possess'd,

That torture of the human breast ;

Or gay Lothario's glowing pride,
In conquest o'er his rival's bride;
Or when, with fell ambition warm,
In Macbeth or in Glo'ster's form,
He gave each passion to the eye
In all its fine variety:
The words he did not loudly quote;
But acted e'en as SHAKESPEARE wrote.

"Nor was he less (for he could range
In ev'ry wayward busy change
Known in the field of scenic art—
The trueameleon of the heart)
When he assum'd the merry glee
Of laughter-loving COMEDY. [strove

"In Ranger's tricks, or when he
In Benediot to hide his love;
When he in Druggier's doublet shone
Or Brute's rude ribaldry put on;
When he the jealous Kiteley play'd:
When the same passion he essay'd
In Felix;—with what truth and force
He urg'd that passion's diff'rent
course,

Work'd up its features all anew—
But still he was to Nature true!
Nay, e'en in Farce he could awake
The fun that made the gall'ries shake,
The heart he cheated of its woe,
And made the poignant tear to flow;
Lit up a joy in ev'ry eye,
Or drown'd the soul in agony.
He ever was to nature true;—
By no false arts did he subdue
Th' attentive mind, the list'ning ear;
In all the Drama's wild career,
He ne'er outstepp'd th' unerring rule,
Which he had learn'd in Nature's
In ev'ry part he did excel; [school:
He aim'd at all, and all was well.
In those good times none went to see
The mere effects of scenery;
The constant laugh, the forc'd grimace,
The vile distortions of the face.

In those good times none went to see
Pierrots and Clowns in Comedy.
Men sought perfection to discern,
And learned Critics went to learn.

"SHAKESPEARE, immortal Bard
sublime,

Unmatch'd within the realm of time!
He did not with Promethean aim,
Attempt to steal ethereal flame;
Rather to him the thoughts of Heaven
Were, by Celestial bounty, given.
He read profound, in ev'ry page
Of Nature's volume, ev'ry age
And act of man! Each passion's course
He traces with resistless force;
Nay, with a more than mortal art,
Gives unknown feelings to the heart;
And doth the willing Fancy bear,
Just as his magic wills—and where.

"His page still lives, and sure will
last

Till time and all its years are past.
The Poet, to the end of Time,
Breathes in his works, and lives in
rhyme;

But when the Actor sinks to rest,
And the turf lies upon his breast,
A poor traditional fame
Is all that's left to grace his name.
The Drama's children strut and play,
In borrow'd parts, their lives away;
And then they share the obvious lot;
Smith will, like Cibber, be forgot!
Cibber with fascinating art,
Could wake the pulses of the heart;
But here is an expiring name,
And darling Smith will be the same.
OF GARRICK's self enough remains,
His art and him one grave contains:
In other's minds to make him live,
Is all remembrance now can give;
All we can pay—alas! how vain!
We ne'er shall see his like again."

Just as this critio-speech was o'er,
The coach stopp'd at his Lordship's
door:

But my good Lord was gone to-bed ;
So Syntax to his chamber sped—
Where, with his pipe, and o'er his
bottle,

He chew'd the cud of Aristotle,
Till, stretch'd upon his bed of down,
Sleep did his head with poppies crown ;
And well he slept, until a voice
Desir'd to know if 'twas his choice
Still to sleep on? And then it stated—
His Lordship and the breakfast waited.

"Well," said my Lord, when he
appear'd,

"I hope the play your spirits cheer'd ;
Falstaff, the morning critics tell,
Was never surely play'd so well."

"These critics," Syntax smiling said,
"Are wretched bunglers at their
trade:

One sat beside me in the Pit,
No more a critio than a wit.
Between the acts we both exspect
Or what was worst, or what was best ;
And whil'd those intervals away
In changing thoughts upon the play ;
And, though both form'd to disagree,
Nought pass'd but perfect courtesy.
Perhaps it may your fancy suit
To hear our classical dispute: [treat,
I think, my Lord, 'twould prove a
Should you allow me to repeat
All that this criticising sage
Knew of the humours of the stage:
For, as to what should form a play ;
How actors should their parts convey ;
What are the Drama's genuine laws,
The source from whence true Genius
draws

Such scenes as when to Nature shown,
She loud exclaims—they are my own ;

He knew no more, it will appear,
Than the tea-urn that's boiling here ;
Like that, he did no more than
bubble,

And without any toil or trouble :
They felt the trouble who sat near him ;
And, sure enough, 'twas toil to hear
him.

After some gen'ral trifling chat
Of the new Playhouse, and all that,
The scenes that pass'd before our eyes
Produc'd the questions and replies :
In short, I'll state our *quids pro quos*
Just in the order as they rose."

CRITIC.

"Oh, what a Falstaff!—Oh, how
fine!

Oh, 'tis great acting—~~the~~ divine!"

SYNTAX.

"The acting's great—that I can
tell ye ;

For all his acting's in his belly."

CRITIC.

"But, with due deference to your
A truer word I never spoke [joke,
Than when I say you've never been
The witness of a finer scene.
Th' admir'd actor whom you see,
Plays the fat Knight most charmingly :
'Tis in this part he doth excel ;
Quin never play'd it half so well."

SYNTAX.

"You ne'er saw Quin the stage
adorn :

He acted ere your sire was born ;
The critics, Sir, who liv'd before you,
Would have dispos'd a different story.
This play I've better acted seen
In country towns where I have been :
I do not hesitate to say—
I'd rather read this very play
By my own parlour fire-side,
With my poor judgment for my guide,

Than see the actors of this stage,
Who make me gape at Shakespeare's
page.

When I read Falstaff to myself,
I laugh like any merry elf;
While my mind feels a cheering glow
That Shakespeare only can bestow.
The swagg'ring words in his defence,
Which scarce are wit, and yet are
sense;

The ribald jest—the quick conceit—
The boast of many a braggart feat:
The half-grave questions and replies,
In his high-wrought soliloquies;
The obscene thought—the pleasant
prate,

Which give no time to love or hate.
In such succession do they flow,
From no to yea—from yea to no,
Have not been to my mind convey'd
By this pretender to his trade.
The smile sarcastic, and the leer
That tells the laughing mock'ry
near;

The warning look, that, ere 'tis spoke,
Aptly forebodes the coming joke;
The air so solemn, yet so sly,
Shap'd to conceal the ready lie;
The eyes, with some shrewd meaning
bright,

I surely have not seen to-night.
Again, I must beg leave to tell ye,
'Tis nought of Falstaff but his belly."

CRITIC.

"All this is fine—and may be true;
But with such truths I've nought to
do.

I'm sure, Sir, I shall say aright,
When I declare the great delight
Th' enraptur'd audience feel to-night.
It is indeed, with no small sorrow,
I cannot your opinions borrow
To fill the columns of to-morrow.

My light critique will be preferr'd,
The public always take my word:
Nay, the loud plaudits heard around
Must all your far-fetch'd thoughts
confound:

I truly wonder when I see,
You do not laugh as well as me."

SYNTAX.

"My muscles other ways are drawn;
I cannot laugh, Sir,—while I yawn."

CRITIC.

"But you will own the scenes are
fine."

SYNTAX.

"Whate'er the acting, they're di-
And fit for any pantomime. [vinc,
Of this it is that I complain;
These are the tricks which I disdain:
The painter's art the play commends;
On gaudy show success depends.
The clothes are made in just design;
They're all well character'd and fine.
The actors, now, I think, Heav'n
bless 'em, [dress 'em;
Must learn their art from those who
But give me actors, give me plays,
On which I could with rapture gaze,
Tho' coats and scenes were made of
baize:

For, if the scene were highly wrought;
If players acted as they ought;
You would not then be pleas'd to see
This heavy mass of frippery.
Hear Horace, Sir, who wrote of plays
In Ancient Rome's Augustan days:—
'Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur,
et artes, [tus actor
Divitiæque peregrinæ: quibus obli-
Cum stetit in Scena, concurrunt dextera
levæ. [placet ergo?
Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil sane. Quid
Lana Tarentino violas imitata ve-
nomb.'"

CRITIC.

"Your pardon, Sir, but all around me, [me;
There are such noises they confound
And, though I full attention paid,
I scarcely know a word you said.
To say the truth I must acknowledge
'Tis long since I have left the college:
Virgil and Horace are my friends,
I have them at my finger's ends;
But Grecian lore, I blush to own,
Is wholly to my mind unknown.
I therefore must your meaning seek:
Oblige me, Sir, translate your Greek.
But see the farce is now begun,
And you must listen to the fun,
It sure has robb'd you of your bile;
For now, methinks, you deign to smile."

SYNTAX.

"The thing is droll, and aptly bent
To raise a vulgar merriment:
But Merry-Andrews, seen as such,
Have often made me laugh as much.
An Actor does but play the fool
When he forsakes old Shakespeare's
rule,
And lets his own foul nonsense out,
To please th' ill-judging rabble rout:
But when he swears, to furnish
laughter,
The beadle's whip should follow after.
There's Terence, Sir, and then there's
Plautus; [us."
They've both a better lesson taught

CRITIC.

"Terence, I know, he wrote in
Latin,
Just as a weaver makes his satin.
He well deserv'd the comic bays:
For Westminster he wrote his plays:
And Plautus was a fellow famous,
He wrote a play call'd Ignoramus;

Where Lawyers by profession bold,
In Latin and in English scold."

"At length, my Lord, the parley
ended:

Which, to amuse, cannot be mended.
You well may laugh so loud, but I
Feel myself more dispos'd to cry,
When thus I see what asses sit
In judgment upon works of wit.

"I own, my Lord, I love to play—
When some performer's turn'd away,
By Green-Room tyrants, from the
boards

Of London stage, our town affords
To tempt or him or her to stay
For a few nights, upon their way:
Then Doll and I are seen to sit
Conspicuous in our Country Pit."

Thus as he spoke, with frequent
bows, [hows,

And fifty whens, and wheres, and
Vellum appear'd, with solemn look,
To talk about the Doctor's Book.
He said, "'Twas true a learned friend
The Manuscript did much commend:
He thinks it is a work of merit,
Written with learning, taste and
spirit;

The sketches too, if he don't err,
Possess appropriate character;
'Tis to the humour of our age,
And has your Lordship's patronage;
I therefore wish the work to buy,
And deal with liberality.

'Tis true that paper's very dear,
And workmen's wages most severe.
The volume's heavy, and demands
Th' engraver's and the printer's
hands:

Besides, there is a risk to run:
Before the press its work has done
New taxes may, perhaps, be laid
On some prime article of trade,

And then the price will be so high;—
The persons are but few that buy
Books of so very costly kind:
But still the work is to my mind.
I'll try my luck, and will be bound
To give, my Lord, three hundred
pound."

After some little tricks of trade
The bargain was completely made—
The work transferr'd, the money paid.

"Tho'," said my Lord, "I think
your gains

By no means equal to your pains:
(For Vellum will a bargain drive
As well as any man alive;)

The work will give my friend a name,
And stamp his literary fame;
'Twill Paternoster-Row command,
And keep old Vellum cap-in-hand:
And when a name is up, 'tis said,
The owner may lay snug in bed.
Write on—the learned track pursue—
And Booksellers shall cringe to you."

Much pass'd upon his Lordship's
part,
Which show'd the ^{goodness} of his
heart;
While Syntax made his full replics,
Not with his tongue—but with his
eyes.

CANTO XXV.

MY LORD retir'd—the Doctor
too,

As he had nothing else to do,
Thought he would take a peep and
see

His noble Patron's library.
So down he sat, without a care,
In a well-stuff'd Morocco chair,
And seiz'd a book; but Morpheus shed
The poppies o'er his rev'rend head;
While fancy would not be behind;
So play'd her tricks within his mind,
And furnish'd a most busy dream
Which Syntax made his pleasant
theme,

Soon as he met my Lord to dine,
Or rather while they took their wine.
THE DREAM.

That I was in the Strand I dream'd,
And o'er my head methought there
seem'd

A ^{swarm} of volumes in the air,
Of various bindings gilt and fair:

Th' unfolded leaves, expos'd to view,
Serv'd them as wings on which they
flew.

In the mid air they pass'd along
In stately flight a num'rous throng,
And from each book a label fell,
Form'd ev'ry author's name to tell.
Nor was it long before I saw,
With a fond, reverential awe,
The celebrated Bards and Sages
Which grac'd the Greek and Roman
ages,

All headed by a solemn fowl
Which bore the 'semblance of an Owl,
'Twas Pallas' Bird, who led them
straight

Through Temple Bar's expanded
Gate.

—Year-Books, Reports, and sage
grave Entries,

At either Temple-gate stood sentries:
While Vicer his Abridgement shows.
In sixty well-arm'd Folios.



The Lamb, it baa'd, the Horse, it neigh'd,

In reverence of the cavalcade.

Near Clifford's-Inn appear'd to stand
Of Caplases an ugly band;

For when their parchment flags appear'd [clear'd;

Instant the crowded street was

And the procession pass'd along,

Untroubled by a pressing throng.

St. Dunstan's savages were mute,

But still they gave their best salute;

Disdaining Eloquence and Rhymes,

They 'woke their bells to speak in
chimes.

Erskine's fam'd Pamphlet Cap-a-pee,

With many an I, and many a Me,

Issued from Serjeants'-Inn, and made

A speech to grace the grand parade.

The Stationers came forth to meet

The stranger forms in Ludgate-street,

Each one, upon his brawny back,

Boaring a large sheet Almanack.

For a short time the learned train

Stopp'd before Ave-Maria-Lane,

That Galen might just view the Col-
lege,

The seat of medicinal knowledge.

Nor did they fail awhile to tarry

Before St. Paul's learn'd Seminary,

Where Lilly's Grammar did rehearse

Propria que Meritis in verse.

At Cheapside-and there seem'd to
stand,

A pageant rather huge than grand,

Ream upon Ream of Quire Stock

Appear'd like some vast, massive rock:

On its firm base a figure stood,

A composite of brass and wood:

The months and weeks around it stand,

With each a number in its hand

Of Bibles, Hist'ries, and Reviews,

And Magazines from ev'ry Muse,

With coverlids of various hue,

Pea-green and red, and brown and
blue.

The shape was clad in Livery-gown;

The face had neither smile nor frown,

While it held out a monstrous paunch

As fat with many a ham and haunch.

Two Printers' Devils o'er his head

A crimson canvas widely spread,

Whereon was writ in gilded show—

"GENIUS OF PATERNOSTER ROW."

The mighty Giants of Guildhall,

Urg'd by a sympathetic call,

No sooner heard the clock strike One,

Than from their stations they came

down,

And in Cheapside they took their stand,

In honour of the Classic Band,

But when they heard the clock strike

Two,

March'd back as they were wont to do.

Now as they came near the Old-

Jewry,—

Like Dulness work'd into a Fury,

A vulgar shape appear'd, who flew

On pinions mark'd with owls and

two,

And other items which denote,

That fourpence is well worth a groat.

It seem'd to lead a numerous train

Who render'd further passage vain.

Straight he came forward to produce

A Blank-Sheet as a flag of truce.

Near him two flutt'ring Pamphlets bore

Standards, with figures cover'd o'er;

A gilt Pence-table grac'd the one,

The Price of Stocks on t'other shone.

A piquet guard of Valuations,

And Interest-Tables took their stations

Around their leader, who drew nigh,

To make his bold colloquy;

But, ere he speaks, my proper course is

Just to describe the City Fens.

Bill-Books and Cash-Books form'd
the van,
An active and a numerous clan :
The Journals follow'd them, whose
skill

Is exercis'd in daily drill :
On either side appear'd to range
Unpaid Accounts, Bills of Exchange,
And Files of Banker's Checks: these
three

Manœuvr'd as Light Infantry ;
While ev'ry other trading book
Its regular position took ;
And Quires of Blotting Paper stood
To suck up any flow of blood.
The Ledgers the main body form,
Arm'd to resist the coming storm ;
Whose pond'rous shapes could boldly
show

A steady phalanx to the foe.

Discord appear'd with base intent
The hostile spirit to foment :
Not Discord that precedes the car
Of Mars whene'er he goes to war,
But of a different rank and nation,
Known by the name of Litigation ;
Born on some foul Attorney's desk ;
Bred but to harass and perplex ;
Whose appetite is for dispute,
And has no wish but for a suit.
She rose upon a Gander's wing,
And round about began to fling
Plea's, Declarations, and each bit
Of Parchment that could form a Writ.

The Newspapers, with pen in hand,
In the balconies took their stand ;
Waiting with that impartial spirit,
Which all well know they all inherit,
To make the hurry of the Battle
Through all the next day's columns
rattle ;

And, with one conscience, to prepare
The History of this Paper war.

The Herald now the silence broke,
'Twas mighty COCKER's self that
spoke ;

And thus to Pallas's Bird address'd
The solemn purpose of his breast.

"I state my claim to ask and know
From whence you come and where
you go,

And by what license you appear
With all your foreign Pagans here ?
Come you with all this Cavalcade
T' insult the Vehicles of Trade ;
And our dear, home-bred rights in-
vade ?

A mighty force awaits you here,
To check and punish your career ;
And I am order'd by my masters,
Who fear disturbance and disasters,
To bid you quickly turn about,
From London streets to take your
route,

Or we shall quickly turn you out.
My name is COCKER, which is known
In ev'ry Counting-house in Town : .
Nay, such my use and reputation,
I am respected through the nation.
Yes, I'm the Father, I who speak,
Of Mercantile Arithmetic ;
Source of a race that far outvies
Your Greek and Latin progenies :
And now I hope that in a crack
You'll send an humble answer back,
Or else expect a fierce attack.

I'll count twice two, and then add
four,

That time I'll give, but give no more.
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,
eight,—

I've done, and will no longer wait."

The Bird of Pallas who could speak,
In English or in Attic Greek
As suited best—did not prodding
His answer in the Vulgar Tongue.

"'Twas a Petition, duly made
By certain of your Sons of Trade,
To beg my mistress would permit
That they should buy a little Wit;
And here import, though in defiance
Of common rules, a little Science.
I ask not, if 'twas their intent
To gain a name—or ten per cent.;
Whether 'tis wisdom or misdoing;
Whether 'twill prove their good or ruin,

Or the result of civic sense,
Or a shrewd, mercantile pretence:
Whether 'tis Interest or Pride
That turns them from old rules aside:
That urges them to tax their trade,
For off'rings to th' Immortal Maid:
These self-same matters, to be free,
Are, Mister Cocker, nought to me.
'Tis by Minerva's high command,
That I conduct this Classic Band;
'Tis she commands, and we obey;
Nor shall you stop us on the way,
Whether it does or does not suit
Your pleasure, to the INSTITUTE
We'll go, you calculating brute.
Say, will your low-born volumes dare
With these brave veterans to compare?
What's all this bustle—all this fuss?
Think you they can contend with us?
They who are slaves, so base and willing,

[ling:
Of any pound, and pence, and shil-
As the pen gives they're forc'd to drink

The venal dips of any ink;
And when they're fill'd, their lives expire,

Consign'd to light a kitchen fire;
Or sent away to such vile use
As Chandlers or as Hucksters choose.
If they oppose our stated way,
We'll sweep them from the face of day.

"At the same time we wish for peace,
And that your saucy threats may cease.

We do not mean to mock the City
With any hope of being witty;
We do not bring our learned powers
To vex its speculating hours;
Or with poetic visions cross
Your schemes of Profit and of Loss.
We did not first suggest the deed,
To bring you books you cannot read.
Meetings were form'd and speeches made,

And all by weighty men of trade,
To frame the unforeseen request;
And surely we have done our best,
When we each Classic did provide,
With a Translation by its side.
Dryden is ready to rehearse
All Virgil's Works in English verse;
And Grecian Homer rests his hope
Of being understood by Pope.
Leland will give you, if ye please,
The speeches of Demosthenes;
While Northern Guthrie will bestow
The eloquence of Cicero.

To Thomas Styles and John a Nokes,
Carr will repeat old Lucian's Jokes.
While Juvenal's sharp satire shines
In William Giffard's rival lines.
Coleman and Thornton will convey
Right notions of a Latin Play.
Whate'er the ancient Critics wrote,
You now may in plain English quote!
And drink Pye's health, when o'er the bottle,

For Anglicising Aristotle:
Nay, all the Ancient Bards have sung
You now may sing in Vulgar Tongue.
What could we more?—so cease your riot,

And let us pass along in quiet,

Dismiss your counting-house parade;
Send off these cumbrous tomes of
trade:

Back to their counters let them roam,
And sip their ink, and stay at home;
Nor e'er again their threats oppose
To Grecian and to Roman foes."

COCKER. [doubt it,
"Fools may be found, I do not
Within this City as without it:
This truth, indeed, is very clear,
For they were fools who brought you
here.

I pray thee tell me what has wit
To do with any plodding cit!
Of wit we know not what is meant,
Unless 'tis found in Cent. per Cent.
Learning, a drug has always been;
No Warehouseman will take it in.
Should practis'd Mercers quit their
satin

To look at Greek and long for Latin?
Should the pet, upstart, Merchant's boy
Behold the Tower, and think of Troy?
Or should a Democratic Hatter
'Bout old Republics make a clatter?
Should City Praters leave their tools,
To talk by Ciceronian rules;
And at our meetings in Guildhall
Puzzle the mob with Classic brawl!
No, to such things they've no pretence;
No—let them stick to common sense:—
You may your Ancient Bards rehearse,
But there's no common-sense in verse;
Not all the Classics at your tail
Would weigh an ounce in Reason's
scale.

I treat the name of Rome with scorn;
Give me the Commerce of Leghorn.
From Italy's prolific shore, [o'er,
The wondrous science was brought
The bright invention which convey'd
Such vast facilities of Trade;

The DOUBLE ENTRY far outvies
All pictur'd, sculptur'd fantasies:
And sure I am, his honour'd name
Deserves a brighter wreath of Fame,
To whose kind mind the scheme
occurr'd, [sword.
Than e'er was won by conqueror's
What did the Greeks, pray, know of
trade?

Ulysses, as I've heard it said
Was full ten months oblig'd to roam
Before he brought his cargo home:
A voyage in that self-same sea,
Ourcoasting brigs would make in three.
The INSTITUTION was display'd
As a mere trump'ry trick of trade,
Deck'd out, 'tis true, with great
parade;

While you are coming as a bribe,
To make our purse-proud cits sub-
scribe;

And aid the primary intent
Of dividends of ten per cent.
We have our pedant tradesmen too,
Who talk as if they something knew,
And learning's ould pretend to chew:
Who get cramp words, and court the
In Magazines and in Reviews. [Muse
Yes, we have those whose priggish
rage is,

Not to read books—but title-pages:
We spare no cost in drink and meat
To furnish out a tempting treat
That may attract an attic train
To Mincing or to Philpot-Lane;
Who snatch the feast, and go away
To mock the patron of the day.
There are who strive to have it thought,
That they have minds with Learning
fraught: [earning,
Though, if they have so small dis-
To interrupt their trade with Learn-
ing,

The day will come when they'll be
found

With certain shillings in the pound.
But to be brief—consult your fame,
And go back gravely, as you came:
Or we shall send you somewhat faster,
Nor for your wounds afford a plaister.
—Look at that form which soars in air,
And shines like a portentous star;
It is th' armorial symbol bright,
Of a renown'd, commercial Knight,
Who sought not a superior fame
Than doth best a Merchant's name.
See how his ensign is unfurl'd
O'er the Emporium of the world,
And does with threat'ning aspect view,
Your Owlish worship and your Crow;
While in its motions we descry
The sure presage of Victory.
Yes, on success I calculate,
As sure as four and four make eight.
Thus I have clearly stated the amount,
Errors excepted, of my just account."

THE OWL.

"Good Mister Cooker, I have heard,
All that your wisdom has prefer'd;
And I entreat you turn your head,
In which such numbers have been
bred,
And see an Eastern wind prevail,
To make your grasshopper turn tail;
From which my wise soothsayer draws
An omen fatal to your cause;
And you may hear his tongue pro-
claim,

'Your boobies will all do the same.'
But talking is of little use—
Therefore at once I break the truce."

As Critics now when call'd to duel,
Disdainful of the common fuel,
No more with shot or bullet vapour,
But wound with ink, and kill with
paper:

Both sides for conflict dire prepare:
And thus commenc'd the threaten'd
war.

Euclid at Master Cooker flew,
Whom by one stroke he overthrew;
Then with a knotty problem bound
him, [found him.
And left him struggling where he
Cæsar, with all his Latins, pounc'd
On the light parties, whom they
trounc'd,

And soon a dreadful havoc made
Of bills that never would be paid:
While Banker's Cheques made quick
retreat,

And huddled into Lombard Street.
With equal force the Greeks attack,
And drove the heavy legions back,
Ledgers and Journals lay all scatter'd;
Bill-Books and Cash-Books were be-
spatter'd. [dread,

Short was the contest; struck with
Confus'd the City forces fled.
For aid on Stationers they call,
But they were busy at their Hall;
And this same Hall their trade-craft
found

To be a sort of neutral ground:
For they conceiv'd the havoc made,
Might serve the paper-making trade:
To side with either they were loth,
In hopes to profit from them both.

The Postman now his clarion blew;
His blasts were vain—they would not
do;

The Letter-Books disorder'd flew:
While Pinder from Bow-steeple clook
Look'd down, and, as he view'd the
shock,

Chaunted, nor did he chaunt in vain,
A loud and animating strain.

Forth from the Bank a troop was sent.
Of threes and fours and fives per cent.;

But they ran off, nor struck a blow ;
For Stocks that day were very low.
The Policies remain'd secure,
Waiting for arms of signature ; ['em
For what brave spirit e'er would fight
When nobody would underwrite 'em.

And now these doughty oits were
Downev'rylane, upev'rystreet ; [beat,
But met to form each broken rank,
Before the Portals of the Bank :
There they a solemn council hold,
Whether by added strength grown
bold,

To a new contest they should come,
Or sneak away disbanded home.

Thus the old Classics having beat
The vulgar foe, sought Coleman Street :
But as they pass'd, a numerous host
At Coopers' Hall, had taken post.
Two blue-coat urchins play'd the fife
Which call'd them to the martial strife ;
When, 'stead of pointed darts and
lances,

They pelted the Antiques with Chances.
But Fortune, who is ever blind,
Turn'd short and left her bands be-
hind :

Their Leader lost, away they steal,
And hide their numbers in the Wheel.

At length the Classic Sages greet
Their Parthenonian retreat :
But while the echoing walls around
With Io Peans loud resound ;
Again the vengeful foes appear'd,
Again their angry standards rear'd.
"Must we once more," the Ancients
said,

"O'ercome these frantic imps of trade ?
Is there no power to save our race,
From war, when conquest is disgrace ?"
The Greeks then call'd on POXSON'S
name :

The Latins echo'd back the same ;

And straight in Grecian stole array'd,
Appear'd the venerable shade.

Homer went down upon his knees,
And so did Tragico Sophocles,
With all the names that end in *os*.

"Hail, sacred tomes !" he said,
"to you

I grateful ow'd whate'er I knew :
From you I gain'd my mortal fame ;
The honours of a scholar's name :
To you the immortal power I owe,
To give the aid I now bestow :
I come from that Celestial Hall
Where they all dwell who wrote you
all."

He spoke—and lo ! a volume came,
Of size immense and rueful name :
Its back no verbal title bore ;
But num'rous dates of time long o'er ;
While on its letter'd sides appears,
"LONDON GAZETTES for FIFTY
YEARS !!"

Straight to the foe, that, all aloof,
Flutter'd about each neighb'ring roof,
It did full many a page unfold,
And show'd *ΣΥΓΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ*, and cried,
"Behold !"

While that same word, upon the walls
Blaz'd forth in flaming Capitals.

ΣΥΓΓΡΑΜΜΑΤΑ a thousand voices rung,
And on the wing there upwards sprung
A flight of Docketts, who were join'd
By dire Certificates unsign'd : [dread,
These saw the foes, and chill'd with
Trembled and shriek'd aloud, and fled.

The Ghost now vanish'd from the
view ;

The Bird of Pallas vanish'd too.
And then I thought the Classic elves,
Instinctive sought their proper
shelves, [Tome

Where undisturb'd each learned
May slumber to the Day of Doom,

I woke and felt a real glee
At this same fancied victory.
Nor would I change my classic lore,
Poor as I am, for all the store, [give,
Which plodding anxious trade can
In constant doubt and fear to live.
My treasures are all well secur'd,
I want them not to be insur'd :
My Greek and Latin are immur'd
Within the warehouse of my brain,
And there in safety they remain.
My little cargo's lodg'd at home,
Where storms and tempests never
come. [sure,

Learning will give an unmix'd plea-
Which gold can't buy, and trade can't
measure ;

But each within his destin'd station :
Learning's my pride and consolation,
That high-form'd inmate of the soul,
Which as the changing seasons roll,
Acquires new strength, preserves its
power,

And smiles in life's extremest hour.
The learned man, let who will flout
him,
Doth always carry it about him ;

And should he idly fail to use it. [it :
Though it may rust, he will not lose
Fortune may leave off her caressing,
But she can't rob him of that blessing.
Full many a comfort money gives :
But ask him who for money lives,
Whether he other pleasures shares,
Than sordid joys and golden cares ?

How oft I've pass'd an evening hour
Within a hawthorn's humble bower,
And read aloud each charming line,
That doth in Virgil's Georgics shine :
Though Wealth pass'd by in stately
I felt no rankling envy rise ; [guise,
Nor could the show my mind engage
From the Immortal Poet's page.

When homeward as I us'd to stray,
Along the unfrequented way ;
Enraptur'd, as I stroll'd along,
With Philomela's evening song,
I felt what worldlings never share ;
Oblivion of all human care :
Such hours are few, but well we know
That learning can those hours bestow.

My Lord continued the debate ;
And time past on in pleasant prate,
Till night broke up the tête-à-tête.

CANTO XXVI.

CROWN'D with success, the fol-
lowing day
The Doctor homeward took his way ;
And on the 'morrow, he again
Was borne by Grizzle o'er the plain.
But Grizzle, having liv'd in clover,
Symptoms of spirit did discover,
That more than once had nearly
thrown

Her deep-reflecting master down ;
Nor, till they'd travell'd half the day,
Did he perceive he'd lost his way :

Nor to that moment, did he find,
That Grizzle, by some chance unkind,
Had left her ears and tail behind.

" Ne'er mind, good beast," he kindly
said : [head ;

" What though no ears bedeck your
What though the honours of your rump
Are dwindled to a naked stump ;
Now rais'd in purse as well as spirit,
Your master will reward your merit."
Another day they journey'd on ;
The next, and lo ! the work was done.

Some days before, (I had forgot
To say,) a letter had been wrote,
To tell how soon he should appear,
And re-embrace his dearest dear:
But not one solitary word
Of his good fortune he preferr'd.

"Yes, home is home, where'er it be,
Or shaded by the village-tree;
Or where the lofty domes arise,
To catch the passing stranger's eyes."
'Twas thus he thought, when, at the
He saw his Doll impatient wait: [gate
Nor, as he pass'd the street along,
Was he unnotic'd by the throng;
For not a head within a shop
But did through door or window pop.
He kiss'd his Dame, and gravely spoke;
For now he brooded o'er a joke:
While she to know impatient burn'd
With how much money he return'd.
"Give me my pipe," he said, "and ale,
And in due time you'll hear the tale."

He sat him down his pipe to smoke,
Look'd sad, and not a word he spoke;
But Madam soon her speech began.
And in discordant terms it ran.

"I think, by that confounded look,
You have not writ your boasted book;
Yes, all your money you have spent,
And come back poorer than you went:
Yes, you have wander'd far from home,
And here a beggar you are come;
But bills from all sides are in waiting,
To give your Reverence a baiting.
I do not mean to scold and rail;
But I'll not live with you in jail.
So long a time you've staid away,
That the town curate you must pay;
For, while from home you play'd the
fool,

He kindly came to teach the school;
And a few welcome pounds to earn
By flogging boys to make them learn:

But I must say, you silly elf,
You merit to be flogg'd yourself;
And I've a mind this whip shall crack
Upon your raw-bon'd, lazy back.
Yes, puff away—but 'tis no joke
For all my schemes to end in smoke.
What, tongue-ty'd booby! will you say
To Mrs. Dress'em?—Who will pay
Her bills for these nice clothes?—

Why zounds!

It borders upon twenty pounds."

Thus, as she vehemently prated,
And the delighted Doctor rated,
From a small pocket in his coat,
He unobserved drew forth a note,
And, throwing it upon the table,
He said, "My dear, you'll now be able
To keep your mantua-maker quiet;
So cease, I beg, this idle riot:
And, if you'll not make such a pother
I'll treat you with its very brother.
Be kind—and I'll not think it much
To shew you half-a-dozen such."

She started up in joy's alarms,
And clasp'd the Doctor in her arms;
Then ran to bid the boys huzza,
And gave them all a holiday.

"Such is the matrimonial life,"
Said Syntax:—"but I love my wife.
Just now with horsewhip I was
bother'd;
And now with hugging I am smother'd;

But wheresoe'er I'm doom'd to roam,
I still shall say—that home is home!"

Again her dear the Dame career'd,
And clasp'd him fondly to her breast.
At length, amidst her am'rous play,
The Doctor found a time to say—

"The fatted calf I trust you've slain,
To welcome Syntax home again:"

"No," she reply'd, "no fatted calf;
We have a better thing by half;



OLAVDAR ARRIVED FROM HIS TOUR

For, with expectation big
Of your return, we kill'd a pig:
And a rich hazlet at the fire,
Will give you all you can desire:
The sav'ry meat myself will baste,
And suit it to my deary's taste."
"That dish," he cried, "I'd rather
see,

Than fricandeau or fricasee.
O," he continued, "what a blessing
To have a wife so fond of dressing;
Who with such taste and skill can
work,
To dress herself, and dress the pork!"
She now return'd to household care,
The dainty supper to prepare.

Whoe'er has pass'd an idle hour,
In following Syntax through his Tour,
Must have perceiv'd he did not balk
His fancy, when he wish'd to talk:
Nay, more—that he was often prone
To make long speeches when alone;
And while he quaff'd th' inspiring ale,
Between each glass to tell a tale:
Or, as he smok'd with half-shut eyes,
Now smiling, and now looking wise,
He'd crack a joke, or moralize:
And when this curious spirit stirr'd
him, [him,

He minded not though no one heard
This he did now—as 'twill appear;
He talk'd though there were none to
hear; [broke,
When the whiffs pass'd, he silence
And thus he thought, and puff'd, and
spoke:

THE SMOKING SOLILOQUY.

"That man, I trow, is doubly curst,
Who of the best doth make the worst;
And he, I'm sure, is doubly blest,
Who of the worst can make the best.
To sit in sorrow and complain,
Is adding folly to our pain.

"In adverse state there is no vice,
More mischievous than cowardice;
'Tis by resistance that we claim
The Christian's venerable name.
If you resist him, e'en Old Nick
Gives up his meditated trick:
Fortune contemns the whining slave,
And loves to smile upon the brave.

"In all this self-same chequer'd
strife

We meet with in the road of life,
Whate'er the object we pursue,
There's always something to subdue;
Some foe, alas! to evil prone,
In other's bosoms or our own.
That man, alone, is truly great,
Who nobly meets the frowns of Fate,
Who, when the threaten'ng tempests
lower,
When the clouds burst in pelting
shower,

When lightnings flash along the sky,
And thunders growl in sympathy,
With calmness to the scene conforms,
Nor fears nor mocks the angry storms:
He does not run, all helter-skelter,
To seek a temporary shelter;
Nor does he fume, and fret, and foam,
Because he's distant far from home;
For well he knows, each peril past,
He's sure to find a home at last.

"If petty evils round you swarm,
Let not their buzz your temper warm,
But brush them from your mind away,
Like insects of a summer's day.

"Evil opposes with Reason's power,
Nor fear the dark or threaten'ng hour;
Combat the world;—but, as 'tis fit,
To the decrees of Heaven submit.

"If Spite and Malice are your foes,
If fall Revenge its arrow throws,
Look calmly on, nor fear the dart;
Virtue will guard the honest heart:

Nor let your angry spirit burn
The pointed missile to return.
The good man never fails to wield
A broad and strong protecting shield,
That will preserve him through the
strife

Which never fails to trouble life;
And, when he meets his final doom,
Will form a trophy for his tomb.

"Bear and forbear—a dogma true
As human wisdom ever drew.
If you would lighten every care,
And every sorrow learn to bear,
To be secure from vile disgrace,
Look frowning Fortune in the face;
And, if the foe's too strong, retreat,
But not as if you had been beat:
Calmly avoid th' o'erpow'ring fray,
Nor fight when you can stalk away;
For you can scarce be said to yield,
If, when you slowly quit the field,
You so present yourself to view,
That a wise foe will not pursue.

"I, who have been long doom'd to
drudge,
Without a patron or a judge;
I, who have seen the booby rise
To dignified pluralities,
While I his flock to virtue steer,
For hard-earn'd thirty pounds a-year;
A flock, alas! he does not know,
But by the fleeces they bestow:
I, who have borne the heaviest fate
That doth on Learning's toil await;
For, when a man's the sport of Heaven,
To keep a school the fellow's driven;
(Nor when that thought gay Lucian
spoke,
He did not mean to crack a joke;*)—

* Lucian says, that when the gods make a man the object of their sportive persecutions, they turn him into a schoolmaster. Such an one as Doctor Syntax was, may

I still man's dignity maintain'd,
And though I felt, I ne'er complain'd.

"If Life's a farce, mere children's
play,
Let the rich trifle it away:
I cannot model mine by theirs,
For mine has been a life of cares.

"Men with superior minds endow'd
May soar above the titled crowd,
Though 'tis their humble lot to dwell
In calm retirement's distant cell:—
Or, by Dame Fortune poorly fed,
To call on Science for their bread;
To lead the life that I have led:—
Though neither wealth nor state is
given,

They're the Nobility of Heaven.

"In its caprice a Sovereign's pow'r
May make a noble ev'ry hour:
A King may only speak the word,
And some rich blockhead struts a
Lord:

But all the scepter'd powers that live
Cannot one ray of genius give.

Heaven and Nature must combine
To make the flame of genius shine;
Of wealth regardless or degree,
It may be sent to shine on me.
Learning I thank thee;—though by
toil

And the pale lamp of midnight oil
I gain'd thy smiles; though many a
year

Fortune refus'd my heart to cheer;
By th' inspiring laurels crown'd,
I oft could smile while Fortune
frown'd.

Beguil'd by thee, I oft forgot
My uncomb'd wig and rusty coat:

think, that the sarcastic Greek is in the right; but the Masters of Eton, Westminster, and Winchester, are, probably, of a different opinion.

When coals were dear, and low my
fire,

I warm'd myself with Homer's lyre :
Or, in a dearth of ale benign,
I eager quaff'd the stream divine,
Which flows in Virgil's ev'ry line.
To save me from domestic brawls,
I thunder'd Tully to the walls :
When nought I did could Dolly please,
I laugh'd with Aristophanes,—
And oft has Grizzle, on our way,
Heard me from Horace smart and gay.

"Though with the world I struggled
hard,

Virtue my best, but sole reward ;
When my whole income could but keep
The wolf from preying on the sheep ;
Ne'er would I change my classic store
For all that Croesus had, or more ;
Nor would I lose what I have read,
Though tempting Fortune in its
stead, [head.

Would shower down mitres on my

"Bear and forbear,—an adage true
As human wisdom ever drew !
That this I've practis'd through my
I have a witness in my wife ; [life,
For though she'd sometimes snarl and
sould,

I never would a parley hold ; [swore,
And when she, though but seldom,
I check'd the oath, but said no more,
And all returning taunts forbore.

I dress'd my spirit from the pages
Of learned Rons and ancient Sages :
But my lean form was never smart
From barber's skill or tailor's art ;
So that my figure was a joke
For all the town and country folk.

But this my feelings never griev'd,
And I with smiles their smiles receiv'd :
I ne'er retorted like a fool,
Their inoffensive ridicule.

"So that my Dolly's clothes were fine,
She never car'd a doit for mine :
So that on ev'ry Sabbath-day,
She could appear in trappings gay,
And in a pew her form display,
She'd let me walk about the town,
Till my black coat was almost brown.
But she was, and I can't deny,
The soul of notability.

She struggled hard to save the pelf ;
And, though she might except herself,
I do believe, upon my word,
To all things SYNTAX was prefer'd.

"Bear and forbear, I've thought
and said,

Is part of ev'ry Parson's trade ;
And what he doth to others preach
He should by his example teach.
Whene'er the scoffer trotted by,
I ne'er have turn'd an angry eye :
Nay, when of Wealth I've been the jeer,
When petty pride let loose a sneer,
I never fail'd the joke to join,
And paid them off in classic coin.

"My Rector, fat as fat can be,
With prebend stall, and livings three,
Once told me if I kept my riches
Within the pockets of my breeches,
To make them of materials stout,
Or else the weight would wear them
out.

O, with what base, irreverent glee
He chose to mock my poverty !
Yet I did not my cloth disgrace
By squirting spittle in his face ;
But answer'd from St. Paul, in Greek,
And bid him the quotation seek
In Pliny :—When the purse-proud
brute

Nodded assent—and then was mute.

"The Oilman there, in that fine
house, [spouse,
Who beaks th' acutchaous of his

Soon after he had left off trade,
 Lov'd some great, noble Lady's maid,
 Who by my Lord had been betray'd :
 To Hymen's Fane the fair he led,
 And gave the claim to half his bed.
 She talks of Duchesses by dozens,
 As if they were her cater-couzens.
 He once said—' Doctor, do you see ?
 Let's hear what is your pedigree : '—
 When I, with reverence due replied,
 ' I am not to the great allied ;
 But yet I've heard my grandame say,
 (Though many a year has pass'd away
 Since she is gone where all must go,
 Whether they have been high or
 low,)

That one of our forefathers bore
 A place of state in days of yore ;
 That he was butler or purveyor,
 Or trumpeter to some Lord Mayor,
 When Carthaginian Hannibal
 Dined with his Lordship at Guildhall :
 That great man being forced to come,
 By order of the Pope of Rome,
 To end some quarrel 'tween the houses
 That bore the pale and crimson roses.
 The Oilman said, ' It might be so :
 And 'twas a monstrous while ago.'

" 'Tis thus I give these fools a poke,
 And foil their tauntings with a joke ;
 For that man has no claim to sense,
 Whose blood boils at impertinence.
 Were I to scourge each fool I meet,
 I ne'er must go into the street ;
 I ne'er my bearded head must pop
 Into the chatt'ring barber's shop.

" Bear and forbear—a maxim true
 As erring mortals ever knew.
 But things are chang'd ; new scenes
 appear

My mind to soothe, my heart to cheer ;
 The Pow'rs above my fate regard,
 And give my patience its reward.

But while I trod Life's rugged road,
 While troubles haunted my abode,
 With not an omen to portend
 That toil would cease, that things
 would mend,

I did to my allotment bow,
 And smok'd my pipe as I do now.

" Hail, social tube ! thou foe to Care !
 Companion of my easy chair !
 Form'd not, with cold and Stoic art,
 To harden, but to soothe the heart !
 For BACON, a much wiser man
 Than any of the Stoic clan,
 Declares thy power to control
 Each fretful impulse of the soul ;
 And SWIFT has said, (a splendid name,
 On the large sphere of mortal fame,)
 That he who daily smokes two pipes
 The tooth-ache never has—nor gripes.
 With these, in silence calm and still,
 My Dolly's tones no longer shrill,
 Though meant to speak reproach and
 sneer,

Pass'd in soft cadence to my ear.
 Calm Contemplation comes with thee,
 And the mild maid,—Philosophy !
 Lost in the thoughts which you suggest
 To the full counsel of my breast,
 My books all slumb'ring on the shelf
 I thus can commune with myself ;
 Thus to myself my thoughts repeat ;
 Thus moralize on what is great,
 And, ev'ry selfish wish subdu'd,
 Cherish the sense of what is good.

" While I thy grateful breath in-
 hale,

I see the cheering cup of ale ;
 Benignant juice ; Lethæan stream !
 That aids the fond oblivious dream :
 Which fits the fresher'd mind to bear
 The burden of returning care.

" Let Pride's loose sens prolong the
 In Bacchanalian delight : [night

I envy not their jovial noise,
Their mirth, and mad, intemperate
joys. [boast,

The luscious wines that Spain can
Or grow on Lusitanian coast,
Ne'er fill'd my cups:—"Repast divine!
The home-brew'd beverage is mine.
Thus, cheer'd with hopes of happier
days,

My grateful lips declare thy praise.
How oft I've felt, in adverse hour,
The comforts of thy soothing power!
Nor will I now forget my friend,
When my foul fortune seems to mend:
Yes, I would smoke as I do now,
Though a proud mitre deck'd my
brow.

"Hail, social tube! thou foe to care!
Companion of my easy chair!
While, as the curling fumes arise,
They seem th' ascending sacrifice
That's offer'd by my gratitude
To the Great Father of the good."

More had he spoke: but, lo! the
Dame

With the appointed haslet came:
When Syntax, having bless'd the meat,
Sat down to the luxuriant treat."

"And now," he said, "my dear,
'twill be

As good as Burgundy to me,
If you will tell me what has pass'd
Since we embrac'd each other last."
"O," she replied, "my dearest love,
Things in their usual order move.
Pray take a piece of this fine liver:
The Doctor is as proud as ever.
I'll help you, dear, to this or that:
Let me supply your lean with fat.—

* ———— *Mae nec Falernae
Temperant vites, neque Formiani
Pocula colles.*

HOR. L. I. OD. XX.

I thought the Oilman's wife would
burst

When in this dress she saw me first:
It was at Church she show'd her airs:
My bonnet spoil'd the woman's pray-
ers. [steel:

Your knife is blunt; here, take the
Cut deep,—the haslet cannot feel.—
There's Lawyer Graspall got a beat-
ing, [ing:
As you may well suppose,—for cheat-
Our honest Butcher trounc'd him
well,

As the Attorney's bones can tell.
He order'd home a rump of beef;
And when it came the hungry thief,
Having shav'd off a pound or two,
Return'd it, for it would not do.
The fraud discover'd, words arose,
And they were follow'd soon by blows:
When, as he well deserv'd, the sinner
Got a good thrashing for his dinner."
Said Syntax, "If I had a son."—
"Pooh!" she replied, "you have not
done:

You still, I hope, can pick a bit,
And no excuse will I admit.
'Tis long since we've together been;
Since we've each other's faces seen;
And, surely, I'm not such a fright
To make you lose your appetite."
"But," he continued, "if a boy
Were, my dear Doll, to crown our joy,
I'd sooner, far, the stripling see
The heir of dire Adversity,
Than to a dire Attorney bind him,
Where Old Nick is sure to find him."
She added—"Yes, with naked feet
I'd sooner have him pace the street:
But ere you let your choler burst,
Let's have the little urchin first."

The Doctor thought his jolly wife
Ne'er look'd so handsome in her life.

Her voice he thought grown wondrous sweet;

To him a most uncommon treat:
So much in tune, it made him long
To hear it quaver in a song. [said,
"Come, sing, my charmer," Syntax
And thus the simp'ring maid obey'd.

SONG.

"Haste to Dolly! haste away!
This is thine and Hymen's day!
Bid her thy soft bondage wear;
Bid her for Love's rites prepare.
Let the nymphs with many a flower,
Deck the sacred nuptial bower;
Thither lead the lovely fair,
And let Cupid, too, be there.
This is thine and Hymen's day;
Haste to Dolly! haste away!"

[came,

Thus pass'd the time; the morrow
And Mrs. Syntax was the same:
But when (for 'twas not done before)
She heard the Doctor's story o'e,
With all the hopes he had in store,
By joy, by vanity subdu'd,
Her warm embraces she renew'd;
While he delighted, fondly kiss'd
Those hands, which, form'd into a fist,
Had often warn'd his eyes and nose
To turn from their tremendous blows.

At length of golden ease possess'd,
No angry words, no frowns molest;
No symptoms of domestic strife,
Disturb'd their very alter'd life,
For she out-dress'd the Oilman's wife:
And he could now relieve the poor,
Who sought his charitable door.

Though to each virtue often blind,
The world to wealth is ever kind
For, lo! a certain tell-tale dame,
Yelp'd and known as Mistress Fame,
Had told to all the country round
That Syntax for a thousand pound,

Had sold a learned book he wrote;
That now he was a man of note,
By Lords protected! and that one
Would make him tutor to his son:
So that, whenever he went forth,
All paid their homage to his worth:
While it became the fond desire
Of ev'ry neighb'ring rural 'Squire
To send his hopeful boys to share
The favour of the Doctor's care.

But all these views soon found an end:

A packet came, and from a friend;
From 'Squire Worthy, who resides
On Keswick's bold and woody sides.
The wond'ring Postman made it known,

As he pass'd on, to all the town;
For such a letter ne'er had been
Within his little circuit seen:
Nay, by the fiat of the Post,
It more than seven shillings cost.
The Doctor star'd—while Ma'am unwilling,
[ling.
Slowly drew forth each ling'ring shil-
"Ne'er mind your silver," Syntax said,

"The Postman, Deary, must be paid;
And now these papers I behold,
I see they're worth their weight in gold:
[heed
Come, sit you down, and take good
To what I'm now about to read."

"GOOD REV'REND SIR,

Our Vicar's dead,
And I have nam'd you in his stead.
I often wish'd his neck he'd break,
Or tumble drunk into the Lake;
So, you must know the peaching hound
Fulfil'd one wish—for he is drown'd.
Unfit for preaching or for praying,
His merit lay in endgeling-playing:

And he preferr'd to saying prayers,
The laying springes for the hares.

"You will perceive I keep my word,
And to this Church you're now pre-
ferr'd:

By ev'ry legal act and deed,
To Parson Hairbrain you succeed:
The papers which you now receive,
A right and full possession give.
You, Sir, may make the living clear
Above three hundred pounds a year;
And if you will but condescend
To my son's learning to attend;
If you direct his studious hour,
I'll add some fifty pounds or more:
And soon we hope that you will cheer
The parish with your presence here.
Miss Worthy and her sister join
Their kindest compliments to mine;
And to your friend I recommend
Your faithful and admiring friend,

JONATHAN WORTHY."

The Dame exclaim'd, "My Gre-
cian boy,
I know not how to tell my joy.
This is the height of my desire:
'Squire Worthy is a worthy 'Squire."

"Ha, ha," said Syntax, "O, the
fun!

Why, Dolly, you have made a pun.
But still a pun I do detest,
'Tis such a paltry, humbug jest;
They who've least wit can make them
best.

But you may ~~frisk~~ and pun away;
I'm sure I cannot teach to-day,
So tell the boys to go and play.
Thank Heav'n, that, toil and trouble
past,

My holidays are come at last!"

At length, the busy school resign'd,
They both rejoic'd to leave behind

A place which little had to give
Than the hard struggle how to live.
For the long journey to prepare,
Syntax had bought a one-horse chair,
With harness for the grizzle-mare.
Ralph would not from his master part,
But trudg'd beside the farmer's cart
That bore the Doctor's books and
chattels,

[faddles:

With Madam's clothes and fiddle-
The cook upon the baggage rode,
And added to the weighty load;
For she, kind maid, was fully bent
To go wherever Ralpho went.
The Doctor walk'd about to tell
The day when he would say—fare-
well!

And they who had disdain'd before
To pass the threshold of his door,
When Syntax gave his farewell treat,
Sought that same door to drink and
eat.

The neighbours now, who ~~never yet~~
Know his great worth, his loss regret;
While Madam, on whom no good word
Had been, throughout the town, pre-
ferr'd,

Was now a most delightful creature,
Of temper mild,—of winning feature.
The Ringers, who, for many a year,
Refus'd his natal day to cheer,
Now made the bells, in woful zeal,
Chime forth the dumb, lamenting peal.
—The time soon came, when, quite
light-hearted,

The Doctor and his spouse departed;
And as they journey'd on their way,
They did not fail to pass a day
At Oxford, with his early friend,
The kind and learned Dicky Band.
Nor did he think it a delay,
The Christian Vicar to repay,
And 'neath his roof a night to stay;

To add, for former kindness shown,
His Dolly's greeting to his own.
At York they form'd the pleasant
party,
For a whole week, of 'Squire Hearty.

A few days more, and, lo! the
Lake

Did, on th' enraptur'd vision break :
And, rising 'mid the tufted trees,
Syntax his sacred structure sees,
Whose tow'r appear'd in ancient pride,
With the warm Vic'rage by its side.
"At length, dear wife," he said,
"we're come

To our appointed, tranquil home."

The courteous people lin'd the way,
And their rude, untaught homage
pay:

The foremost of the assembled crowd,
The fat exciseman, humbly bow'd :
"Welcome," he said, "to SOMMER-
DEN."

The clerk stood by, and said "Amen!"

Grizzle dash'd boldly through the
gate, [wait,
Where the kind 'Squire and ladies
With kind embrace, with heart and
hand,

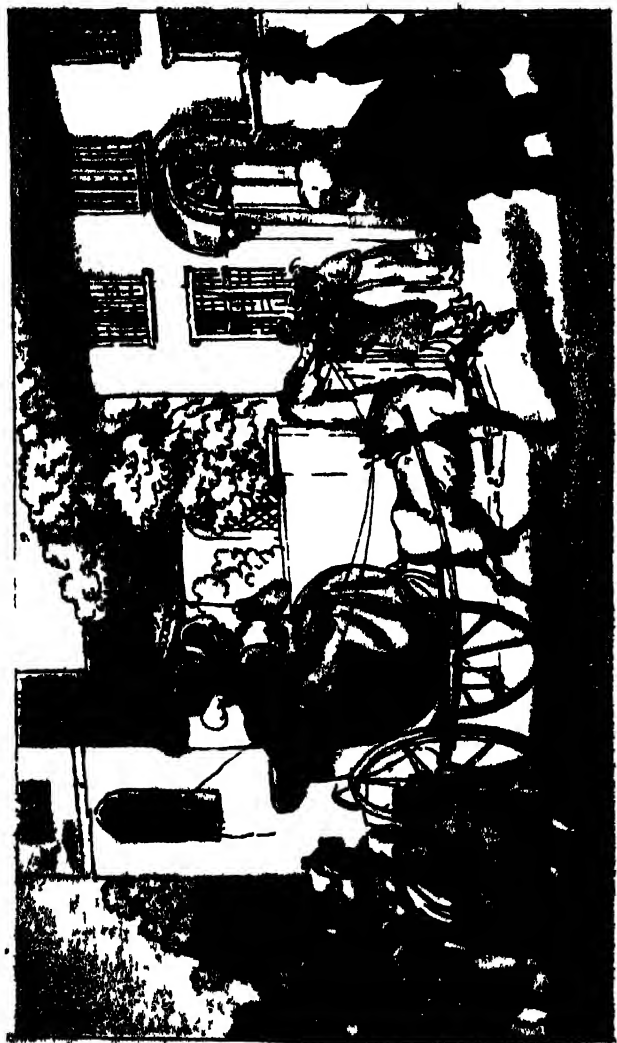
To cheer them into CUMBERLAND.
The bells rang loud, the boys huzza'd:
The bonfire was in order laid ;
The villagers their zeal display,
And ale and crackers close the day.

¶

Syntax, whom all desir'd to please,
Enjoy'd his hours of learned ease ;
Nor did he fail to preach and pray,
To brighter worlds to point the way ;
While his dear spouse was never seen
To shew ill-nature or the spleen ;
And faithful Grizzle now no more
Or drew a chaise, or rider bore.

Thus the good Parson, Horse, and
Wife,
Led a most comfortable life.





DR SYNTAX TAKING POSSESSION OF HIS LIVING

Illustration

DOCTOR SYNTAX'S TOUR
IN
SEARCH OF CONSOLATION.

DOCTOR SYNTAX'S TOUR

IN

SEARCH OF CONSOLATION.

CANTO XXVII.

TO Mortal Man it is not given,
Such are the known decrees of
Heaven,

Along the stream of life to glide,
Nor feel the tumults of the tide:
The ebbing and the flowing wave
Contend to bear him to the grave:
The smiling joy, the frowning care,
In various change his bosom share,
And hope and fear alternate ply,
While he fulfils his destiny.

Thus SYNTAX, as we all must own,
Had struggled long with Fortune's
frown,

Nor did a flatt'ring Hope portend
That Fortune e'er would be his Friend.
Patient, 'tis true, his Lot he bore,
For Virtue's page and Learning's lore,
Those faithful friends of worth dis-
trest,

Would often soothe his aching breast;
Would his foreboding fancy cheer
And sometimes cheek the rising tear.
But after a long clouded day,
The Sun broke forth with genial ray,
And mild prosperity display'd
Its welcome form in smiles array'd,

Each virtue woo'd, each duty done,
Time on swift pinions travels on,
Nor fears of future evil lour
To dim with care the present hour.
—Thus Syntax and his darling wife
No longer knew domestic strife;
And since it was their lot to bide
By Keswick's Lake's embower'd side,
They might have claim'd, or I'm mis-
taken,

With conscience clear the Flitch of
Bacon:

A symbol that is known to prove,
The perfect state of married love;
And which, when thus enjoy'd, is given
As the first boon on this side Heaven.

Madam, who now had nought to
fret her,
Of all her whims had got the better;
Among her higher neighbours, she
Receiv'd and gave the frequent tea,
And every stated feast that came
Display'd the hospitable Dame;
While from the poor, in parish pride,
She ne'er was known to turn aside,
As in the millinery art
She lov'd to be a little smart,

The Doctor too, in better station,
Had somewhat chang'd his form and
fashion;

Nay, to describe him *à la Lettre*,
His outward show was rather better,
Then when he liv'd by Pedant Rule,
A Curate with an humble School:
His coat was not too thread-bare worn,
His hat had not that squeeze forlorn,
And his queer wig would now unfurl
Something that might be call'd a curl:
Besides, his Dolly's pride, I ween,
Took no small pains to keep him clean.
—With eloquence and learning
fraught,

He preach'd what his GREAT MASTER
But no grave airs his hours molest,
Joy was the inmate of his breast,
Which, in its various forms, he found
The way to scatter all around.
Sage with the learned, with the Squire
He told his tale by winter's fire;
Or 'mid the pipe's surrounding smoke
He never fail'd, with pleasant joke,
To animate the social hour,
When summer forms her verdant
bower:

Nor, from contumelious pride,
Was his old fiddle laid aside:
Oft did its sounding strings prolong
The jocund air and merry song.
His pencil too perform'd its duty
In sketching many a landscape beauty:
Scarce rose a cot within the bound
That his dominion did surround,
Whose whiten'd walls did not impart
Some beauty of the Doctor's art.
—The parents to his Rev'rence bent,
The children smil'd where'er he went:
Of grateful praise the warm acclaim
Ne'er fail'd to wait upon his name.
Syntax was by the Squire carees'd
And oft exclaim'd, my lot how blest:

While Madam Worthy would com-
mend

His Dolly as her fav'rite friend:
In short, as sistor and as brother,
Their doors were open to each other.

'Twas thus four fleeting years were
In happiness not made to last; [past
E'en though a darling hope appear'd
And joy untold their bosoms cheer'd;
For Nature, without fuss or pother,
Gave hints that she would be a mother:
At least, th' obstetric Doctor Bone,
Had said this joy would be their own.
—Ye who have felt a parent's pleasure,
Alone can tell the mode, the measure
Of that delight which did inflame
The thoughts of Syntax and his Dame.
The news was spread, the neighbours
smil'd,

His Rev'rence, by such hopes beguil'd,
Would offer up the secret prayer
That Heaven might bless him with an
Heir,

A little Syntax, who would prove
A father's pride, a mother's love;
And when well stor'd with Papa's
knowledge,

Might be the wonder of a College.
Though Madam harbour'd in her breast
A wish, by female hope imprest,
That, as the choicest boon of heaven,
A female cherub might be given,
Which when she dandled in her arms,
Might smile in all her Mother's charms:
But each contriv'd their wish to smother
And keep the secret from each other.
Thus Syntax with parental pride,
The curtain'd cradle fondly eyed,
And oft, with a foreboding joy,
Would think he saw the slumbering
boy;

Nay, sometimes thought, in fancy's
The Nurse's lullabies were near,

The Ale was brow'd, the heifer's life
 Waited the ready butcher's knife;
 The one to crown the joyous bowl,
 The other to be roasted whole;
 While all the anxious village pour
 Their wish for the prolific hour:
 But be it told to Nature's shame
 The look'd-for period never came.
 The allotted season now was pass'd,
 The doubting Midwife stood aghast,
 While Galen, 'mid a string of pauses
 On Nature's whims and final causes,
 Declaim'd with solemn look and air;
 Then calmly ventur'd to declare
 With cautious whispering o'er and
 Hence'er was so deceiv'd before. [o'er,
 Th' unlook'd for tidings Syntax heard,
 His face now red now pale appear'd,
 While the grave Doctor left the room,
 Fearful of his impending doom:
 For Syntax, with those horrid graces
 Which rage will write on mortal faces,
 As he stamp'd wildly round the floor,
 Had kick'd the cradle through the door.
 —Just as his darling hope miscarried,
 A couple waited to be married:
 I will not heighten my distress
 By such a scene of happiness;
 To-day, he said, I will annoy
 Each source of matrimonial joy;
 The bridal folk shall share my sorrow,
 Nor will I wed them till to-morrow.
 The Bridegroom bow'd in humble suit,
 The Bride just whisper'd—"What a
 Brute!" [sad,
 While the Clerk, trembling, pale and
 Fear'd that his Reverence was gone
 At least, he was not in a state [mad:
 Such holy rite to celebrate,
 That they must see another Sun
 Before the wish'd-for work was done.
 Amos declar'd, "I have a wife
 Who ne'er gave peace to married life;

And oft I've thought the nuptial boon
 Might come, alas, a day too soon;
 And though you now so sad depart,
 With downcast look and aching heart,
 That Love has yielded to delay
 Its bands for one impatient day,
 May the wish never come, Oh never,
 That they had been delay'd for ever!"
 Thus while the disappointed folk
 Stole off to meet the gen'ral joke,
 And furnish out a village tale,
 O'er evening tea or milking-pail,
 Sage Galen by mild reas'ning strove,
 And learned argument to prove,
 That he had err'd where all might
 err,

As Nature oft, he could aver,
 Would symptomatic pranks betray,
 Would swerve from ev'ry common
 way,

And into such strange whimsies stray.
 That Esculapius, he believ'd,
 Were he on earth would be deceiv'd:
 Where she had so perplex'd his know-
 ledge, [lega.

She might have puzzled all the Col-
 I bag, he said, the learn'd Divins,
 Will think it not a fault of mine,
 Nor tell the mishap to my shame,
 That he bears not a father's name.
 With patience and another year,
 A bouncing banding may appear.
 Syntax the obstetric Doctor eyed,
 And thus, with scornful look, replied,
 "—You talk of Nature, let us learn
 From those who could her ways dis-
 cern, [call her,

Could from her deep concealments
 Nor let your boasted skill enthrall her.
 I tell you, Sir, the learned Bacon,
 Has truly said, or I'm mistaken,
 That the Physician tribe swart,
 With doubling art the sick man's fate;

While the sick man his lot endures,
Till Physic kills, or Nature cures.
The first great principle of Nature
Is to produce a Human Creature ;
Nor never will my mind believe,
In this great work, she would deceive !
Creation tells it, look around,
And say, what is there to be found,
What in the world's stupendous plan,
That is not clearly made for man !
The beasts which in the forest rove,
The birds that haunt the shady grove,
That love the stream, that trace the
field,

Or the green woods and thickets yield.
Nor these alone, the finny brood
That swim the sea, or cleave the flood,
The yielding grain, the flower that
blows,

What in Earth's pregnant bosom
grows ;

The Planets, in the vault of Heaven,
Are for man's use divinely given !
A being he, of beauteous mould,
Which Angels may with joy behold ;
Endued with various powers combin'd
That tell the wonders of his mind ;
His life arrang'd by Heav'n's decree,
His end an Immortality.

To such a task, to such great ends
On which the living world depends,
Nature proceeds by certain rules
Which may be seen by all but fools.
She may indeed, howe'er intent,
Fail by untoward accident ;
Or, if by ignorance pursu'd,
May not be rightly understood ;
But never, Sir, shall I believe
It is her purpose to deceive ;
And I refer this and ado,
Not to Dame Nature, but to you.
I think it true what Galen says,
Though 'tis not in the Doctor's praise,

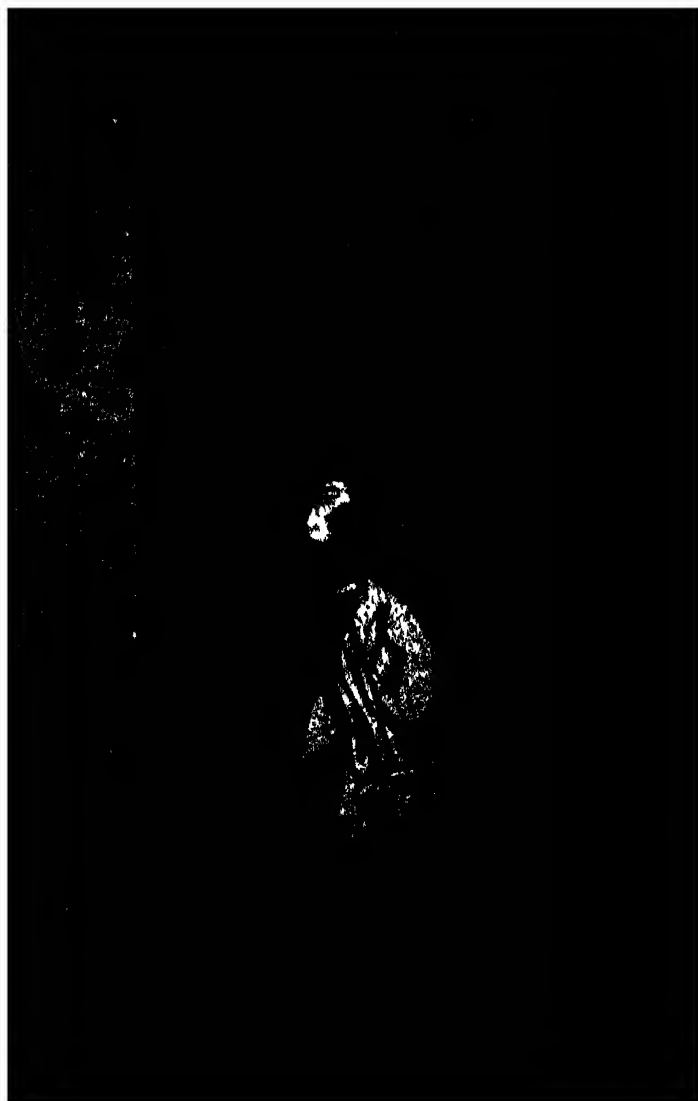
That Art is long, and knows to seize
With eager grasp the daily fees,
While Life is short, and well it may,
When Life doth at your guess-work
lay."

He spoke, then to the Doctor threw,
Th' expected fee, nor said adieu.

Again he sought the patient's bed
With tender look and gentle tread.
"No more," he whisper'd to the
Nurse,

"Will I pursue the Doctor's course ;
The Booby quack I have dismiss'd
With his last Guinea in his fist :
The phials now shall disembody
The liquids of the stupid rogue :
I'll leave the dear angelic creature,
As Bacon doth advise, to Nature,
With those kind aids she does impart,
And have no dark recourse to art :
Of sago she shall frequent sip,
Warm jelly now shall wet her lip,
And kitchen physic shall restore
Her health to what it was before."

His Rev'rence told them to prepare
For the appointed hour of prayer.
The cushion on the floor was spread,
The book was placed upon the bed :
Calm and compos'd the patient lay
As if she were inclin'd to pray.
To Health's first fount he did impart
The breathings of his anxious heart :
But she, who never fail'd to join
In all these offices divine,
Ne'er made responses as he pray'd,
Nor said Amen to what he said.
He made his off'ring to the skies,
But she, alas ! ne'er op'd her eyes.
Thus, as sleep seem'd to overtake her,
He gave his caution not to wake her ;
When the Nurse, hanging o'er the bed,
Shriek'd out, "My Mistress, Sir, is
dead !



Alas, alas, I fear to say, [day."
 She ne'er will wake till judgment—
 —As if by some dire stroke subdued,
 For a short time aghast he stood:
 Then, with a look that spoke despair,
 He gaz'd on Death's pale victim there:
 He kiss'd her lips no longer warm:
 He view'd her 'rest of ev'ry charm;
 Her heart, alas, no longer beat;
 Cold was the source of vital heat:
 Death was triumphant,—Life was
 o'er,

And darling Dolly was no more.
 —His agonising bosom burns,
 He raves, and stamps, and prays by
 turns:

Grief made him wild, but not a tear
 Did on his pallid cheeks appear.
 Into the chair his form he threw,
 "Adieu," he said, "my Love, adieu!"
 The tears then came—the gushing
 flood [good:
 Stream'd down his cheeks and did him
 They calm'd at least his furious mood.

There are, who eager to dispense
 What they possess of eloquence,
 When sorrow comes contrive to flout it
 By letting loose their speech about it,
 And for a time, at least, dispel it,
 If they are but allow'd to tell it.
 Syntax was of this sect profest;
 To talk, was what he lov'd the best,
 And he would think that any blessing
 Was in itself scarce worth possessing,
 If it but chanc'd his tongue to tie
 And check his native fluency.
 Nor thought he that a real ill,
 Which did not make his tongue lay
 still;

Nay, would a common pain approve,
 So it allow'd his tongue to move.
 In talking now he sought relief,
 And thus he spoke to ease his grief.

"Alas, how are my hopes beguill'd!
 This morn I look'd to have a child;
 I thought to see her view the boy
 With eyes that told a mother's joy:
 But ah, no child has seen the light,
 And her eyes close in endless night.
 Physic, I hate thee, with thy ills,
 Thy solemn looks and noisome pills:
 Thou base pretender,—foe to life,
 'Tis thou hast robb'd me of my Wife!
 The wretch impell'd by hunger's force,
 Who steals a sheep, a pig, a horse,
 Or breaks a window to purloin
 A pound of chops on which to dine,
 Though for a week th' unwilling sin-
 ner

Had neither breakfast had, or dinner,
 Yields to the dire decree of law
 And suffers by the Hangman's paw;
 While Doctors, on their fees intent,
 May kill, by Act of Parliament."
 —His heaving bosom inward groan'd,
 While he, in dubious accents moan'd;
 Words of strange import from him
 broke,

And in half sentences he spoke:
 By double disappointment crost
 His worried mind was almost lost.
 —Now as he wildly paced the floor,
 A gentle knock assail'd the door,
 To open it he quickly flew;
 The Parish Clerk appear'd in view.
 —"What want you? Amen," Syntax
 cried.

Amen bow'd humbly, and replied,
 "Jane Leggin's child, to tell I grieve,
 Has not another hour to live;
 And she requests for her repose
 You'll christen it before it goes.
 The Doctor says—"

SYNTAX.

"Talk not to me
 Of Doctors, man, who for their fee

Would thin mankind : O what a strife
 'Twixt Physic's arts and human life!
 And well I know to my sore pain,
 Which will a certain conquest gain,
 Unless Dame Nature steps between
 And drives th' Empiric from the
 scene."

AMEN.

"The Mother, please you, Sir, doth
 wait [gate."
 With the poor child at churchyard
 SYNTAX.

"The Child! What Child? you
 drive me-mad:
 I have no child, I wish I had!
 No child to my fond hopes is given,
 And my poor wife is gone to Heaven.
 Haste then, away,—and let the knoll,
 Her death, and my misfortunes tell."

The Parson left the Clerk aghast,
 Then bang'd the door and look'd it
 fast;

When instant, hast'ning to the bed,
 He threw himself beside the dead.
 The Nurse wept as her heart would
 break,

And strove, but all in vain, to speak.
 "Leave not the room," he cried,
 "nor go,

While I shall thus indulge my woe;
 With your loud grief breed not a riot,
 But sit you down—and howl in quiet."

Amen, with reverential awe,
 Told all he heard, and all he saw,
 And as he hasten'd to the steeple,
 He thus inform'd the curious people,
 "The Doctor raves, and no child's
 come,

And Madam's gone for ever home.
 Nay, since his hopes are all miscarried,
 No love-sick maiden will be married,
 Nor will a babe, depend upon't,
 Be made a Christian at the Font,

Till Madam's buried, and his grief
 In pious thoughts has found relief."
 —The bell let loose its iron tongue,
 Amazement o'er the village hung;
 Labour stood still, and ev'ry thought
 Was with the dismal tidings fraught.
 As the poor people learn'd the tale,
 Deep sighs, and loud laments prevail,
 And many a face was now bedew'd
 With the big tear of gratitude.

Beneath a spreading tree, that grew
 In the churchyard, it was a yew:
 Which it is said had held its place,
 Since the old time of Chevy-Chace.
 Beneath its venerable shade,
 The village folk their councils weigh'd;
 Sometimes would talk of private story,
 And sometimes boast of England's
 glory:

But now, alas, they all attend,
 To talk o'er Madam's dubious end:
 While, as the busy tongues prevail,
 They hear the variegated tale.
 But while the different thoughts
 escape,

In various words, in various shape;
 Patrick, the Irish Pavior, stood
 As motionless as log of wood.

—Bold Pat had serv'd in foreign wars,
 And could display a host of scars,
 All in the brunt of battle gain'd,
 Where British arms and glory reign'd,
 Besides he had a flippant tongue
 Which like an aspen-leaf was hung,
 And when the subject he approv'd,
 With a most rapid instinct mov'd;
 But while it fill'd the folks with won-
 der,

It sometimes stray'd into a blunder.
 Chelsea's Out-Pensioner was he,
 And now by active industry,
 With lat'ring pick-axe and with spade,
 The implements of former trade,

Chang'd as he was to village-swain,
On Keswick's side he did maintain
A buxom wife, and children four,
With promise of as many more.
Oft he had view'd the heaps of slain,
With gory blood pollute the plain,
Had seen Old England's flag unfurl'd
Amid its thunders that were hurl'd
On shores which bound the distant
world,

And us'd to boast full many a day,
He'd seen the Frenchmen run away,
And often with good sab'ringthwacks,
Had cut their coats from off their
backs,—

Nay, then without the least ado,
Had slic'd their very backs in two.
—He told of Lakes of such a size,
That, as he thought on't, to his eyes,
Keswick's, when to their bounds com-
par'd,

Was but a pond in farmer's yard.
He spoke of Cataracts, whose roar
Was heard for twenty miles or more;
Nay, that they fell from such a height,
Their tops were seen quite out of
sight; [drain'd

And should e'en Keswick's Lake be
Of all the water it contain'd,
The mighty torrents they could pour,
Would fill it full within an hour.

—His stories wild, and droll conceit,
Oft furnish'd out a various treat;
And young and old, when met to
quaff [laugh,

Their evening bowl, did nought but
And for a time forgot their care,
If Pat was merry and was there.

In short, whos'er he chanc'd to meet
Good-humour sprang beneath their
feet;

Though when he saw pale sorrow near,
For either eye he had a tear,

His thoughts were never framed with
art,

His was the language of the Heart:
Whate'er he said, whate'er he sung,
Deceit ne'er glanc'd upon his tongue;
For if by chance to please the folk,
And laugh and wonder to provoke,
He blink'd at truth,—it was in joke.
—Much he had seen and travell'd
far,

Though fond of peace, he talk'd of
war:—

That his experience gave him weight
In village council and debate,
Such as, alas, was now display'd
Beneath the yew-tree's gloomy shade:
And when the rest had ceas'd to speak,
Pat did his mournful silence break.

“—God pardon those who are to
blame;

For the child's gone that never came;
Besides the worthy Lady's dead,
And the cold earth will rest her head;
Yes, faith as I've a soul to save,
I will for nothing dig her grave,
Yes, I would do it too as willing
As if her hand had chuck'd a shilling;
And many a shilling she has given,
Which now will pave her way to
Heaven.

Nay, if 'tis true that Doctor Bone,
Said she'd a child when she had
none,

Heav'n gives the will, for which I
thank it,

To toss the Doctor in a blanket;
While you, for Madam Syntax' sake,
Would fight who should a cornertake:
And I would see him flying now
High as the yew-tree's topmost bough.

“—If, my good friends, the Clerk
says true,

The Vicar makes a' need to do;

And roars and stamps and weeps,
 God bless him,
 As if some spirit did possess him!
 I do not wonder, for I know
 What 'tis to feel the Parson's woe.
 My first wife died ere I left Erin
 And went abroad a volunteering:
 Nay, how I suffer'd in my mind
 When I left two dear babes behind;
 But surely I did not neglect 'em,
 When I pray'd Heaven to protect 'em!
 Is't not enough to make him rave,
 To lose a child he hop'd to have;
 And then to mourn a charming wife,
 The joy and comfort of his life?
 Oh how can he his feelings smother,
 He who has lost both one and t'other!
 Good Gentleman, I'm sure he'll grieve
 From Midsummer to Lammas Eve!
 No—his is not a common sorrow
 That weeps to-day and smiles to-mor-
 row

It will I'm sure be many a day
 Before we once more see him gay;
 Before he makes a *Bull*, d'ye see,
 By way of compliment to me:
 Before he talks of this and that,
 And smiles and calls me HONEST PAT:
 I'll bless him, yes, with all my might,
 For faith I hope he calls me right.
 And now 'tis time to hold my tongue,
 For Pat, I fear, has talk'd too long;
 So I'll go home as I'm a sinner,
 With a poor appetite for dinner;
 And many a meal I might have wanted,
 Had Madam not the favour granted.
 My poor dear children do not know
 Why Mammy's eyeballs overflow;
 But Kate and I must grateful tell,
 Madam's old skirts have clad them
 well: [knoll'd,
 While those babes smile, her knell is
 And they are warm, while she is cold;

But she enjoys a peaceful rest,
 Nor e'er will wake but to be blest."
 The death-bell ceas'd, the good folk
 parted,

With sober pace and heavy hearted.
 'Squire Worthy with his wife and
 daughter

Had been all day upon the water;
 And Pat the pleasant party kenn'd,
 Returning at the village end.

"Oho," cried he, "by Jâsus now
 Must I not tell the when and how
 Of all things since they went afloat,
 Upon the Lake in fishing-boat."
 As they drew nigh the 'Squire spoke,
 "Tell me, Pat, what's the public joke?
 What are the people all about?"

For at each door a head is out:
 Something has happen'd, I presage,
 That doth the gen'ral thought en-
 gage."

"And faith," cried Pat, "I'll tell you
 true,

Each head within your Honour's view.
 Has a good tongue that's cackling fast
 At what has in the village past,
 Since fancy did your Honour take
 To go a pleas'ring on the Lake.
 But 'tis no joke, a mournful matter
 Has caus'd this universal chatter.
 I wish it were some foolish jeer
 That now and then will happen here;
 Some nonsense that is often play'd
 'Twixt man and wife, and man and
 maid;

That makes the pots and kettles sound
 Rough-music all the village round.
 No, 'tis a melancholy story,
 Which I, to please you, lay before you:
 Though while I do the tale impart
 I feel a thumping at my heart;
 And, if I know your Honour, you,
 With Me'am, and Mim, will feel it too,

Good Madam Syntax, that dear creature,
Has bid adieu to human nature."

"What means the man?" 'Squire
Worthy said.

"I only mean that Madam's dead:
And I am sure as I've a tongue,"
Patrick replied, "her knell is rung,
I heard it, so did twenty more,
Who in the church-yard talk'd it o'er.
Besides, Amen, our Clerk, declares
The Doctor raves, and stamps and
stares,

Nay, he has even said, he swears;
That like a madman he is griev'd
For a dead child that never liv'd.
Patrick may blunder, Sir, but I
Ne'er to your Honour told a lie:
Believe me, Ladies, such the case is
As sure as beauty's in your faces."
The 'Squire reluctantly receiv'd it,
But Ma'am and Miss at once believ'd it.
Not that I shall presume to say,
Pat's sorrowing words had pay'd the
way,

To quicken their humane belief
Of this sad tale of death and grief;
For they, with kindest hearts endued,
Requir'd no impulse to be good;
Their virtues were in daily view
As the surrounding country knew.
They pray'd the 'Squire with speed to
And see our Doctor in his woe. [go
"Remove him from his present state,
And bring him to our mansion straight;
You have the power to control him,
While we still study to console him.
If all be true that doth appear,
For our poor friend there's much to
fear.

—We know what his fond hopes have
been,
His rapt'rous moments we have seen,

As he look'd forward with delight
To visions he had form'd so bright.
We dare not think when such distress
Has clos'd his views of happiness,
What fatal impulse may prevail,
What fury may his thoughts assail;
—What such an irritable mind,
Bereft of power to be resign'd,
And in wild sorrow's hurrying storm,
May dictate to him to perform.
Away, nor for reflection wait,
You now, my dear, may be too late!"

The Ladies spoke, without delay
The 'Squire stepp'd nimbly on his way,
And to his view was soon display'd
A sight so horribly array'd,
That in the chamber as he stood,
It seem'd almost to freeze his blood.
"Arise, my friend," he kindly said,
"And leave this melancholy bed;
With me, dear Syntax, you must come,
And let my mansion be your home
Till all this mournful scene is o'er,
And Heav'n shall former peace restore.
You well must know it is most fit
That you to Heaven should submit
Throughout our life's mysterious way,
Whether it gives or takes away.
'Tis not for me, my friend, to teach,
You, you should practise what you
preach:

With pious fortitude prepare
To strive with ills and learn to bear:
No tongue, like yours, I knew so well,
Can the submissive duties tell:
Let patience then possess your mind,
Be calm, be steadfast, and resign'd."
"Tis a sad task," poor Syntax said,
"But Heav'n and you shall be obey'd.
The stroke so unexpected came,
Not the keen lightning's vivid flame
E'er struck the cedar as it stood,
The branchy monarch of the wood,

With a more quick and shatt'ring
blast [past,

Than through my trembling system
When as the Nurse hung o'er the bed
Her voice pronounc'd my darling dead.
But yesterday how sweet she smil'd,
With every pleasing hope beguil'd;
But yesterday I look'd to share
With her a tender parent's care:
Now there she lies by Death enjoy'd,
My love despoil'd, my hopes destroy'd.
Senseless and weak I may appear,
Yet still I wish to tarry here;
And feel to-morrow and to-morrow,
All the rich luxury of sorrow." [felt
At this strange scene 'Squire Worthy
The pang that makes our sorrows melt.
To see the Doctor thus it griev'd him,
But soon the manor-house receiv'd
him;

Where he each kind attention press'd
To calm the mourner's throbbing
breast,

And all that female grace could give,
Was given to check his wish to grieve.

—Worthy, who knew his Parson well,
Would hear him all his feelings tell,
Explain his sorrow, breathe his sigh,
And listen in calm sympathy:

Nay, let his elocution pour
In wordy torrents by the hour;
For he foresaw that all this riot
Of wild complaint would end in quiet,
As infant children, at the breast,
Will often cry themselves to rest.

Nor did this wise contrivance fail:
Poor Syntax ceas'd to weep and wail;
Nay, so effectual did it prove [move,
That now his tongue would seldom
And, as if grief had quench'd his voice,
Dumb he appear'd to be his choice:
E'en when the Ladies strove to break
His silent mood, he would not speak.

Thus he grew calm, but strove in vain
The sullen sorrow to restrain.

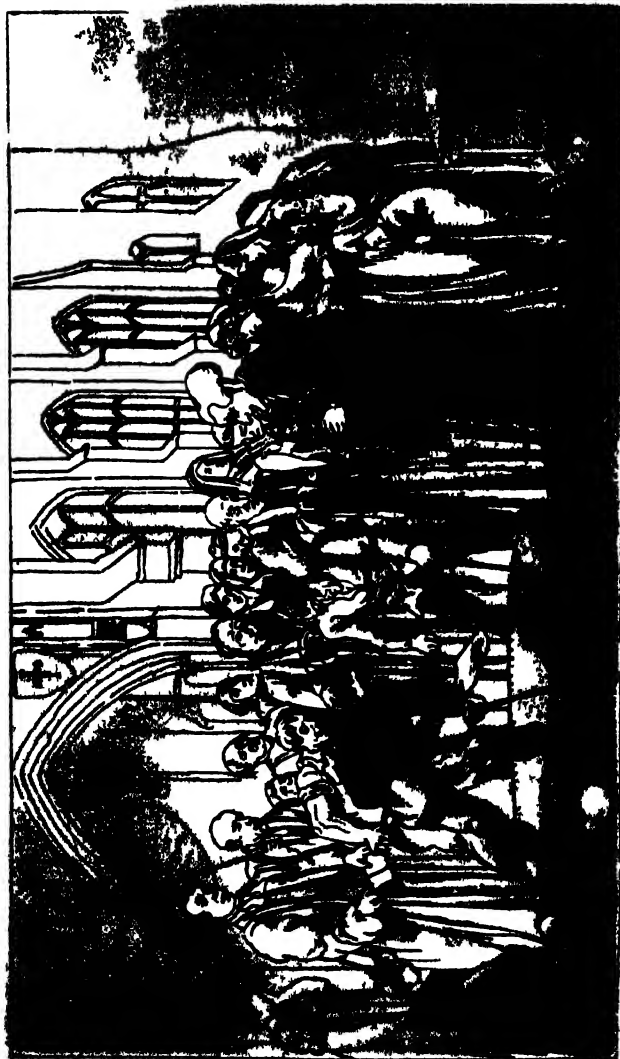
Once he his tuneful fiddle took,
But lo! he found a string was broke.
No, no, he thought the hour won't
bear it, [it.

Time, that cures sorrows, may repair
—His pencil too seem'd to refuse him
Its former power to amuse him,
Nor could his practis'd skill avail
To give the stream, the crag, the dale,
The azure lake's expanded flood,
The castled brow or pendant wood;
True to its master's gloomy thought,
The urn or the sepulchral vault
Some monument to Death's dark reign,
Alone was seen the page to stain.—
Sometimes he pad'd th' adjoining mead,
And read, at least he seem'd to read:
Sometimes at the first morning's dawn
His footsteps mark'd the dewy lawn;
And when the lab'rer's work was done
He'd sit and watch the setting sun,
But whether he sat still or walk'd,
Since the sad stroke, he seldom talk'd,
And all the little that he said
Was but to ask—and be obey'd.

At length th' afflicting hour drew
To summon all his energy. [nigh
His silence then at once he broke,
And thus in solemn accents spoke.
"Fear not, for like an Alpine rock,
I will sustain the trying shock;
With friends like you, whom Heav'n
will bless

For all your care in my distress,
I may without a due control,
Let loose the feelings of my soul;
But when I stand beside the grave,
Death and its terrors I will brave.
There—more than by my words I'll
teach

The sacred duties that I preach;



THE FUNERAL OF HIS WIFE

There all, who may be standing round
When my dear wife is laid in ground,
Shall see how humbly I obey
The Power that gives and takes away."

Behold the fun'ral train appears!
The Village is dissolv'd in tears!
Six maidens, all in white array'd,
Death's deep-ton'd summons had
obey'd:

And in procession due attend
The rites of their departed friend.
They scatter blossoms sweet and fair,
Emblems of what their beauties are;
And as 'tis writ by time's decree,
Emblems of what they soon may be;
While on their cheeks grief pours its
showers,

Like dew-drops on the bells of flowers.
—Syntax, with melancholy grace,
With downward look and stated pace,
Waits on the bier, nor heaves a sigh,
Nor does a tear bedew his eye:
Beside the yawning grave he stood,
In fix'd and humble attitude,
And with devotion's solemn air,
Just whisper'd each appointed prayer;
—When as the voice, with pious trust,
Dealt out the dole of dust to dust,
He gas'd as Heaven were in his view,
Then bent—and look'd a last adieu.

With his kind friends he now re-
turn'd

And sunk into a chair and mourn'd
In a mute language; when, at length,
Immerging into wonted strength,
He, in deep tones, the silence broke,
While the walls echoed as he spoke.

"Ye dead, are none of you inclin'd
To tell to those you've left behind,
And make it known in courtesy,
What ye now are and we shall be?
And why this secret is conceal'd?
No blabbing ghost has yet reveal'd

What 'tis to die. Around ye shine
Like lamps on some sepulchral shrine,
To make more visible the gloom
That throws its mantle o'er the tomb.
But 'tis no matter—Dolly knows
What is the end of human woes;
And, from life's various shackles free,
I may be soon as learn'd as she."

—With such soliloquising strains
He for an hour reliev'd his pains,
Then off the funeral drap'ry threw,
And to his chamber he withdrew.

"We have no trifling task I fear,"
'Squire Worthy said, "my dearest
dear;

But we must finish our career.
His high-wrought feelings are, we
know,

So form'd to quicken joy or woe,
To cause such overflowing measures
Of all his pains and all his pleasures,
That 'twill require our utmost skill
To make his troubled heart be still.
With all the kindness of a brother,
We must give him time to smother
Whate'er vagaries his fond heart,
To such a temper may impart:
Thus grave reflection and our care,
I doubt not, shortly will repair
The breaches which the mind receives
From one who so intensely grieves.
Whate'er it be that may amuse him,
That our fond care must not refuse him,
Without appearing to attend
To any weakness of our friend:
E'en what by any whim is wanted,
Let that, as 'twere by chance, be
granted;

Though let it by no means be seen,
That we regard his alter'd mien,
But be as we have always been.
Let us go on the usual way,
Nor change our order of the day;

In so grave mood attentions tease,—
Nor let us seem to strive to please :
But deal out our old-fashion measure,
Of what our honest hearts call pleasure.

Let us not check the laugh because
He enters, or e'er make a pause,
Because he sits him down beside us
And looks as if he did deride us ;
Let him say yes, or grumble no,
We'll do all we were wont to do :
Whether with us he rides or walks,
Is silent or profusely talks,
The same good humour must prevail
Which here is never known to fail.

—Let Sarah play her tricks about
him, [him.

And pinch his ears, and gaily flout
Ask questions in her usual prattle,
And call her tongue his fav'rite rattle :
Show off her last new steps and graces,
And then contrast them with grimaces.
Let her piano's music share
Its movements with the last new air :
Remember how she us'd to please him,
But take good care she does not tease
him :

Who knows, her frolic innocence
May perhaps wake some pleasing sense
That will unconsciously beguile
His heart to glow into a smile.

—If this plan fails, I'll then engage
To be prime actor on the stage,
While my belov'd Maria's care,
Will ask my anxious toil to share,
And all my graver course supply,
With her resistless sympathy."
Maria bow'd, while to her face
Affection gave a lovely grace ;
A grace, how sweet did it appear !
A smile united with a tear.

A month at least was gone and o'er,
But Syntax was not as before :

For thus, on serious thoughts intent,
He had not found his merriment.

He did all duties, it is true,
With the same care he us'd to do :
But in his daily pariah walk,
He seem'd to have forgot to talk ;
Was silent where he always spoke,
And nodded where he us'd to joke.
E'en with the Ladies and the 'Squire
His thoughts had lost their wonted
fire ;

His tongue assum'd a lower tone,
Spoke but few words and soon had
done.

—Since the last sad and solemn scene,
He had not to the Vic'rage been,
But just to see the old woman granted
All that the living creatures wanted :
For his dear Doll took great delight
In Bantam-fowl, and numerous flight
Of chosen Doves ; none such were
found

In all the various dove-cotes round.
The people watch'd him as he oft
Sat on the gate and look'd aloft :
They thought that a superior ken
Was given to all such learned men,
And that they saw with their keen eye,
Strange shapes and figures in the sky,
Which oft, as they believ'd, were given
To mark the destinies of Heaven.
But this was no prophetic view,
As the birds in their circles flew,
He saw as his dear Doll had done
Their plumage glist'ning in the sun ;
And shar'd, in melancholy measure,
The mem'ry of her former pleasure.

The Village on their Pastor gas'd,
At once afflicted and amaz'd ;
Nor could they in their contemplation
Settle this wond'rous visitation.
Come then, my unambitious cause,
Do not the faithful task refuse ;

But let your uninspir'd pen
Deal out the thoughts of humble men ;
And when they do their silence break,
Ask Nature's aid to make them speak,
And take opinions from the chat
Of old Amen and Irish Pat:
For steering clear of village brawl,
They'll speak the pro and con of all.

To save themselves from being wet
In the church-porch these two had
met.

For from a storm, all helter-skelter
They ran to seek a common shelter.
When, each a corner taking, they
Jump'd on the topic of the day.
Old Amen the discourse began,
And thus the conversation ran.

AMEN.

"Friend Pat, it doth my mind surprise

That our good Vicar here, so wise,
So learn'd withal, and so devout,
Should not as yet have found it out,
That thus to grieve is a disgrace
To his high calling and his place.
In the first lesson, 'twas last Sunday,
He read of what will happen one day,
To all such who for those things
grieve, [leave:

Which will leave them or they must
And 'twould have made me very glad,
Had he then left off being sad ;
For all the parish round can tell
I love my Reverend Master well.
True he has lost a comely dame,
But many a man has lost the same,
As fair, as ye, and as good as she,
(I mean no incivility.)

But still I thought that our Divine
Let his good Lady dress too fine ;
And shew such odours to the view
As she sat in the upmost pew,

That made the congregation stare,
And think of her instead of prayer.
But though it is a mournful loss,
It should not all his thoughts engross.
I have had my misfortunes too,
But I don't grieve as some folks do.
Last year I lost, as you well know,
By lightning's stroke, my brindled
cow,

But had it been my limping Joan,
I should not grieve as some have done.
I see Pat smiles, but never mind,—
To Heaven's good will, I'll be resign'd.
—Though Amen was not bred at college,

He's not without some little knowledge,

And I full five-and-twenty year
Have always been school-master here ;
And almost all you know and see,
Have learn'd their Ps and Qs from
me."

PAT.

"Master Amen, faith you have rung
A pretty peal upon ~~your~~ tongue.
You talk of heaven ~~for~~ and o'er,
As if it lay at your back-door, [it,
And may you when Death doth unlock
Find a good passport in your pocket !
—Upon my soul, you men of letters
Can spell some scandal of your betters ;
But I have thought, as I have said,
That since our Doctor's Lady's dead,
As sure as this high tower's a steeple,
He would not mourn like common
people ;

As sure as that old tree's a yew,
He would not grieve as poor folk do ;
They must forget their grief, and toil ;
Or bread won't bake, and pot won't
boil.

Faith, Master Amen, do you see,
On this point we shall ne'er agree.

This morning as he saunter'd by
My cottage-door, he heav'd a sigh,
And my big heart, so sick and sad,
Return'd him all the sighs it had.
You, Master Amen, never prov'd
What 'tis to lose a wife you lov'd.—
You talk of wives, if your old Joan
Were just now laid beneath a stone,
How I should laugh to hear you groan.
How friendly you would be with

Death,

If he would kindly stop her breath ;
And yet you mock at the disaster
That now afflicts your worthy Master :
A man and yet a parson too
Whose little finger held to view
More real learning could command,
Than all the Amens in Cumberland.
—The Doctor's sad,—and so was I
When it pleas'd my first wife to die ;
And faith, my friend, to ease my sor-
I took another on the morrow : [row,
And as she to strange tricks was given,
I wept not when she went to Heaven,
And as to wed I was not loth,
I got one here, that's worth 'em both.
But the sun shines, and I'll away,
Nor talk of sorrow all the day."

Such is the chat that did prevail,
And furnish out the village tale ;
But far more anxious thoughts oppress
'Squire Worthy,—in his aching breast
Fears of more solemn cast arose,
That call'd upon him to oppose
By serious efforts and grave power
The clouds that did o'er Syntax lour.
—'Twas as a vernal evening clos'd,
Each in his chair with looks compos'd,
The Doctor loll'd beside the 'Squire ;
—The moment did the thought in-
spire

To represent the egegrious folly
Of giving way to melancholy.

The Ladies did the chess-board choose,
The sober evening to amuse :
And thus secure of tranquil hour,
All Worthy wish'd was in his power.
—He thus began—"My dearest
friend !

I beg your patience to attend
To what I long have wish'd to say ;—
That now, at length, from day to day,
There's such a change of manner seen,
Not only in your air and mien,
But, what your best friends grieve to
find,

In the firm structure of your mind :
Thus you most strangely seem to err
From your admired character :—
Nay, all who love you now deplore
That Doctor Syntax is no more.
Thus while you o'er your Dolly mourn,
And sorrow pour beside her urn,
We all, sad Sir, as 'tis your due,
Must deck ourselves in black for you,
Cease then, I ask you, to complain,
And be, my friend, yourself again !
—To Mortal Man it is not given
Thus to arraign the will of Heaven,
In fruitless grief to wear away
Each hour of each succeeding day :
'Tis true, I do not view a tear
Moist'ning your downcast looks of
care,

But wherefore do I never see
The sacred struggle to be free
And conquer your calamity.
Remember, Sir, that heav'nly prayer
Which you pronounce with pious ease,
And give with such emphatic grace
When you kneel down in holy place ;
O think, as the petitions run,
That you repeat, 'THEY WILL BE
DONE !' [will,
And to th' Allwise and Sov'reign
Say, can you be repugnant still."

SYNTAX.

"I see, my friend, as you review
My mournful state, you feel it too ;
But still, alas, you do not know
The force of that tremendous blow,
Nor biting gangrene of the wound
Which does my very self confound.
Though Heaven, I doubt not, may at
length

Give to my prayers that holy strength,
Which will with time my grief sub-
due,

My former cheerfulness renew,
And bring me back to peace and you ;
I do not to your ear reveal
Half of the sorrow which I feel ;
Nor in my pale face do you see
A tithe of my lorn misery.

'Tis not for your contented mind,
Whom pain ne'er told to be resign'd,
Whose every path of life has been
Smiling, delightful and serene,
Smooth as the Lake, when in the grove
No pendent leaf is seen to move,—
To know, and may you never know,
Upon your heart the heavy blow,
Which would awake a tender plea,
For such as mourn and grieve like
me.

Such loss as mine you ne'er have
known,

But had th' allotment been your own,
You would not in such terms reprove
Nor thus reproach the man you love.
—Look, *Worthy*, look to yonder chair,
And view the form that's sitting there ;
Behold your dear *Maria's* smile,
That does the rising care beguile ;
Oh listen to her tuneful voice
Whose tones are signals to rejoice ;
Catch the fond glance of that bright
eye

Which beams with tender sympathy ;

Who, ere you utter the request,
Contrives your wish should be possess ;
Who looks for joy but as you share it,
And mocks the pain should you not
bear it !

Who has no other hope in view
But to prepare delight for you.
See how the auburn ringlets grace
Her sweet, her animated ~~face~~,
Where the soft, winning looks dispense
Affection's silent eloquence ; [clare,
And when those lips her thoughts de-
What accents claim your ravish'd ear !
Though many hasty years have flown
Since first *Maria* was your own ;
They still bear on them as they fly,
Symbols of Truth and Constancy ;
With the fair hope that they will last
When many a future year is past.
Should you lose her, you then would
feel [veal"]

The pang which words can ne'er re-
"O spare that thought," 'Squire
Worthy said,

With trembling voice, and wasobey'd.
But here *Maria* interpos'd,
And the grave colloquy was clos'd :
Though soon by her it was renew'd,
And thus the subject she pursued.

MRS. WORTHY.

"O stop, my Love, this serious strife,
And just now listen to your wife ;
While you, my melancholy friend,
Will to a female tongue attend !
You've often said my tuneful voice,
For such you call'd it, would rejoice,
By its all fascinating power,
The dulness of the dullest hour ;
And now my doctrine you shall hear ;
So listen with attentive ear.

—I cannot think this high-ton'd
preaching

Is the most cordial way of teaching :

Far other means I should employ
To blunt the arrows, which annoy
With their sharp points your wounded
breast,

And keep you from your wonted rest.
—There was a time when you obey'd
Whate'er your friend Maria said,
And I expect you at this hour,
To yield to my indulgent power.

—Physicians who profess the skill
To cure by potion and by pill,
When, in the treatment of our ills,
They find the warmer med'cine fails,
Think it discreet to change their
course.

And try the cool prescription's force :
So I, who see discourses fraught
With reasoning grave and serious
thought

Do not the wish'd-for end attain,
Nor ease the patient of his pain,
Shall now a diff'rent practice try ;
Far other means I will apply
Nor do I fear my remedy.

—You know, dear Doctor, it is true,
To shew our love and feelings too,
We've all assum'd a solemn grace
With each a melancholy face ;
Nay, for a time, have scarcely spoke,
Nor even heard a sprightly joke :
We have done all your loss requir'd,
Of which we now are grown so tir'd,
That we shall our old ways pursue,
And leave sad looks to grief and you,
Unless you quit this wimp'ring fuss,
And take to livelier ways with us.
New thoughts, new objects, new de-
sires,

Are what your strange disease re-
And as, indeed, your looks appear
A more suspicious gleam to wear,
I think that I've a certain cure
For all the pain which you endure—"

SYNTAX.

"O tell me—"

MRS. WORTHY.

"Make another Tour.

And when you've made it you shall
write it ;

The world, I'll wager, will not slight
it ;

For where's the city, where's the town,
Which is not full of your renown ?
Nay, such is your establish'd name,
So universal is your fame,
That Dunces, though to dulness
doom'd,

Have with a Dunce's art presum'd,
To pass their silly tales and tours,
And other idle trash, for Yours.

'Tis true, you now no longer want
What in your former Tour was scant :
You now a pow'ful pen may wield,
Your venerable name to shield,
And drive the Braggarts from the
field.

Another circuit you shall roam,
And bring your old contentment home :
Nay who can tell, to sweeten life,
You may bring home another wife.
In your long journey you may see
Some virgin fair or widow'd she,
Some pleasing dame at liberty,
Who would her weary freedom give,
With you in Hymen's bonds to live :—
And, if I do not greatly err
From my own sex's character,
Do you, my friend, but say to her
Such things, and in the same degree,
As you to-night have said to me,
—Aye, if she had ten thousand pound,
I would in penalties be bound,
To hold myself a fixture dumb,
Nor speak for full three months to
come,

(A punishment which well you know
No woman thinks to undergo.)
If the fair lady does not yield,
And leave you victor of the field;
And if young Cupid, from his quiver,
Had drawn a dart and pierc'd her
liver:—

For some have said, as you can prove,
The liver is a seat of love."

—She thought she'd gone too far, but
now

The Doctor made a gracious bow.
As if the thought his grief beguil'd,
The sad man for the first time smil'd;
For the first time receiv'd relief
Since he became a slave to grief.

—She seiz'd the moment, to pursue
The object which she had in view,
When beck'ning her dear girl, she
said,

"Now let your music be display'd;
We've talked enough, and now we'll
try

What can be done by harmony.
Play the Dead March in Saul, my dear,
It may the Doctor's spirit cheer;
Perhaps his instrument may join,
And aid the symphony divine."

Syntax now felt the well-aim'd stroke,
And saw he must partake the joke.

"Some livelier air," he mildly said,
"And, Madam, you shall be obey'd."

—The fiddle came, th' according
strings

Resounded while Maria sings,
And, waken'd by th' inspiring strain,
He now look'd like himself again.

—The supper came, the loaded plate
Soon vanish'd where the Doctor sate,
And by the grateful bev'rage cheer'd,
To his charm'd friends it soon appear'd,
While his deep grief had taken flight,
That he had found his appetite.

Worthy, was more than pleas'd to
see

The air of calm hilarity,
Which did, though in a chasten'd
smile,

His friend's pale, woe-worn face be-
guile;

And that his wife's resistless art
Had so contriv'd it, to impart
A comfort to th' afflicted heart.
But, ere they sought the hour of rest,
Once more his thoughts he thus ex-
press'd,

"Doctor, I almost crack'd my brain
To calm your sorrow, but in vain;
While that sweet Angel's words con-
trive

To bid your former peace revive;
O how I shall rejoice to see
Her guide your present destiny!
So that her conquest you remain,
So that she holds the silken rein,
And that you promise to obey
Her wise and her indulgent sway,
I will acknowledge it my pride
That she should be your only guide,
While I, subservient to her skill,
Will aid your yielding to her will:

And, as through life's mysterious hour,
I have so long obey'd her pow'r,
A pow'r that never fail'd to bless,
And stamp my days with happiness,
She still shall guide my future life,
My friend, my mistress, and my wife.
—If then by my experience taught,
These truths within your mind are
wrought,

If you your present state prepare
To be submitted to her care,
Her anxious friendship will ensure
For all your griefs a speedy cure.

—You've now begun to banish sorrow,
And when we meet again to-morrow,

The scheme propos'd will be arrang'd :
Your views, your fancies shall be
chang'd ;

And though, my friend, when you
depart,
Grave thoughts may press upon your
heart ;

The various scenes of social life,
The world, and its amusing strife,
Th' enliv'ning sunshine that attends
The joyous looks of joyful friends :
The promis'd hope that added fame,
Will give new honour to your name,
While you consign to Folly's doom,
Each Dunce who did that name as-
sume ;

[powers,
With Reason's strong, reflecting
Will bring past joy to present hours.
Thus not a trouble shall bestride
The active steed on which you ride :
And when our Vicar comes again
To embrace his friends at SOMMER-
DEN,

We shall our former Syntax find him,
With all his troubles left behind him.
But whom, perhaps, our Rev'rend
Sage

May bring to grace the Vicarage,
If ought he brings, why we must leave
For time and fortune to achieve.

Sleep on the thought, and when you
wake,

May your chang'd heart no longer
ache,

While firm resolves, by truth enjoin'd,
Give the lost vigour to your mind."

He bow'd assent, as Worthy spoke,
Then sought his bed, but never woko
Till, the next morn, the constant bell
Did the known hour of breakfast tell :
And when the plenteous meal was
done

The Doctor smiling thus begun.

" So many reasons have been given,
As true as if inspir'd by Heaven,
I should be senseless as the dead,
Nay, after what my friends have
said,

Should I not think the project fit ;—
Therefore obedient I submit.

But then the how, the when, the where
Will call for your immediate care.

All things are chang'd as well you
know,

For 'tis to you that change I owe,
Since my last, doubtful long career,
With Heaven's goodness brought me
here.

For now I have my purse well lin'd,
Nor doth a fear assail my mind :

I'll shape my journey as I please,
Consult my humour and my ease,
Assur'd that wheresoe'er I roam,
I have an enviable home,

Where on my ev'ry wish attends
The best of Beings and of Friends.

The course, the means, I must pursue,
I leave submissively to you.

Equip me, as to mode and measure,
According to your friendly pleasure :

I'll in equestrian order move,
Or guide the reins, as you approve :

But if it be my lot to ride,
Another GRIZZLE pray provide ;

If such another can be found
Within the ample country round."

Two years, alas ! were gone and
past,

Since faithful Grizzle breath'd her
last,

Since that invaluable creature
Had paid the common debt to nature.

She who had seen the battle rage,
Escap'd to reach a good old age :

She who had heard the battle's din,
Now sleeps in an uncouried skin'

For currier none had been allow'd,
To touch the skin that's now her
shroud.

'Tis true, indeed, it had been scor'd,
By the rude force of slashing sword ;
But then the slashing was in front,
Where Honour writes its name upon't ;
Though to the flowing tail and ears,
The fates 'tis known applied the shears,
In guise of wicked villagers.
Whether on barn-door they remain,
The sport of sunshine and of rain,
Or whether time has bid them rot,
The Muse knows not or has forgot.
A rising mound points out her grave,
The cropping sheep its verdure shave ;
The cypress at the foot is seen,
Array'd in mournful evergreen ;
While the green willow's branches
spread

Their drooping foliage at the head ;
And Grizzle's name, ten times a day,
Is sigh'd by all who pass that way.

"The chestnut mare," 'Squire
Worthy said,

" Shall lead the journeying cavalcade.
PHILLIS, the ambling palfrey's name,
May whilom equal Grizzle's fame ;
For though she ne'er engag'd in war
Nor felt the honour of a scar,
Yet she has oft Maria borne, [thorn,
O'er hill and dale, through brake and
A load more honourable far,
Than a fat, blast'ring Trumpeter,
And much more fit in graceful ease,
To bear the minister of peace ;
For new 'tis to your station due,
As you your purpos'd Tour pursue,
In better figure to appear,
Than when you first were welcom'd
here.

Besides you shall not go alone,
A valet must your journey crown,

And it is Madam's well-judged plan,
That Pat shall be your liv'ried man.
Patrick has in the army been,
And that has taught him to be clean ;
While to obedience nothing leth,
To do what a good servant doth.
He has been us'd to ev'ry trim,
And nothing comes amiss to him.
A pleasant, honest, faithful creature,
As e'er was form'd by willing nature ;
Of travelling troubles he will ease you,
And by his droll'ry sometimes please
you.

While he indulg'd his native chat,
We all have jok'd and laugh'd with
Pat.

With a kind, friendly heart endued,
The fellow's always doing good,
And with his free and added labour
He oft assists his helpless neighbour.
This anxious lady, Sir, and I
Shall see you go with smiling eye,
If you have Patrick for your guard ;
Nor shall he fail of due reward.

PUNCH, a good, useful, active hack,
Shall trot with Patrick on his back ;
And all your chattels, wear and tear,
That back, without a wince, will bear."
—The Doctor gently bow'd assent,
And kiss'd his hand in compliment,
But could not quite disguise a smile
Which did a lurking joke beguile :
' Patrick's he thought a curious doom,
Which turn'd a pavior to a groom.

Patrick was sought, and soon was
told

In what new rank he was enroll'd,
And that the Doctor and the 'Squire
His instant presence did require.
Pat chukled, and without delay,
Hasten'd the summons to obey. [word
But Kate, who, from some awkward
Which she, by chance, had overheard,

Suspecting, but yet not well knowing,
About what errand he was going ;
Thought, as a wife, it was but fair,
Whate'er the boon—that boon to share.
—She follow'd, though of doubts
possest ;

A baby slumber'd on her breast,
While, in each hand, she held another,
A chubby sister and a brother :—
Pat came and bow'd, strok'd back his
And stood with military air, [hair,
While he attention's look display'd
As he went on war's parade.

The Doctor first the silence broke.—
“ I've sometimes, Pat, let loose a joke,
As well, I'm sure you don't forget,
When we, by any chance have met ;
But as you will may guess the reason
'Tis not just now a joking season.

I am about to travel far,
And much I want th' attending care
Of some bold, active, steady spirit,
Which does those qualities inherit,
At once both duteous, kind and fer-
vent, [vant :

Which form the good and faithful ser-
If these you have, you shall attend
My journey as an humble friend.
The Squire and Madam with one voice,
Have urg'd me to make you my choice.
What say you ?” Patrick look'd to-
wards Heaven,

And thus his warm reply was given.
“ I've serv'd my king and country too ;
And now, with all obedience due,
Your Honour's Rev'rence I'll attend,
To this round world's remotest end ;
And do whate'er you shall require
By day or night,—in flood or fire,
On horse or foot, 'tis all the same,
You ne'er shall say that Pat's to blame.
I've serv'd a Captain seven long years,
And when he fell, I know my tears

Mix'd with the blood that flow'd around
When he receiv'd his fatal wound.
Your Honours, you may take my word,
He was as brave as his drawn sword,
Which to the army was well known
Had often split a Frenchman's crown ;
And was a kind and gen'rous master,
Until he met with this disaster.
I would have died, Heav'n knows, to
save him :

That fatal morn he bid me shave him ;
I've got the razor all forlorn
With which his dying beard was shorn,
And when, well set, why it shall thin
Whene'er you please, your Honour's
chin.

Oh he'd be glad, with justice due,
To say all I have said is true.
But he sleeps on a foreign plain,
Nor e'er will wag his tongue again.
Oh, he was good as he was brave,
And as I have a soul to save,
His bosom never felt a fear
When trumpets did to battle cheer :
You may believe what I have said ;
Nor will his soul e'er be afraid,
When the last Trumpet bids array
The Quick and Dead, at Judgment-
day.

I am no scholar, but I know
That good works joy, and evil woe,
As Sunday last, the Doctor's text
Told us, in this world and the next.”
—A transient sense of mirth was caus'd
By the last words, when Patrick paus'd.
“ But,” said the Squire, “ upon my
life,

We must enquire of Patrick's wife
Whether it may not sorely grieve her,
If her dear, faithful mate should leave
her.”—

She pass'd her hand o'er either eye,
And thus she ventur'd to reply.

"Pat's talk may make you Gentry laugh,

But 'tis too grave for me by half.
Pray, what provision shall I have,
When he is gone and cannot pave?
And if please Heaven that he should
Who will maintain my family? [die,
When I have nought to out and carve,
Why I and all my babes must starve!"

—"Hold your tongue, Kate," the pavior said,

"I've got a far, far better trade:
Paving farewell! 'tis now my plan
To serve a rev'rend Gentleman.

I love you, wife, with all my heart,
But now and then 'tis good to part,
And then 'tis joy, almost to pain,
When we are call'd to meet again.

And should I pass through Heaven's
gate, [Fate,

Nay, should his Rev'rence yield to
'Squire Worthy will take care of Kate.
And for my smiling babes, God bless
'em; [em;

Madam will give them clothes to dress
And faith, my girl, I'd swear and vow
She'd keep them fat as they are now;
And who doth know by Heav'n's good
grace

Some honest man may take my place;
There's comfort, Kate, and you may
As well as when I was alive. [thrive
Kate, worthy Sir, takes nought amiss,
Nor e'er says No, when I say Yes.

It was a little matter, that,
Which was agreed 'twixt her and Pat,
A little scheme to keep off strife,
When the church made us man and
wife:

So nothing further need be said,
Your Honour's wishes are obey'd;
And now farewell, pick-axe and
spade!

All that I have, my life and soul,
I subject to your kind control:

'Twill be my study to fulfil, [will;
Both day and night your Honour's
Nor danger, nor distress shall find you.
While I am jogging on behind you.

—The 'Squire may trust to my kind
care,

The grey hack and the chestnut mare,
They are old friends, I've know them
long,

And woe to him that does them wrong.

Nay, should I any ostler meet
That did them of their supper cheat,

The fellow's teeth would be in danger,
For faith, I'd make him eat the manger,

I've often seen my Lady there,
Ride Phillis with a gallant air;

And seldom did she fail to banter,
As she pass'd by me on a canter.

And if it doth on me depend,
Where'er our destin'd way may tend,

His Rev'rence, Pat, the Mare and
Hack, [back."

Shall all look well when they come
Thus all the parties seem'd well
pleas'd:

The Doctor of his sorrow eas'd,
Look'd forward tow'rd the destin'd

Tour

To generate a perfect cure. [cess,
That their scheme promis'd such suc-

Afforded real happiness [sign'd it,
To those kind hearts who first de-

And to Heav'n's best care resigned it.
—By village tailor, in a crack,

Patrick was clad in suit of black;
But while array'd in inky coat,

From his new hat was seen to float
The mourning crape; he had the art

To keep all mourning from his heart.
Booted and spurr'd he might provoke
The village jeer, the village joke;

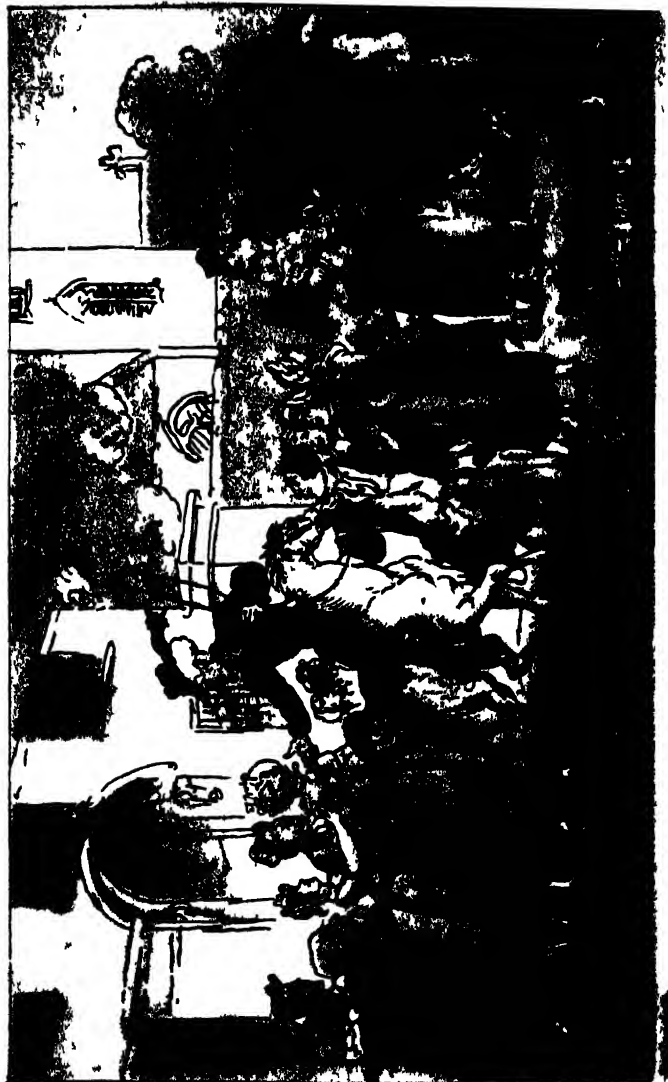
But he prov'd all their envy vain,
 For faith, he jok'd and jeer'd again.
 Although it rather seem'd to grieve
 her, [her,
 That he had thus resolv'd to leave
 Kate still was pleas'd her Pat to see
 Dress'd out with such gentility;
 And as she did his figure scan,
 Swore he looked like a gentleman.
 But Pat had bus'ness still in view,
 Ere the time came to say adieu.
 He, with a stone, was bid to pave
 The length and breadth of Madam's
 grave,
 To guard it round with verdant sod,
 And break to dust each clumsy clod,
 'Till skilful mason could prepare,
 Beneath affection's mournful care,
 A fond memorial to raise
 Of tender grief, and faithful praise.
 Now, ere a busy week was gone,
 The steeds in full caparison
 Appear'd, with all their trav'ling
 state,
 Before the Vicar's crowded gate.
 —Pat, who had left Amen to lead
 The Doctor's gay and sprightly steed,

Had, after Kate had been caress'd,
 Receiv'd his children to be bless'd:
 Some laugh'd at Pat, and some ad-
 mir'd,
 But all shook hands till he was tir'd:
 Some grinn'd, and some few wip'd an
 eye,
 As if they were dispos'd to cry;
 But he exclaim'd their grief was vain,
 For he should soon come back again;
 And as for sorrow, 'twas a folly:
 The Devil alone was melancholy;
 For the curs'd scoundrel, sour with sin,
 Could ne'er with joy presume to grin.
 Then told the laughers not to cry,
 And went off whistling lullaby.
 Syntax, now with a solemn grace,
 Gave his best friends a warm embrace;
 When many a kind adieu return'd,
 The wish with which their bosoms
 burn'd, [send him,
 —That ev'ry good which Heav'n could
 That no misfortune should attend him,
 Each rustic bosom did prepare
 And utter'd, as a cordial prayer!
 —Thus the good man, at early day,
 Proceeded on his destin'd way.

CANTO XXVIII

THE morning smil'd, the beaming
 ray
 Of Phœbus made all nature gay:
 Blue was the Lake's expansive flood,
 And many a gentle zephyr woo'd
 The wave that rippled o'er the deep,
 Nor would allow the wave to sleep.
 The mountains rising rude and bold
 Show'd their rugged summits tipt with
 gold;

While branching oaks, the forest's
 pride,
 Hung down and cloth'd their shaggy
 side.
 The cattle wander o'er the mead,
 The flocks all by the wood-side feed,
 The brook flows murmuring along,
 The grove is vocal by the song
 With which kind nature doth inspire,
 In summer morn, the feather'd choir.



THE GROUP OF PEOPLE WHO WERE WITH THE PRISONER.

At intervals the distant roar
Of water-fall, that tumbles o'er
The craggy brow, delights the eye
And ear, with rude variety.
For these alone, what labour shows,
And does by rural toil disclose,
To aid the picture nature gives,
By which in some new form she lives;
While art, by active life refin'd,
Improves that picture in the mind;
And thus, with blended objects
fraught,

Unites the sense to solid thought.
The husbandman's attentive toil
Turns with his plough th' expecting
soil,—

And now, with no unsparing hand,
The grain he scatters o'er the land.
The yellow harvest next appears,
With lofty stem and loaded ears;
The barn capacious then receives
Th' abundant loads which labour
gives; [shown,

And thus each scene of nature's
With varying beauties not her own.
How does the fisher's boat awake,
The dulness of the dormant lake!
While aided by the gentle gale,
Trade guides her barge with swelling
sail:

Or should the bark of pleasure skim
The water o'er with gallant trim,
While oars in dashing measure sweep
The yielding bosom of the deep,
What interest, as they intervene,
Each gives to ev'ry charming scene.
The waggon with its pond'rous load,
That grinds to dust the beaten road;
The travellers who throughout the day
In various guise pursue their way;
The herdsman's wealth, the goatherd's
store,
That hill and dale and height explore;

The shatter'd castle's lofty tower,
The former seat of lordly power;
The ivied arch by river's side,
The sad remains of cloister'd pride;
The smoke that rises o'er the trees
And curls obedient to the breeze;
The bridge that many an age has stood
And stretch'd its arch across the flood;
The village spire, but dimly seen;
The straw-roof'd cot upon the green,
With spreading vine beman'tled o'er,—
The children gazing from the door,
And homely peasants as they ply
The various calls of industry:
These, and how many more combine
To aid fair Nature's rude design;—
But they defy so weak a muse as mine.
Such are the forms which Fancy gives,
By which e'en Fancy smiles and lives.
Such were the thoughts which Na-
ture's charm

With every varying beauty warin,
Did, as he gaz'd around, suggest,
To the good Doctor's pensive breast:
For though he thought the plan pur-
su'd,

Was haply form'd to do him good,
Yet still he felt that much remain'd
Before his cure would be obtain'd.
But though he failed not to obey
The Power that gives and takes away,
Whose perfect wisdom's seen to mea-
sure [sure,
Man's hours and fortunes at its plea-
Yet he ne'er vainly strove to steal
His heart, and bid it not to feel,
But yielded to what Heaven thought
fit,—

To sigh, to sorrow, and submit.
For comfort he would ne'er apply
To what is call'd Philosophy;
He did not rest his hopes on earth,
On any strength of mortal birth;

No, all his hopes he strove to raise
Where angels wonder as they gaze.
—Thus he rode on, but now and then
He turn'd to look t'ward Sommerden.
At length the spire, with sunbeams
bright,

Began to lessen in his sight,
But when it vanish'd from his view,
He heav'd a sigh, and pensive grew ;
Nor till successive beauties rose,
Which splendid nature did disclose
To charm his eye, to warm his heart,
And make him think upon his art,
Had he his gloomy care resign'd,
Or call'd a smile into his mind.
But nature on his fancy wrought,
And chang'd the tenor of his thought ;
While his keen, contemplating eye
Trac'd and retrac'd the scenery,—
And picture after picture true
To all he saw his fancy drew.
Thus, as the Sage pursued his way,
He bid his mind the scene survey,
And as the Muse may now conjecture,
Read to himself a kind of lecture
On nature's charms, and how, by art,
He could the picturesque impart,
As he had often done before,
When journeying on his former Tour ;
Which this same Muse, a tall-tale
drab,

On a past page has dar'd to blab :—
And as he felt 'twould ease his pain,
He now would try to do again,
And heighten nature's varying feature
By adding many a living creature ;
Thus calling to immediate use
What time destroys and men produce.
—These thoughts, impress'd upon his
mind

To serious musings much inclin'd,
Directed all these views of nature
In praise of their sublime Creator ;

And from his contemplative mood
Which all his love of talk withstood,
He suddenly the silence broke,
And thus with solemn air he spoke :
—Father of good,—Almighty power !
Who, at Creation's wond'rous hour,
Didst call from Chaos into birth
This goodly scene of things—the
Earth,

Man's state of trial, his sure way
And passage to eternal day !
But 'tis not now I shall assign
The goodness of thy power divine,
In forming the benignant plan
To suit the character of man ;—
Nor shall I bid my thoughts explore
The depth of metaphysic lore,
To prove in erring reason's spite,
That whatsoever is, is right :
I leave that to reflection's power,
In piety's more sacred hour,
When 'tis my duty to impart
Truth's doctrine to the doubting heart.
Here, I must own, whate'er I see,
The scenes around me preach to me :
Each brook and rock, as Shakespeare
says,

(The Bard sublime of former days,)
Excites the tongue to grateful praise.
Can I view nature's grand display
Thus brightening in the sunny ray,
That now the puzzled sight regales
With interchange of hills and dales ;
The silver lake, and rushing flood,
The verdant lawn, and pendent wood
Which, softly touch'd or boldly
wrought,

Delight or elevate the thought,
Without receiving through the eye,
The moral sensibility ;—
Without my list'ning, through that
sense,

To nature's speechless eloquence ?

These call me, as my view's pursu'd,
To praise the Author of all good ;
For good the wond'ring mind may
trace

In the vast fields of endless space ;
E'en good, reflection's eye may see
In ev'ry leaf, on ev'ry tree ;
In ev'ry blade of grass that's seen
To clothe the earth with verdure green ;
In oaks that form the civic wreath,
Or the wild rose that blooms beneath ;
In the steep rock's stupendous brow,
Or the grey moss that clings below.
These are thy works, Parent of good !
Thus felt, thus seen, thus understood,
They wake th' enliv'ning gratitude
That, thus directed, is combin'd
With the first virtues of the mind !
How much I thank a parent's care
Which, while he did his child prepare
With pregnant seeds of classic lore,
And op'd fair learning's various store,
With all of science and of knowledge,
That could be taught in school and
college ;

Yet suffer'd art to guide my hand,
And the free pencil's power command.
Thus I possess the skill to trace
And call to view the hidden grace,
The secret beauty that no eye,
Untaught by art, can e'er descry ;
That bids th' enquiring mind explore
Things dimly seen or gilded o'er,
And which it scarce had known before.
Delightful art ! e'en plenty stor'd,
From friendly hand, my daily board,
While ill-paid labour did distil
Knowledge to boys against their will ;
Though I could just rub on by teach-
ing, [ing ;
And pay for Grizzle's keep by preach-
When, to do good I was most willing,
Though scarce an independent shilling

Did in my scanty purse appear
To purchase sorrow's falling tear :
Yes, thou didst nature's scenes portray,
And my heart grew like nature gay.
Delightful art ! that through the eye
Didst oft my drooping mind supply
With images, whose beauty's power
Gave pleasure to the passing hour !
Thou bad'st me hope that time would
bring

A better fortune on its wing !
Hope was fulfill'd, and Fortune came,
Nor without some small share of Fame.
Thus, by transcendent Nature fir'd
By love of PICTURESQUE inspir'd,
Through these blest scenes I sought
to roam,

Where Fortune gave my present home ;
And where, though unrelenting fate
Has robb'd me of my darling mate,
Yet while lamenting what I've lost,
I still have much of good to boast,
And for that good my grateful heart
Must bless Thee, thou delightful art !

—He paus'd, and ere he spoke again,
Patrick exclaim'd, "Amen, Amen."
The Doctor quickly turn'd around,
Scar'd at the unexpected sound.

"And please your Rev'ence," Pat
then said, [pray'd !
"O the fine prayer that you have
For sure, on horseback, ne'er was
heard

Such pious words to Heaven prefer'd,
And many would be hard put to't
To say such fine things e'en on foot :
So faith, and please you, Sir, I thought
It did not finish as it ought ;
For though we are not in a church,
I would not leave it in the lurch :
Thus when your pray'r was done, I
then

Like a good Christian, said Amen."

The Doctor turn'd his head aside
To hide a smile, and thus replied :
" Ne'er mind, my friend, whate'er is
meant

With honest zeal and good intent,
Requires not, in calm reason's eye,
Or pardon or apology.

But still you need not silence break,
Unless th' occasion bids you speak ;
Unless my words, as they transpire,
A needful answer may require.

Sometimes my bosom's senate sits
In silent thought, nor then admits
A single word its force to try,
And ruffle my tranquillity.

—How strange this custom may appear
To others, I nor know nor care ;
But oft I feel a pleasing joy
When thus I do an hour employ,
When thus, with bold ideas fraught,
I clothe with words my secret
thought :

Nor shall I e'er the whim disown
To give them utterance when alone,
So that my words fair virtue please,
And yield th' impatient bosom ease."

PATRICK.

" An' please you, Sir, at early hour,
When I've been working near the
tower,
To place a tomb-stone on the head
Of one, Heaven save him, who is
dead.

I've seen you o'er the churchyard
come,

Talking as loud as any drum ;
Sometimes, as if in angry rage,
Like Playmen acting on a stage :
At others, you so slowly walk,
That I could only see you talk."

Again the Doctor war'd his hand,
And Pat was silent at command.

" I've one word more," the Doctor
said,

" And I expect to be obey'd.
Whatever you may see me do,
Keep this command in constant view :
If I ride on nor silence break,
If to myself you hear me speak,
Let not, I beg, your flippant tongue
Disturb me as I jog along."

Pat bow'd, and by his reason's force
He felt he might disturb discourse,
But thought it was a curious joke
To disturb one who never spoke.
Though hard the task which was as-
sign'd,

Patrick was patient and resign'd.
Blest Contemplation, oft thy power
Charms and improves the passing
hour !

'Tis in that hour the mind receives
The best impression virtue gives.
For thus with higher thoughts pre-
par'd,

As its instructor and its guard,
Ignoble passions ne'er invade
The bosom thus so sacred made,
While solemn musings calm the mind,
And leave each boist'rous care behind.
Vice, it is true, o'er crime may brood
In some dark, dismal solitude,
Where it may whet the murd'rous
knife,

That threatens some unwary life ;
There treason may its schemes employ
To rob, to rifle, and destroy.
But Contemplation, Heavenly Maid !
By calling Virtue to its aid,
Does, with her pow'r benign, control
Each strong emotion of the soul :
Bids ev'ry mental tempest cease,
And soothes the bosom into peace.

At this same moment, Honest Pat
As if to parley, touch'd his hat,—

But when he saw the waving hand,
He understood the calm command.
Indeed he had a tale to tell,
(And much his tongue long'd to rebel,)
Of murder, robbery, and blood,
At midnight hour, and in a wood,
Which, though he knew not how or
why,

Had just popp'd on his memory :
For he had oft, in ale-house glory,
Told this strange terror-striking story ;
And in his own pathetic strain,
He wish'd to tell it once again,
But the hand told him 'twas in vain :
The signal therefore he obey'd,
To hear what more his master said ;
Who thus, as he pac'd on at leisure,
Convey'd to Pat his further pleasure.

" All those to whom I've long been
known,

Must see I've habits of my own,
Gain'd in the solitary hour [bower,
That's pass'd in learning's silent
And brought to practice 'mid the toil
That oft consumes the midnight oil :
They know, nor do I fear to own,
I often talk when I'm alone,
And to myself declaim as loud
As I were speaking to a crowd.
Patrick, I have said this before,
Nor let me say it o'er and o'er ;
I tell you it would give me pain,
Were I to give these hints again."

Now, in grave, contemplative mood,
Syntax his beauteous way pursued ;
Detaching with his skilful eye,
From this proud stretch of scenery,
Such chosen parts as might display
The landscape grand, or rude, or gay ;
The spreading wood—the awful steep,
Impending o'er the crystal deep.
And many a more familiar scene
That here and there might intervene,

Such as his less ambitious art
To the fair sketch-book could impart,
And graphic notices secure,
To give these views in miniature.

The native beauties that preside
And form the charms of AMBLESIDE,
As they all open'd on the sight,
Perplex'd the bosom with delight :
—Then Stockgill Force, with deaf-
'ning roar,

Did from an height stupendous pour
Its rushing streams from unseen source
Impetuous ; they their foaming course,
Dash'd on from rock to rock, pursue,
Now hid, now open to the view :
When, many a craggy bottom past,
They the deep Rothay reach at last,
And, rushing on in bold career,
Give up their waves to WINDERMERE.

At once delighted and amaz'd,
Syntax now made a pause and gaz'd ;
Though in his visits here before,
This scene his eyes had wander'd o'er,
Nay, here his pencil had essay'd,
And with attentive pleasure made
Bold sketches from this very scene,
Where, with his neighbours he had
been ;

While, former knowledge to renew,
He thought he now would take a view,
And from his pouch the sketch-book
drew.

Thus while his Pencil he employ'd,
And the rich scene around enjoy'd,
Forth from behind a bulky tree
As urg'd by curiosity,
A person stole with gentle pace
And keen enquiry in his face :
At length he grew a little bolder,
And just peep'd o'er the Doctor's
shoulder,

With a keen, forward eye to see
The efforts of his industry.

Says Pat, "Unless you court disaster,
You'd better not disturb my master,
For if you do,—you may not dream
That you'll go headlong down the
stream."

Syntax now look'd around to see
What caus'd Pat's incivility,
Then quickly wav'd his awful hand ;
And as he dealt forth the command,
He saw half-screen'd beside a bush,
What seem'd a brother of the brush,
Who 'neath each arm display'd to show
A cumbersome Portfolio:
And on his dress, through ev'ry part,
Was seen some implement of Art:
But soon he prov'd, without restraint,
That he could talk as well as paint.

ARTIST.

"From what I see and doth appear,
You, Sir, may be a stranger here ;
And as you now employ your Art,
I may some useful hints impart.
I am an Artist, would you see
Art's finest works, pray come with
me.

You may view all, if you are willing ;
The Exhibition costs a shilling ;
And in this stream I would be drown'd,
Should you not think it worth a pound.
Nay, if you means the price supply,
Such as you choose, why you may
buy."

Syntax, it seems, had heard before
Of this same Artist, (with his store
Of Sketches, Drawings, and Designs,
Display'd on walls, and hung on lines,)
Who dees to rival skill demur,
And is his own Interpreter.
So he indulg'd him in his glory,
And let him enter on his story.
—As he the Exhibition view'd,
The Artist his discourse pursued.

ARTIST.

"I need not tell you, Sir, that Art
Demands a power in ev'ry part,
Which should pervade its form and
feature ;

And that, as you must know, is NATURE.
Say, wherefore does my active eye
Seize on her various scenery ?
And wherefore is it thus confest,
That I ne'er fail to choose the best ?
—Because I seek her wheresoe'er
She woos me to her mild and fair ;
Because when she's sublimely good,
She courts me in the wild and rude.
I ask you where is her abode
Which by my feet has not been trod ?
The heights, the depths, the falling
floods,

The rugged rocks or spreading woods ?
Where, tell me, is th' Arcadian scene
With sunshine gay, as em'rald green,
Where my researches have not been ?
In all this beauteous country round,
No, not a spot is to be found,
At orient morn, or ev'ning grey,
Where I've not urg'd my studious
way :

Where, by a nice experience taught,
Each varying, transient tint is caught.
Here clouds upon the mountain rest,
And sink in mists upon its breast :
Here the light falls with silver beam,
Or the sun glows with golden gleam.
There the flood pours its foamy wave,
Or various forms in shadow lave,
And, glimm'ring in the crystal plain,
In fainter outline lives again.
There, where is seen within the glade,
The less or greater depth of shade ;
Where the thin air conducts the eye,
Transparent mirror, to the sky ;
And wheresoe'er the varying feature
Aids the full aggregate of Nature,

My Art can dip the pencil in it
And fix the beauty of the minute.
—Hence my superior works, and hence
In Art I claim pre-eminence.

—There are your Artists, who, in
town,
From gaudy daubs expect renown;
Whose rank true taste will ne'er pre-
fer

To that of an Upholsterer;—
Nor does their utmost stretch of art
Excel the Paper-stainer's part;
They do not Nature's works pursue,
As I with patient labour do. [ridge
They may from some steep warehouse
Sketch waterfalls at London Bridge;
Or study the transparent wave
That does the grassy meadows lave,
Where the New River's lagging on
Through the bright scene of Islington.
They let their wearied pencil breathe,
From crowded choice, on Hampstead
Heath,

Or leaning 'gainst a stunted oak,
Make bright designs of London smoke:
They are in tints so mild and mellow,
May mark out sunbeams red and
yellow,

And study foliage from a rood,
Or a score yards of underwood!
Then their big minds with mountains
fill,

By views of Harrow on the Hill;
And catch, from the New Road so
straight,

The Picturesque of Turnpike Gate!
There's Hyde Park, too, the charm-
ing scene,

Which they may view, so flat, so green;
And trace the ever-varying line,
Along the straight bank'd Serpentine.
Thus, with their pencils on they go,
From low to high, from high to low,

And fancy hills, as they stroll on
The level walks of Kensington;
Where, though it loyal bosoms shook,
They turn the Palace to a Rook.
Some will the Picturesque beseech
To aid the view of Chelsea-Reach;
But, left by Genius in the lurch,
Can only reach to Chelsea Church.
Then, as it were, to crown the whole,
To fill the view and charm the soul,
How proudly they let loose their eye,
From St. Paul's golden gallery,
To view the vast horizon round
That half-a-dozen miles may bound.
—These glorious Artists of the Town,
Will club expenses to come down,
The boast of Nature here to see,
And slyly borrow Art from me.
Yes, I have often seen them smile,
Their fruitless envy to beguile.
—But now pray turn your eye to see
What hangs on lines from tree to tree!
They are my works which I display
In the full air of open day;
And though expos'd to sun and sky, —
My Colours, Sir, will never fly."

SYNTAX.

"Upon my word, you make me
stare,
And I most solemnly declare,
I thought them linen that you wear;
Your shirts and shifts hung out to dry
In washerwoman's symmetry."

ARTIST.

"Not one R.A. has got the gift
To make him such a shirt or shift:
They're first-rate works that deck the
line, [mine,
'Twas this hand drew them, they are
And I declare among them all,
That each is an Original."

SYNTAX.

"'Tis not for me to controvert
What you so boldly do assert ;
But as my eye these drawings strike
They, my good friend, are all alike.
You cannot wish the truth to smother,
That they are copies of each other :
If so, why, surely, he who calls
These copied works, Originals,
Gives such a meaning to the word,
I as a scholar never heard."

ARTIST.

"I tell you, if the copies prove,
(Nor does my understanding rove,) True both in tint and touch and line,
To the original design,
And copied by the self-same hand
That does my pencil's power command,
Those Drawings, must to Critic eye,
Share in the Originality ;
And be the number what they may,
If they unerring truth display,
I say, in spite of envy's brawls,
That they are ALL ORIGINALS."

SYNTAX.

"At least, I think it must be known,
That Mr. Artist, you are ONE."

By these keen fancies render'd gay,
Syntax proceeded on his way.
At length, a beauteous place of rest,
Lowood, receives the trav'ling guest.
And here he found a two-fold treat ;
Hungry, he relish'd what he eat ;
While Nature did his bosom cheer,
As he glanc'd over Windermere.
The humbler views that deck'd the
Lake, [break
The hills, the groves, the farms that
In blended beauty on the sight,
He saw, but the bold mountain's
height,

Which gave the wond'rous scenes sub-
lime,

He sought not, for he had not time,
And if he had, my simple rhyme
Would scarce have such a height as-
sail'd,

Where far superior bards have fail'd.

Now Patrick having fed his cattle,
Brush'd up his breakfast with a battle:
Not such as boxing heroes try
To gain the well-paid victory !
Or where resentment's rage fulfilling
One blood gives t'other blood a milling:
But such as can be said or sung,
By that said weapon call'd a tongue,
Which he display'd in warlike story,
That told of brave Old England's glory !
—Thus he address'd the kitchen folk ;
Thus, with extended arm, he spoke.

PATRICK.

"Since I left Ireland's blessed shore,
Since I the seas have travell'd o'er,
O what strange things my eyes have
seen !

In what far countries I have been !
How I've been toss'd and tumbled o'er,
From land to sea, from sea to shore !
In how much blood my feet have
wallow'd,

And what salt-water I have swallow'd !
What mighty battles have been fought,
Where Patrick did not pass for nought !
How many drums have I heard rattle
To summon the brave troops to battle !
How many trumpets I've heard sound,
To call the prancing steeds around ;
To bring the horsemen all together,
In brazen helms with horse-hair fea-
ther ;

All in bright uniforms as red [shed.
As the warm blood they soon would
'Twould do you good if you inherit
An English or an Irish spirit,

To see a Hussar how he crops [tops !
The Frenchmen's heads like turnip-
How many swords have I seen bright,
And glimm'ring in the morning's
light,

That, ere the noon-tide hour was o'er,
Were steep'd in blood and dripping
gore !

You may not, my good friends, con-
ceive it,

Or when I've spoke may not believe it,
But this right-hand has cut off heads
With as much ease as now it spreads
This yielding butter on the toast.

O what a heap of lives are lost,
In all the horrid wear and tear
Of that same sport which you call war,
When monarchs frown and nations jar.
Arrah, my dears, it does confound me ;
To think how many fell around me ;
And that I Patrick should appear
All safe and sound and sitting here.
Behold those lofty mountains there
That lift their heads so high in air,
Which through the glass my eye-
sight sees ;

O they're so like the Pyrenees !
They only want the Frenchmen flying,
Men shouting here, and there all dying :
Some dead and welt'ring in their blood,
And others floating down the flood.
If they were here I should maintain,
That we were fighting now in Spain :
If they were here, with half an eye,
They'd tell you so as well as I !
And were it, as my heart has told me,
You a brave soldier would behold me ;
Nor I at all, at all afraid,

Or of the living or the dead :
And I now here, I honest Pat,
Would mind it all no more than that." ¹
He snapp'd his fingers with an air,
And sought the quiet of his chair.

The ostler grinn'd, the cook was
frighted,

The barber fond of news, delighted,
Clos'd his sharp razors and drew near
To listen with attentive ear.

But while Pat's thirsty lips assail
The cup brimful of foaming ale,
A cannon's loud, obstreperous sound
Re-echoed all the country round.

He started at the warlike roar,
The goblet fell upon the floor, [door.*
And he rush'd quickly through the
Whether it courage was or fear

That caus'd the downfall of the beer,
Or did his quick-pac'd stride impel,
The Muse does not pretend to tell :—
But as he did from Erin come,
Where courage beats the rattling
drum, [alarms,

Where, when the trumpet sounds
Thousands of heroes rush to arms,
It well becomes us to conceive
That he did not his breakfast leave,
But from that bold and daring spirit
Which brave Hibernia's sons inherit.

The hero had not far to run,
And soon he stood beside the gun,
Where Syntax, with a curious eye,
Guided by sound Philosophy, [vale,
Explor'd, in thought, each neighb'ring
And watch'd the current of the gale ;
Measur'd the objects all around,
As they might check or quicken sound ;
And by some principle to find
This joint effect of noise and wind.
But soon a more poetic thought
On his inspired fancy wrought.

* Near Low Wood Inn is a commodious pier for embarking on a voyage down the Lake.—At this place a cannon is kept for the purpose of gratifying visitors with those surprising reverberations of sound, which follow its discharge in these romantic valleys.

—Again the cannon gave its roar
To every near and distant shore.
When its rude clamour call'd around
The strange, reverberating sound,
Now sinking low, now rising high
In wonderful variety,
Of classic images a score
Did on the Doctor's mem'ry pour.

"Echo," he cried, "I know thee
well;

Thou dost in rocks and caverns dwell,
Or where the crag beneath the hill,
Renews its image in the rill!
There I have heard thee, thine my song
Thy chasten'd notes did oft prolong;
So mild, so gentle, soft and clear, [ear!
Your voice has charm'd my list'ning
A modest nymph, I hail your power
Within my garden's shady bower,
But here, by some reverse, grown bold,
Echo, thou art an arrant scold;
And make the hills and valleys sing
With thy so wond'rous vapouring!—
What say you, Patrick, have you any
Of these same Echoes at Kilkenny?"

PATRICK.

"Yes, Sir, indeed, enough to shock
you, [mock you;
For faith, they can do nought but
Nay, if you swear, Sir, by my troth,
The Echo will repeat the oath:
And if God bless you, you exclaim,
The Echo will declare the same.
Say good or bad, why in a crack
The ready voice will give it back.
The Echo which you hear at home
Does from the pariah steeple come;
At least, so all the people say,
And I have heard it many a day:
Nay this I know, that old Tom White
Has heard it morn and noon and
night,

Since he remembers he could hear;
And he has reach'd his eightieth year.
Now, after all, I see no wonder
When this great gun lets loose its
thunder:

The Echo surely says no more
Than the great gun has said before,
In an odd way, I own, and stronger,
While it may last a little longer.
But give me such as I've been told,
Unless poor Pat has been cajoll'd,
That when a question is prefer'd,
Will answer give to every word;
—Your Rev'rence, I've a soldier's
thought,

Could it be into practice brought;
'Twould give new strength when
cannon rattle,
And aid the mischief of a battle:
If well ramm'd down and loaded high,
The gun its shot could multiply,
As it can thus increase its sounds,
What added treat of blood and wounds
It would inflict by this same power,
In the brisk contest of an hour!
In all directions balls would fly
With such unknown variety;
The shot would revel in such plenty,
One gun would prove as good as
twenty."

The Doctor smil'd at the conceit:
Who would not smile at such a treat
Of wand'ring fancy, which would fain
Ape reason in poor Patrick's brain;
While of the list'ning country folk,
Some star'd, and others smelt a joke.

Now from the margin of the Lake,
The travellers did their journey make
Towards Bowness, when, it was not
long
Before the Doctor spied a throng,
A medley troop, that lay at ease
Beneath a wood's embow'ring trees.

Some slept upon the naked ground,
 With one poor blanket wrapp'd around;
 Scarce shelter'd from the open sky,
 But by the leaves' green canopy.
 Others awake the slumb'ring fire,
 With weeds, with greenwood, and
 with briar,
 Or watch the pot with hungry care,
 That did the mingled food prepare.
 These feed the infant at the breast,
 Or nurse its outcries into rest;
 While bare-foot children, brisk and
 gay,

Amuse the hour in various play:
 And as the aged Crones sat smoking,
 The young were laughing, singing,
 joking.

But though the scene seem'd to express
 The outward show of wretchedness,
 No visage mark'd that heart-felt care
 Had taken up its dwelling there.
 "Who have we here?" the Doctor cried,
 Pat touch'd his hat, and thus replied:—

PATRICK.

"They're Gipsies, who, at times,
 are found

In ev'ry part, the country round.
 All their strange habits I can tell,
 I know these wand'ring people well;
 And I, perhaps, can tell you more,
 Than e'er your Rev'rence heard be-
 fore:

For one of them once took a twist
 To quit his people and enlist,
 And serv'd, a gallant soldier he,
 In the same company with me.
 Though he the Gipsy's life gave o'er,
 Jack Gipsy was the name he bore,
 And here it till poor gallant Jack
 Was laid in battle on his back;
 I see him now as his death's wound
 Ran blood upon the sandy ground.

Full often have I heard him give
 The hist'ry how these vagrants live.
 From place to place they're seen to
 roam,

Nor e'er possess a constant home:
 They wander here, they wander there,
 And shew their faces ev'ry where:
 They are all thieves, as it is said,
 And thus they gain their daily bread.
 When of their thieving folks complain,
 Away they go,—but come again:
 And though the people sometimes
 bang 'em,

I never heard that Judges hang 'em.
 They have no trade, nor buy, nor sell,
 But when they're paid will fortunes
 toll;

And I have heard they can deliver
 Such strange things as make people
 shiver.

Religion Jack did ne'er profess,
 Till he had shoulder'd old Brown
 Bess:

For they ne'er kept a sabbath day,
 Nor are they known to preach or pray:
 They're said to be so prone to evil,
 As to have dealings with the Devil.
 That the weak bend them to the
 strong,

[wrong:
 Is their great scheme of right and
 With them it is a leading rule,
 That cunning should outwit the fool;
 That no one is unjustly treated,
 Who with his open eyes is cheated.
 They think it folly to pass by
 The tempting opportunity,
 Which chance may offer, to obtain
 Whate'er their wants may wish to
 gain:

They hold a pregnant lie well told,
 Is worth at least its weight in gold;
 And their great care is to prevail
 By trick, when bolder means may fail;

While their first wisdom is to teach
How to keep from the hangman's reach.
No matrimonial rites do they
With solemn, plighted vows obey :
Thus jealousy, that painful feeling,
Is what these people do not deal in :
Nor have they much of that foul jar-
ring

Which brings on matrimonial spar-
ring,

In which, when foolishly enrag'd
I fear that I have been engag'd.

—Whenever they are on the route
'Tis well to keep a good look-out ;
An orchard, hen roost, farmer's yard,
Will then require a barking guard ;
Besides, they have a watchful eye
To linen that's hung out to dry.
In short, whatever arts they deal in,
They have a perfect knack of stealing.
—If in those pots I were to peep,
Perhaps a quarter of a sheep,
A fowl, or something else as good,
Might sometimes prove they've dainty
food, [no

Though, in hard times, they'll not say
To rats and mice and carrion crow.

—There's not a corner to be found
In all Old England's ample round,
And Ireland too, where I have been,
That these brown vagrants are not
seen ;

Nay, I have heard that they are known
In countries far beyond our own ;
Where, with their fortune-telling art,
They play a strange, mysterious part.
'Tis said that their strange, gibb'rish
tongues

Do to themselves alone belong.
Indeed, I oft have heard them speak,
But to my mind, it might be Greek :
It is not English, I declare ;—
And 'tis not Irish, that I'll swear.

The men are active, stout, and strong ;
The women charming, when they're
young : [they dye,
Though with strange art their skin
Their teeth are white as ivory :
And with their hair so long and jetty,
Egad, Sir, they are very pretty :
And their black eyes, Oh !”

SYNTAX.

“ Patrick, cease
Your nonsense, and pray hold your
peace. [o'er,
I've heard all these things o'er and
But now I'll know a little more :
Nor e'er shall find such fit occasion,
To confer with this vagrant nation.”

Syntax, who, when a fancy seiz'd
him, [pleas'd him,
Which from some flatt'ring impulse
Did not with calm, cool reason view it,
Whether he should or not pursue it ;
But struck at once, without delay,
To where his fancy led the way :
And now he thought that he might
trace

Some hist'ry of this vagrant race ;
That keen enquiry might obtain
What had been sought, but sought in
vain.

Then leaving Phillis to the care
Of wond'ring Pat, with solemn air
He walk'd to view the motley band,
And thus address'd them, while his
hand

Way'd as a signal of command.
They seem'd to give attentive ear
His unexpected words to hear.

SYNTAX.

“ Is there among you, one whose
age,
A long experience'd, Gipsy sage,



D^a SYNTAX AND THE GYPSIES

Bombardier

Who, from tradition's treasur'd store,
Can aid my wishes to explore
Your name, your origin, and why,
In vagrant uniformity,
You live with all those joys at strife,
Which tend to sweeten human life:
Who want and wretchedness prefer
To man's all social character;
And while industrious habits give
The means in honesty to live,
You breathe in idleness and roam
Without a house, without a home?
What are the means by which you
thrive,

Gain health, and keep yourselves alive?
You are preparing all to eat;
Tell me who thus provides the treat?
The fear of God, the love of man
Do not affect your savage clan;
The beadle's lash, the threats of law,
Alone can keep your minds in awe;
While penal chaat'nings to evade,
Is the grand scheme of Gipsy trade.
Besides, I'm told, with impious art
You play the Necromancer's part;
And e'en pretend with daring eye,
To look into futurity:

Nay, thus presumptuous, seem to show,
What mortals were not born to know:
Yet, by quick tongue and shrewd
grimaces,

And looks enlivening, nut-browed faces,
You raise false hopes and idle fears
In the fool's breast, and call forth
tears

From the poor mope, whose whimpering
folly

Disturbs with simple melancholy.
The circling movement of the arm,
A signal for th' expected charm;
An eager penetrating eye,
The artful smile, the ready lie,
To animate credulity;

Make up the curious receipt ^{cheat}
By which you frame the dear-bought
It is most strange the various tricks
By which you do the attention fix,
Not merely of confiding youth,
Who hear whate'er they wish, as
truth;

But e'en of sober minds endued
With a calm sense of what is good,
Which, doubting, half believing, try
A vagrant's skill in palmistry.

—Is it by systematic rule,
Which you all learn in Gipsy school;
Or, from the moment's happy chance,
You seize the boon of ignorance?
These things I fain would hear you
In a plain way without a spell. [tell
Be candid, then, and no small gains,
Shall instantly reward your pains.]

There now came forward from the
wood,

Where he had all attention stood,
With grizzle beard, an aged man,
Who might be Patriarch of the Clan.
His face with deepest brown was dy'd,
A gaping woman grac'd his side,
And, in quick tones he thus replied.

GIPSY.

"We cannot tell from whence we
came,

And wherefore Gipsy is our name:
Whether from Egypt we have sped,
As many learned men have said,
And thence have Europe overspread;
Or in the wars that did infect,
In former days, th' embattled East;
We have been driven from our home,
And fled in distant parts to roam,
Preserving still our native caste,
That seems by fate ordain'd to last.
Thus we, indeed, appear the same,
As well in character as name;

Maintaining still our ancient nature,
In customs, manners, and in feature;
Speak the same tongue as did supply
Our words through many a century.
We all have gone the self-same road,
Which we believe our fathers trod:
The self-same customs we pursue,
Move on the same, there's nothing new
In Gipsylife, a wand'ring race, [place.
Who know no change but change of
No written rule or law prescribes
The actions of our roving tribes:
Nature's the mistress we obey,
Her sportive tricks, the game we play:
To all but to her dictates blind,
We, ever to ourselves confin'd,
Ne'er mingle in the busy strife,
The scenes of artificial life:
To nought but our own int'rest prone,
We are, good Sir, ourselves alone.

"Whene'er it is our lot to range,
We find a never-ceasing change;
Manners and fashions, customs, laws,
From some unknown and secret cause,
Which is not level to our reason,
Change with each year, nay with each
season,

While we in character and name
Continue through all times the same,
From formal rules and fashions free,
Clad it is true in poverty,
We're one self-errant family.
Like vagrant flocks abroad we roam,
Ourselves our care, the world our home.
'Tis true we do not ask a priest
To grace the matrimonial feast:
The children may scarce know their
mother,

Nor the young sister tell her brother;
But the fond mother's ne'er beguil'd;
She always knows her darling child;
Her babes will find their place of rest
Upon her back or at her breast;

And when they grow up stout and tall
They are the children of us all;
Nor does the workhouse ever hear
A Gipsy child claim entrance there.
Whate'er our lot, whate'er our station,
Strangers we are in every nation;
And though as Gipsies they condemn,
We never borrow ought from them.
We tread the same path o'er and o'er,
Which our forefathers trod before."

SYNTAX.

"Do now, I pray, the truth reveal,
If you don't borrow, don't you steal?
And as your people stroll along,
Do they distinguish right from wrong?
Do they reflect on wrong or right,
If they can get a dinner by't?
Nay, if your parties at a lift
Should chance to take a shirt or shift,
Or purloin, as an useful pledge,
The linen whitt'ning on a hedge,
To mend the rags that hang about'em,
Pray, do your ancient customs scout
And do your younger people feel 'em?
The elder's anger when they steal?
Or do they not receive applause,
When stealing they evade the laws?
Say do you not the trick commend,
When you with hurried tongue pre-
tend,
And ready, well-fram'd lies, to state,
Your knowledge of the book of fate;
And with fallacious promise cheat
Weak minds to pay for the deceit?"

GIPSY.

"I own, Sir, in the Gipsy brood
That there are bad as well as good:
But is not this a common case,
In ev'ry state, in ev'ry place?
And if a Gipsy breaks the law,
He can no more escape its paw

Than any other who offends
 Against its objects and its ends.
 Do we alone then make a tool
 Of those who choose to play the fool?
 No, this same trick is often seen,
 Where Gipsy folk have never been:
 Where fashion's votaries resort,
 Or midst the splendour of a Court:
 Or in the conflicts of the bar
 Where Lawyers wage their wordy war.
 It is not Jack, it is not Joan,
 It is not humble folks alone,
 Who willing come to try our art,
 And what our knowledge can impart:
 It is not the deploring maid
 Whom village Strephon has betray'd:
 Nor those alone, so lowly born, [scorn,
 Whom wealth and greatness treat with
 Who to the gipsy's haunts apply,
 For peeps into futurity. [know,
 —The heir will come who wants to
 When his rich Dad will pass below:
 Or Miss, when her old aunt shall die,
 Whether a husband she may buy
 With the expected legacy.
 Aye, many of the tonish crowd,
 The gay, the gallant, and the proud,
 Nay those who self-conceited strut,
 Will sometimes seek the Gipsy's hut.
 How often I've been call'd to fix
 Attention in a coach and six,
 And where, for what my wit has told,
 My hand has oft been cross'd with gold.
 Yes, lovely, fair and courtly dames,
 And I could mention certain names,
 Have come to me devoid of state
 To hear my tidings of their fate.
 Smile not, for know my art can scan
 That you're a grave and learned man,
 Who knows the world, and such as you,
 Must own that what I say is true.
 —If all, who play deceit for gain,
 Were forc'd to join the Gipsy train,

The world would share one common
 fate,
 And thus its fortune I relate;
 The world would be one Gipsy state.
 "But, after all, how small our gain,
 Expos'd to insult we remain,
 A wand'ring persecuted train.
 Still, 'twould be vain for you to guess
 Why clad in seeming wretchedness
 We this strange mode of living choose,
 And all your social good refuse;
 But that's a branch of Gipsy art
 That nought will bribe us to impart.
 That secret, all which you could pay
 Will never tempt us to betray.
 Show me your hand and I will state
 Your fortune and your future fate:
 But, wheresoe'er our lot is thrown,
 We never will unfold our own."
 The Doctor from his pocket drew
 His purse, and random silver threw;
 And as his waiting steeds he sought,
 He thus in smiling silence, thought,
 "He never may have been at school,
 But faith this fellow is no fool."
 Patrick, unwilling to be idle,
 As he held Phillis by the bridle,
 With half a score black eyes around
 him,
 Darting their glances to confound him,
 Thought, while his master chose to
 trace
 The history of the Gipsy race,
 It would be ungallant, nay wrong,
 Thusto stand still and hold his tongue,
 Which, from experience, as he knew
 He was not very apt to do.
 Besides, here was a fit occasion
 To gratify his inclination.
 Indeed, the fair ones, though the claim
 Is more than doubtful to the name;
 For Gipsy art, as is well known,
 Doth dye their skins in deepest browns:

As a black swan, it would be rare
To see the face of Gipsy fair, [wait
Well then, these brown ones did not
For him to open the debate;
But, having gently strok'd his cheek,
Which was, I fear, nor smooth nor
sleek,

And slyly chuck'd his bearded chin,
Which brought on a good-humour'd
grin, [willing
They jabber'd forth that they were
To tell his fate for half a shilling.

Pat amil'd consent, — his sixpence
paid, [made
And thus the witoth commeno'd her

GIPSY.

"I see, as sure as you have life,
That you have never had a wife."

PATRICK.

"As sure as hogs are made of bacon,
Your tongue is woefully mistaken.
You are a pretty piece of youth,
But, faith, I wish you'd speak the
truth.

Ne'er had a wife, I think you say!
Is that your conjuration, pray?
If you say wives I ne'er had any,
Your guess-work is not worth a penny:
For sure as your black eyes can see,
My pretty mistress, I've had three,
And one, I'll swear it, was alive
This morning, when the clock struck
five."

GIPSY.

"Again I'll retrace your hand;
With keener view its palm command.
I now see why my eye miscarried:
'Tis plain enough you have been mar-
ried:

By a false line I was beguill'd;
But you have never had a child."

PATRICK.

"My honey, that is one lie more,
For faith, I tell you, I have four,
As hearty babes as man could own,
With cheeks as red as yours are brown:
So you your chatt'ring may give o'er;
Arrah, my dears, I'll hear no more.
Go tell his fortune to my Hack,
But mind the package on his back:
For, by the Kings if you touch that,
You shall know something more of
Pat."

He now turn'd round and instant
A quiet piece of Gipsy law. [saw
A female hand had found its way,
To where his trav'ling treasure lay;
And was just taking, at a spurt,
His last new shoes and Sunday shirt.
Thus, when the solemn Doctor came,
He heard his furious groom exclaim—
"Now would your Honour's self be-
lieve it!

My innocence could not conceive it,
That you young girl whom you may
see,

Who's out of sight behind the tree,
Would, on her own ten naked toes,
Have run off in my new made shoes,
Had I not turn'd a lucky eye,
To stop her nimble thievery.
O how I long this whip to crack
In well laid lashes on her back:
I'd make the wicked baggage feel
Full sorely what it is to steal."

This furious sally having heard,
Syntax a short remark preferred.

"My observations shall be brief:
The Gipsy wish'd to play the thief,
And that you knew, full well, she would
If by your negligence she could.
Therefore, I pray, your anger cool,
For, Patrick, you have play'd the
fool."

—The Sage then mutter'd:—"À la Lettre,
I fear that I have done no better!"

Now from an over-shadow'd height,
Appear'd to the enamour'd sight,
In trees embower'd, an object fraught
With solemn sense and higher thought.
A rich and an exhaustless mine
Of what is best;—a solemn shrine
Where learned piety might bring
Its reverential offering.

'Twas CALGARTH, of that spot the
pride, [SON died.

Where WATSON liv'd—where WAT-
Syntax stood still, with mind sub-
dued,

Chang'd from the savage and the rude
Which he had now so lately view'd,
In nature's most degraded state,
To think on what is good and great.
Big with the thought, he silence broke,
And thus the warm Enthusiast spoke.

"LLANDAFF, I would my poor ac-
claim

Could elevate the voice of fame
That chaunts your venerable name!
Does not a nation speak thy praise?
Say, does not grateful Science raise
Those fond memorials which will last
When future ages shall be past;
While Learning, by its sage decree,
Will tell how much it owes to thee!

—But here I pause, for words will fail,
Nor will my utmost powers avail
To paint thee truly, as I scan
The zealous, powerful friend of man:
Who, when the Demon had unfurl'd
His standard o'er the Christian world;
When, by accumulated guilt,
Rivers of Christian blood were spilt;
When we were told that we should
resp [sleep,

No good from Death but endless

That all the sacred ties which bind
In social bliss the human kind,
That all the hopes which Truth had
given,

The sacred Truth inspired by Heaven,
Were fram'd in artificial guise,
The work of priestly fallacies:

—When Sophistry its arts applied
To turn the minds of men aside
From ev'ry wise unerring rule,
Which Life is taught in Wisdom's
school;

When the vile passions were address'd
To root out virtue from the breast;
When e'en the Gospel was arraign'd
And by blaspheming doctrines stain'd,
Or threaten'd by the dark'ning veil
That turn'd the shudd'ring virtues
pale;

When by an hellish impulse driven,
Nations themselves made war on
Heav'n,

As the bold, fabled Titans strove
To wrestle with Olympian Jove;
When Britain, now no longer free
From Imps of Infidelity,
Who dar'd with a relentless hand,
To scatter poison o'er the land,
LLANDAFF,—you shook your mitred
head, [fled!

You frown'd, and lo! the Demons
Your pow'rful mind resolv'd to wield
The sword of Faith, the ten-fold
shield,

Whose potent Ægis could repel
The arrows of the Infidel!
You did the glorious contest try;
You fought and gain'd the victory!
The boon to her brave Champions due,
Religion grateful pays to you;
And while the good of ev'ry age
Shall hymn the Patriarch and the
Sage,

Faith looks to that last great reward
The good receive, in Heav'n prepar'd.

"And if an humble voice like mine
Could in the gen'ral chorus join,
Which gives to universal fame
The noble deed, the splendid name;
Could I but aid the heartfelt strain,
Syntax would sing, nor sing in vain:
But what my feeble Muse affords,
My ever grateful heart records!

"Beside the grave where LLANDAFF
sleeps,
Religion bends her head and weeps;
And Science plants the Cypress round,
To deck the consecrated ground:
While Learning doth the tablet give,
On which his sculptur'd name will
live."

Thus as he did, in solemn guise
And glowing thoughts, soliloquise,
To sacred CALGARTH, and to Heav'n,
His gaze alternately was giv'n. [tell
His hand he wav'd,—which seem'd to
As well as hand could speak,—fare-
well! [high

Though many a fir-clad mountain
Appear'd to court his curious eye;
Though many a rich or rugged vale
That hugg'd the stream or nurs'd the
gale,

Gave to the view the craggy scene,
The culture fair or bosom green;
He rather his employment sought
In the recess of learned thought;
Nor had he ceas'd thus to explore,
Till his day's journey had been o'er;
But Punch ran by him on the road
Friking along without his load;
While Pat, behind, was loudly braw-
ling, [ing.—

And kicking in the dust and sprawl.
The Doctor, rous'd by all this clatter,
Return'd to see what was the matter.

"How happen'd it," he gravely said,
"That on the ground you thus are
laid?"

Pat rose,—then gave himself a shake,
And staring, did this answer make,—
"By my soul, Sir, I scarce can tell,
How I came here,—and why I fell:
But I believe, that, on the way,
With nought to do,—and less to say,
Dulness did o'er my senses creep,
And I suppose I went to sleep.
The flies might sting,—and so the Hawk
Kick'd his fat load from off his back:
For, faith, I think, he would not take
Such freaks, if I had been awake.
No bones are broke, nor am I bruise'd,
By this same fall I'm not ill-us'd;
For in such cases, while alive,
Fat is a fine preservative.

But no harm's done: the worst is past;
I wish this fall may be my last:
Though, in this world, as we must own,
There's many an up, and many a down;
As was the joke of my wife PEG,
Who had one short and one long leg,
And when she walk'd about, she knew
Her legs would prove her maxim true."
Syntax, who was so grave by nature
That rarely he relax'd a feature,
Now suffer'd nonsense to beguile
His lean, lank face into a smile:
Nay, almost laughing, thus he said,
As the thought on his fancy play'd,—
"Pat, thou art full of strange conceit,
And in thy way a perfect treat:
So catch thy beast, once more bestride
him,

And with a better caution ride him:
But let not thy resentment guide
The angry spur to goad his side;
Nor let thy whip apply its thong,
For Punch, friend Pat, has done no
wrong:

And if 'tis just to give such greeting,
We know who 'tis deserves the beating."

Pat smil'd,—and having kiss'd the
Haak,

Was soon re-seated on his back.

The Doctor now pursued his way,
Till night trod on the heels of day :
And when full many a mile was past,
Kendal receiv'd the sage at last.
—Now in an inn, and all alone,
He thought on what the day had done;
That ev'ry day, in its career,
Is but a picture of the year ;
And in each year, when it has flown,
The image of our life is shown.
At morn his journey he began,
And quick the speedy minutes ran,
While all he met or left behind
Delighted his reflecting mind.
The noon and its succeeding hours,
To action call'd his native pow'rs :
The ev'ning's come—the well-fed guest
Content, at length, retires to rest.

The following morn, the hour of
eight,
Saw Phillis saddled at the gate ;
And Punch and Pat appear'd to view,
Waiting in all attendance due.
The toilette of a coat and hat
Was quite familiar work to Pat ;
With flourish and without a grin,
He could make smooth the roughest
ohin ;

Nor was this all, for he could rig
With friz and curl the Doctor's wig :
Whate'er the busy camp could teach,
Had prov'd to be in Patrick's reach :
Thus the good Doctor's air and mien
Were quite correct, so snug and clean,
As in old times they ne'er had been.
—Besides, Pat had his native parts,
And Master was of many Arts ;

For at a push, without ado,
He could put on a horse's shoe ;
With strength could wield a threshing
flail,

A needle drive, or drive a nail :
He could grind knives, or garters knit,
In short, for most things he was fit.
Besides, kind Nature did impart
To Patrick's breast an honest heart :—
He was, from all delusion free,
The pattern of Fidelity.

The Parson-Errant travell'd on,
And found that ev'ry thing was done,
That he could wish for, or desire,
By his accomplish'd, trusty 'Squire :
In fact, for all things that the mind
Could hope in such a scheme to find,
It may be thought, from hour to hour,
A kind and ready furnish'd Tour.
Thus no slight trouble could delay
The tranquil progress of the day,
And all as yet was clean and tight,
Where'er the Doctor pass'd the night :
Though we're not pledged for what
may wait

His progress in the book of fate.

But Pat had a small spice of pride
Which sometimes turn'd his tongue
aside

Nor suffer'd truth to be his guide :
And, in the kitchen of an inn,
He seldom thought it were a sin,
By many a bold and bloody story,
To boast his own and England's glory ;
And raise his master's rank and sta-
tion,

To the first Parson in the nation.—
He would exclaim, his Rev'rence there,
Nursing his pipe in easy chair,
And at this moment reading Greek,
A dozen languages can speak :
And as for travelling, he has been
Where scarce another man was seen ;

Where he has rode on camel's backs,
And elephants were common hacks.
This day the Doctor was a dean,
The next he was a Bishop seen,
But from a hatred of all show,
Was travelling incognito.

A landlord fat, who lov'd a joke,
And did Pat's boasting chatter smoke,
Half-whisper'd,—“Faith, I'm glad I
know it, [it.”

And my Lord Bishop's bill shall show
—When Patrick, who was shrewd
and quick,

And up to any kind of trick, [four
Said, “When my Lord in coach and
shall make a stoppage at your door,
You may, with all habitual skill,
Tickle up items at your will;
But as, for reasons which are known
To his wise head and that alone,
He chooses thus to travel on;
Take care his bill is free from show,
And every charge,—incognito.”

Now SYNTAX did his way pursue,
As other lonely travellers do;
But he did this old maxim own,
Ne'er to be lonely when alone;
For he could call from ev'ry age,
The Bard, the Hero, and the Sage.
From annals of recording fame,
He could disclose each fav'rite name,
And whether in his easy chair
He sat with contemplative air,
Or did, in solemn musings, rove
Beside the stream or in the grove;
Or mounted on his palfrey gay
He journied onward through the day,
He could call forth to his mind's eye,
That bright select society,
Who never, when he ask'd their aid,
The pleasing summons disobey'd,
But did the lengthen'd way beguile
Full many an hour and many a mile.

Whether the heroes of the age
That lives in Homer's splendid page,
Or th' awak'ning names that shine
In Virgil's ev'ry feeling line;
Whether the men of later times
In story told or sung in rhymes;
Whether the Romans or the Gauls
Who pulled down towns or built up
Or who, in far posterior days, [walls,
Call'd forth his *obscur* or his praise:
Whether Aristotelian sense
Or Greek or Roman eloquence
Awoke his mind or turn'd his eye,
With critic perspicuity
To oon their various beauties o'er
And find out charms unknown before;
As Syntax chose not to unfold,
'Twould be but guess-work were it
Suffice it then at once to say, [told:—
That in the ev'ning of the day,
He reach'd an inn in country town,
Which might have boasted of renown
In times of yore long past and gone:
But now a straggling street display'd,
With little sign of bustling trade:
While in the midst a building stood
Of stone, of plaister, and of wood,
Where sometimes Justice did resort,
To deck its bench, and hold her court,

This inn, and as a thing of course,
Provided food for man and horse.
The room which was the Doctor's lot,
Was the best place the inn had got:
No carpet grac'd it, but the floor
Was all with sand besprinkled o'er,
And almanacks hung on the door;
One for the present year, and one
For that which now was past and gone.
Prints deck'd the wall of ev'ry hue,
Yellow and red, and green and blue;
Churches and horse's heads, and
towers,
With ballad histories and flowers;



THEY WERE LOST IN THE NIGHT.

The humblest specimens of art
 Did all their gaisty impart;
 While in the chimney roses bloom
 To breathe their fragrance round the
 And flaunting peony so red [room,
 Did on the earth its foliage shed,
 Then on the mantle-shelf above,
 There was the plaister form of love;
 And on each side of Cupid shone
 The shapes of Mars and Wellington.
 —He, with a curious, smiling eye,
 Viewed all this mural pageantry:
 Then, in arm'd chair in corner plac'd,
 With a soft, well-clad cushion grac'd,
 He bade his host, who told the fare,
 A speedy supper to prepare.
 The cloth was clean, the chop well drest,
 The home-brew'd ale was of the best,
 And Syntax 'joy'd the humble feast.
 The damsel, who, with rosy look,
 Curtained at every word she spoke,
 And might be thought a rural beauty,
 Perform'd with careth' attendant duty.
 The pipe was on the table laid,
 Where Maro's Georgics were display'd,
 So thus he smok'd and thus he read,
 Till nature bade him seek his bed.

The Doctor now was seen to clamber
 Up a rude staircase to his chamber,
 Where by the day's fatigue oppress'd,
 He said his prayer and sunk to rest:
 But ere an hour or two were gone,
 About the time the clock struck one,
 A bustling noise his slumbers broke,
 He snorted, started, and awoke.
 Recov'ring then from his surprise,
 He shook his head and rubb'd his eyes.
 The cloudless Cynthia glist'ning
 bright,
 Cast o'er the room its borrow'd light;
 And, as her borrow'd beams she
 threw,
 Expos'd all round him to his view,

He thought he saw a troop of cats,
 But it appear'd that they were rats,
 Whoseem'd all frisking, quite at home,
 In playing gambols round the room.
 If they were fighting or were wooing,
 He could not tell what they were doing,
 But now it was his serious aim,
 To terminate the noisome game;
 For to these rav'nous creatures he
 Had a deep-felt antipathy:
 Nor would he dare to venture forth
 Unolad, for half that he was worth.
 He hiss'd and hooted, though in vain;
 They fled, but soon return'd again.
 To drive away this daring crew,
 He, with great force, his pillow threw:
 But soon he saw them mock and scout
 Running around and all about it. [it,
 The bolster follow'd, and a stool
 Was sent their furious feats to cool,
 And as a kinsman aids his brother,
 The shoes soon follow'd one another.
 The night-cap, too, now left his head:
 In vain the missile weapon fled;
 In short, the Muse's tongue is tied
 To tell all that he threw beside.
 —At length his wonted courage came,
 Resentment did his blood inflame;
 Nay he resolv'd to cut all short,
 And in his shirt to spoil the sport:
 And that the vermin might not wound
 him,
 He strove to wrap the curtain round
 him,
 The curtain, which by time was worn,
 Soon in a mighty rent was torn;
 By his main force the tester shook,
 And boxes fill'd with sage forsook
 The place where through the week they
 slept,
 And were for Sunday sn'ry kept;
 With hats and ribbons and such gear,
 As make folks gay throughout the year.

Some fell upon the Doctor's head,
His figure grac'd, or strew'd the bed ;
While some in millinery shower
Were scatter'd all around the floor ;
And as they in confusion lay,
Seem'd to give spirit to the fray.
Now Molly, hearing all this clatter,
Cry'd through the key-hole, what's
the matter ?

If you are ill, I recommend
That we should for the Doctor send.
—"Send some one," Syntax said, "I
To drive these vermin far away : [pray,
Send me the Doctor, or I'm undone,
Whomade a poor boy May'r of London.
Send me a cat, whose claws will cure
The noisome evil I endure.

With half a crown I will reward
The beast who comes to be my guard."
Molly ran off, and soon there came
The Ostler, Benedict by name,
To ease the Doctor of alarm,
With a fierce pua beneath each arm.
They soon compos'd this scene of riot,
And Syntax then repos'd in quiet.

The morning came, the unconscious
sun,

Display'd what mischief had been done.
The rats, it seems, had play'd the rig
In tearing up the Doctor's wig.

All discompos'd awhile he strutted,
To see his peruke thus begutted ;
Yet when, at length in arm-chair
seated,

He saw how his head-dress was treated,
When his cool thoughts became intent
On this unrivall'd accident,
A laugh, that foe to transient cares,
Seem'd to burst from him unawares :
And laughing, as his best friends knew,
He was not very apt to do.

Pat, who had heard of the disaster,
Came to hold council with his master ;

The Host, too, bow'd, and bid good-
morrow,
And with down looks express'd his
sorrow :

For though the master of the inn,
He for so many years had been,
He loudly vow'd he ne'er had heard
Such a complaint as this prefer'd :
For none before who sought his house,
E'er heard a rat or saw a mouse.
Pat long'd full sore to say he lied ;
But he refrain'd, and thus replied :
"This is most strange, for where I slept,
They, I am sure, their councils kept :
There are these vermin boasts in plenty,
If I saw one, faith I saw twenty.
But I don't mind them, no, not I,—
I've had them oft for company.
I've been where rats and all their
cousins,
Have run across my bed by dozens."

SYNTAX.

"It is an animal I hate ;
Its very sight I execrate :
A viper I would rather see,
Than one of this dire family.
That they suck eggs I may allow,
That they munch grain we all must
But I ne'er heard I do declare, [know ;
That these same vermin feed on hair."

PAT.

"No, no, your Rev'ence, Old Nick
rate 'em,
They suck the oil and the pomatum ;
And when in scrambling they grew
louder,
O, they were fighting for the powder.
But still 'tis shocking past enduring,
For the wig's main'd beyond all
curing.

—If they could but have eat the brains
Once covered by these sad relics,

And by a miracle been taught
Just to employ them as they ought;
I know full well, Sir, what I mean,
Yes, yes, 'tis true, they would have
The wisest rats, however droll, [been
That ever crept into a hole."

SYNTAX.

"I thank you, Pat, as I can spare
This lot of artificial hair, [em,
But for my brains, no rats shall taste
They shall remain where nature placed
'em.

But tell me, Landlord, does your town
A skilful Peruke-maker own,
Who can this caxon dire restore
To the same form it had before."

LANDLORD.

"O yes, what can be done by art,
DICK RAZOR's knowledge will impart;
A clever hand as you have seen;
And who in London oft has been.
At certain seasons of the year
Our 'Squires hold a Sessions here,
And then he doth display his trade
By combing ev'ry Lawyer's head:
I doubt not, Sir, that to a hair,
He will your mangled wig repair."
Dick Razor came, the Peruke saw,
Lift up his eyes, hung down his jaw;
And said at once—"Whoever wore it,
No art of man can e'er restore it;
But I've a wig, I know will do,
Which, Sir, within an hour or two,
I'll triek and furbish up for you.
—It was a Counsellor's, a tye,
That did a solemn air supply,
When he let loose his hacknied tongue
To prove wrong right, and rightfal
wrong.

But if that wig which deck'd his brain
Should speak and with clear words
explain

How many lies came from that head,
Which its fine flowing curls o'erspread,
I do believe, nay, I could swear,
There'd be a lie for every hair.
Before—the curls are well confin'd,
The tails fall gracefully behind;
While a full wilderness of friz
Became a Lawyer's cunning phiz.
'Tis true, for upwards of a year
I dress'd his wig and shaved him here;
But though he ne'er forgot his fee,
He walked off without paying me.
Three years and more are past and gone
Since the voracious bird is flown;
And no harm's done to this said elf,
To sell his wig and pay myself.
The wig is good,—in London made—
Work'd up by one who knew his trade:
Cut off its tails, and when 'tis shewn,
You'll scarcely know it from your own."

SYNTAX.

"I've heard enough, my honest
friend,

And, as I seek my journey's end,
I wish you to your shop would walk,
I want my wig, and not your talk.
Go with the tonsor, Pat, and try
To aid his hand, and guide his eye."

They left the room, and straight the
News

Was brought the Doctor to peruse.—
With night-cap grac'd he sat him
down,

To see how this world waddled on.
The fragrant tea his thirst supplied,
The triple toast was not denied;
And as he drank, and as he eat,
Wig with the comforts of the treat,
The night and all its horrid plot,
The Wig, the Vermin were forgot:
For while he did his beverage quaff,
He cou'd each various paragraph;

And as he did the columns scan,
Review'd the Epitome of Man;
Nay, as he ran the pages o'er,
He made his flight from shore to shore:
The North, the South, the East, the
West,

Were on his busy mind imprest:
The striking images of things
Were borne along on Fancy's wings;
And, with a glowing ardour fraught,
Hethus proclaim'd each rising thought.

The Newspaper Soliloquy.

What now I read, I well may say,
Is what men hear of ev'ry day:
Of all the paths that lead through Life,
Of joy and sorrow, peace and strife:
Of stations proud and splendid state,
Of what is good, of what is great;
Of what is base, of what is mean,
The strut of Pride, the look serene,
The comic and the tragic scene:
Of those who 'neath the portals proud
Disdain to join the vulgar crowd,
While at ambition's splendid shrine
They bond and call the thing divine;
Or those, who, by their airs and graces,
Their smiling looks, their painted faces,
Strive some gay glitt'ring toy to gain,
And often strive and toil in vain.
The haughty stride of bloated power,
Gay pleasure's couch in gilded bower;
The warrior's spear bedipp'd in blood,
And discord wild in angry mood:
Of all the scenes where fancy ranges,
Its sportive tricks, its endless changes,
Of rival foes, who, big with hate,
Give and receive the stroke of fate;
Of Cupid's fond and doleful ditties,
Which passion sings and reason pities;
Of Love requited or forlorn,
Of faith return'd or mock'd with scorn;

Of fortune, with her smiling train,
Or down-cast, ne'er to rise again;
Or those by fate ordain'd to feel
Th' alternate whirlings of its wheel;
Of virtue to each duty just,
Of fraud, low ranking in the dust;
Of friendship's strong, unbroken tie,
Affection's heart-felt sympathy;
Of hatred's fierce and scowling frown,
And jealousy that dole not own
Its weakful pang; of pallid fear,
Or cunning's shrewd, insidious leer;
Of honeymoons that speed so fast,
They're gone before ten days are past;
Of ignorance that never knows
From whence it comes or where it
goes:

Of folly in its motley coat,
That acts and thinks and talks by rote;
And yet howe'er by fortune hurl'd,
Skips on, and laughs throughout the
world; [save

While wisdom, though 'tis known to
A sinking nation from the grave;
Though she alone can form the plan
Of real happiness to man;
Will often see her sons neglected,
While knaves and blockheads are
protected.

But still the mind that loves her laws,
Whose courage dare support her cause,
Though fools may scoff and knaves
may grin,

And join the senseless rabble's din,
May for base ends, roar loud and bel-
For any factious Punchinello; [low
He that by virtue is endued,
Will win th' applauses of the good,
And more, although the crowd may
frown,

He will be sure to have his own,
And what by kings can ne'er be given,
He will possess the smiles of Heaven:—

If such distinctions then pervade,
By rigid rules, the writer's trade;
Whether in folios they deal,
Or in the daily page reveal,
By reasoning prose, or lively rhymes,
The history of the passing times;—
They who from party views or ends,
Ne'er strive to serve their private
friends,

Or with design'd intention stray
From truth's clear, open, manly way;
Their works, whate'er may be their
name,

Deserve the grateful meed of fame.

What human nature's known to feel
These pages must with care reveal :
What human nature's doom'd to do,
These pages hold to public view :
Of all things that we daily see,
That give the passing history,
The Journalists are bound to tell,
When things go ill, when things go
It is their office e'en to draw [well.
An owl, a pheasant, a mackaw,
Whether of bright or dingy feather,
Or separate, or altogether ;
Whether in sunshine or by night,
Objects are offered to the sight :
To paint as forms appear, the shape
Of an Apollo, or an ape,
And solid, sound instruction give,
Or from the dead, or those who live :
To offer praise, or let loose blame
On vice or virtue's various aim ;
To shoot their darts as folly flies,
And give protection to the wise :
While they as steersmen strive to guide
Each bark that's carried by the tide,
And with its cargo wins its way
From hour to hour, from day to day,
Just as the stream or varying gale
Claims the strong oar, or swells the
sail.

—This task, thus carefully pursued
Deserves the fame of doing good.
Though if their interest gives them
By double dealing to deceive ; [leave
If they the cause of truth betray,
And deal forth falsehoods, day by day ;
If they from any cause inherit
A factious zeal, a party spirit,
If they the fix'd determin'd foes,
Whoe'er they be, of these or those,
Employ a subtle, partial pen,
Not 'gainst the measure but the men,
If they from justice dare to swerve,
I know full well what they deserve.

But if they put no man's ambition
With public good in competition ;
If when the ancient law's defac'd,
They think the nation is disgrac'd :
If when ill ministers oppress
Though a good monarch means redress,

They draw the well-fram'd veil aside
That does the secret errors hide ;
If they praise those who never fawn'd,
Nor their fair honour ever pawn'd ;
Whose hands with no corruption
stain'd,

Have ev'ry sordid bribe disdain'd ;
Who serve the crown with loyal zeal,
Yet zealous for the public weal :
Who stand the bulwark of our laws,
And wear at heart their country's
cause ;

Neither by place nor pension bought,
Who speak the very thing they
thought ;

Who ne'er to serve a paltry end,
To knavish jobs will condescend ;
When truth thus holds the daily pen
To laud the deeds of virtuous men,
And with due caution to relate
What passes in the world or state,
Among the little or the great ;

Th' instructive and the fearless part
Is prais'd by ev'ry patriot heart.
—The journalist, to party blind,
Who strikes at vice of ev'ry kind,
And thus assists the public mind,
To this proud title will ascend:
The People's and the Sov'reign's
friend.

Thus, as the musing Doctor spoke,
Pat enter'd, smiling at the joke,
That he a Parson's head should rig
So smartly in a Lawyer's wig,
The ensign of the wordy war
Which forms the conflicts of the Bar;
That it should now from contest cease
And deck the Minister of Peace.
But so it was—Dick Razor's skill
Had cut and dookt it to his will:
So that the Sage, but for the cost,
Might think it was the wig he lost.
The Shaver a wide grin display'd,
To think the Lawyer's bill was paid;
And that the wig which crown'd his
nob,

Had done this unexpected job.
The Doctor said, "We never know,
As through the vale of life we go,
Who may thus prove our real friends,
To aid our objects and our ends.

—The Lion, as the fable says,
Ow'd to the mouse his future days;
And you, I think, who in this town,
Bear such professional renown, [meet
When you your friendly neighbours
And join the evening's social treat;
When as you take the cheerful glass,
And while the observations pass
On Fortune's or misfortune's brats,
Will not forget your friends the
BATS"

DICK RAZOR.

"While I the razor can prepare,
Or give new fashion to the hair;
While I can smoothe the bristly chin,
Nor ever wound the tender skin;
While I the pleader's head prepare
In all the dignity of hair;
To make, as he lays down the laws,
The worse appear the better cause,
Ne'er shall I from my memory drive
The strange events by which men
thrive,

Nor e'er forget those imps of prey,
Or Lawyers who are worse than they."

Thus Dick unto his house departed,
With cash in hand and merry-hearted.

Syntax, with the meridian sun,
Had his day's journey now begun:
When as the Landlord scratch'd his
pate

And humbly bow'd beside the gate;
Says Pat, "My friend, as I am starting,
I'll give you a kind word at parting.
There was a man in former time,
But in what age or in what clime
I cannot say, a sportsman he,
A perfect hunting prodigy,
Who, as he beat about his grounds,
Was chas'd and eat up by his hounds:
If you would therefore save your akin,
And all the flesh it buckles in,
Look that you keep a guard of cats,
Or you'll be eat up by your rats."

The Doctor now pursu'd his way,
Nor haste was his, nor slow delay,
Till, at the welcome close of day,
He join'd at York the friendly party
Of the good 'Squize and Madam
HEARTY.

CANTO XXIX.

○ HOW I wish that I could sing,
And touch the sweetly sound-
ing string.

In soft harmonious praise to join
Of her who claims a source divine,
An offspring of celestial birth,
And charity yclep'd on earth;
Where they to whom its spirit's given
Enjoy the best foretaste of Heaven:—
For what in life can mortals know,
So sure a balm to human woe,
As that which certain joy imparts,
Or plucks the pang from mourning
hearts;

That bids the turbid passions rest,
And soothes to peace the troubled
breast.

—If Vengeance with its hostile brood
Of stern resolves inflames the blood,
And lifts the hand to strike the blow
That meditates an added woe;

—If Malice, with insidious aim,
Prepares, in secret, to defame
The virtues of a spotless name;

—If Envy, with distorted eye,
Does ev'ry failing magnify,
Gleams hatred on superior worth,
And fain would bury deep in earth
Each plant that blooms with blossoms
fair

Which virtue makes her darling
care:—

If, 'mid this odious group appears
Mild Charity that knows no fears,
E'en Vengeance owns a soften'd soul,
And yields to the benign controul:
Malice the influence kind obeys,
Checks its foul tongue, and learns to
praise:

While envy does her name belie
By smiles of gen'rous sympathy.
But such is not the only good
That by this virtue is pursued;
In many a stream its bounties flow,
To ease the weight of human woe;
While it exerts its pow'r to bless,
By aiding human happiness.
It gives to pleasure higher aims,
It sweetens honour's fairest claims,
And banishes each fretful strife
That oft disturbs domestic life.
It gives to manners social ease,
And heightens each desire to please:
To ev'ry station adds a grace,
And renders cheerful ev'ry face:
As it with changeful charm appears,
Now gives the smile, now dries the tears,
Sees amid foes fair peace restor'd,
And crowns the hospitable board.

'Tis that to Syntax which affords
A welcome not express'd by words;
But which dumb feeling can impart,
When issuing from a gen'rous heart;
For charity ne'er stands aloof
Beneath the comfortable roof
Where Hearty's wishes now attend
To give each comfort to his friend;
Where he may find, for weeks to come,
If he so please, that he's at home;
For there 'tis CHARITY we see,
In form of HOSPITALITY.

Shakes by the hand and kisses kind,
Told 'tween these friends the mutual
mind:

And much warm salutation pass;
Then what had happen'd since they last
Were in that friendly room together,
The state of things and of the weather,

Employ'd them, 'till the Minster chime
Announc'd the approaching supper
time,

A pleasing sound to strike the ear
Of any hungry traveller ;
And Syntax was prepar'd to meet,
With due regard the coming treat.
He seem'd not chang'd in Hearty's
He ate as he was wont to do : [view :
Nor did he let the bev'rage pass,
'Till he had emptied many a glass :
But to the 'Squire it strange appear'd,
That Dolly's name had not been heard ;
The theme of so much lively praise
In other times, in former days :
But now of her he had not spoke,
Nor turn'd a matrimonial joke,
Nor seem'd inclin'd a tale to swell,
Nor sang forth, *Vive la Bagatelle*.
But though he seem'd not over glad,
His looks did not declare him sad :
Besides, the journey of the day
Might check his being very gay,
Though if an appetite e'er prov'd
That a man's hours in comfort mov'd,
'Squire Hearty thought his pleasant
friend

Enjoy'd our being's aim and end ;
(By which the poet's lines express
The character of Happiness.)
And that, when he had ceas'd to sup,
The sage would clear the matter up.

By many surely 'tis believ'd,
(Though they perhaps may be de-
ceiv'd,)

For on what grounds I cannot see,
That, urg'd by Curiosity,
The Ladies look with keener ken,
Than the less eager eye of men :
But howso'er the truth may prove,
This principle began to move

* O Happiness, our Being's end and aim !
FORN.

In Madam Hearty's anxious thought,
Why Mrs. Syntax was not brought.
It seem'd so strange, and so unkind,
That she should thus be left behind,
She might, indeed, have had an heir,
Since she had paid a visit there,
And could not leave so great a joy,
As nursing a dear, darling boy ;
But wherefore should the Doctor hide
What might be such a source of pride ?
She might be ill and could not come ;
But then he would not quit his home.
These and a dozen queries more
Her doubting fancy brooded o'er ;
But howso'er her wish might long,
She knew her place and held her
tongue,

And left the 'Squire to decree
Th' unfolding of this mystery.

The supper done, the chat began,
And thus the conversation ran.

'SQUIRE HEARTY.

"Though unexpected you are come,
I'm glad you think my house your
home ;

And if the proverb says what's true,
Which those old saws are apt to do,
The merry, but unlook'd for guest,
Full often proves to be the best ;
But that's all one 'twixt you and me,
And so with all sincerity,
I bid you welcome to my wine
In which your hostess here will join."

A thought the lady now inspired :
The time was come she so desired ;
The secret now must be her own,
And what she wish'd to know be
known. [bow'd,

—She fill'd her glass, then smiling
And thus th' expected grace bestow'd.

"My kindest wish I drink to you,
And to dear Mrs. Syntax too ;

But why when thus abroad you roam,
Leave you your charming wife at
home?"

Syntax first gravely shook his head,
And then in soften'd accents said,
"My answer, Ma'am, will make you
grieve,

Her's is a home she ne'er will leave,
Till the last summons shall be given,
To call the virtuous soul to Heaven.
My Dolly's gone, alas, to rest,
Where the green turf lies on her
breast,

And as I others teach to bear
With patience the inflicted care,
I must a strong example show
To stem the roughest tide of woe;
But grateful to that sov'reign pow'r,
Who rules the year, the day, the hour,
That he still does my passage bless
With what I know of happiness;
That now I have within my view,
Such warm, such gen'rous friends as
'Tis to my loss that now I owe, [you:
The heart-felt kindness you bestow.
To soothe my mind, to calm my grief,
In changing scenes I seek relief.
My former Tour, I grateful tell,
In all its views succeeded well.
To ease my state, to fill my purse,
I mounted my old Grizzle Horse,
And kindness both by night and day
Was the companion of my way:
And ere my present Tour shall end,
I trust that Heaven will prove my
friend,

That I again shall reach my home,
With prospects of fair days to come."

Madam clasp'd both her hands and
sigh'd,

When Heciry in firm tone replied:
"I prithee do not play the fool,
Nor poke into your ridicule,

To find a 'kerchief to display
Your grief by wiping tears away:
If grief by mirth cannot be cur'd,
With patience it must be endur'd.
Kind, pleasant friends, and cheerful
hours,

Compose the balm that reason pours,
The various rankling wounds to heal'
In minds that rage, in hearts that feel.
If fever burns, if gout attacks,
If the stone with its torture racks;
If your whole frame the ague shakes,
Or the head to distraction aches;
Laughter and joke and wit in vain
Will strive to ease the afflicting pain:
Nor eloquence with all its charm
Can one tormenting pang disarm:
The learned Leech must there apply
His skill and the Dispensary.
But such a grief, my friend as yours,
'Tis mirth relieves, 'tis pleasures cures;
Pleasure that reason doth allow,
And mirth that smooths the wrinkled
brow;

Such as our social friends afford,
To cheer their hospitable board.
I'll turn Physician, and to-morrow,
Will find a med'cine for your sorrow."
The 'Squire's broad hand then gave a
smack

That sounded on the Doctor's back.
"My friend," he added, "never fear,
We'll find you some amusement here;
And I engage that you leave York,
With heart as light as any cork."
Syntax replied,— "With half an eye,
I see your kind Philosophy:
But as I'm with fatigue oppress'd,
I ask the night's refreshing rest:
And, at the morning's breakfast table,
I doubt not but I shall be able,
With all fair reasoning to bestow
What you will find a *quid pro quo*,"

Which I translate for Madam there
A *Rowland* for your *Oliver*."

Arm'd with a taper's burning light,
And having wish'd his host good night,
He to his chamber did repair,
And found his Valet waiting there :
Who did not for a moment wait
To burst forth in his usual prate.

PATRICK.

"Your Rev'ence, wheresoe'er I've
been,

O such a house I ne'er have seen !
I trust in heaven, that no disaster,
Nor harm will e'er befall its master !
O never should he die, O never !
Such men as him should live for ever !
The cellar's full of liquid rare,
Which all who come and go may share.
If in the larder you should pop,
Of all good things there's such a crop,
You'd think it was a butcher's shop.
Nay, in the pantry should you look,
You might expect a pastry-cook.
O such a kitchen for my money !
It overflows with milk and honey :
Nay even puss is grown so fat,
She would not move to catch a rat.
No place is empty, all are full ;
Each servant smiling, no one dull.
Now that your Rev'ence is undrest,
You'll find the bed like all the rest ;
And when into these sheets you creep,
They'll surely prove brimful of sleep."
—The Doctor smil'd, the curtains
drew :—

And soon found Patrick's notion true.
'Twas now past ten, the Doctor gone,
The 'Squire and Ma'am were left
alone,

And while he pac'd the parlour floor,
They talk'd their friend the Doctor
o'er.

I've said before, the Dame so kind,
Was always of her husband's mind ;
And did so to his temper suit,
That such a thing as a dispute
Had never happen'd from the hour,
When they both bow'd to Hymen's
power.

[Pit,
Like Trueman's cocks, who, at the
Could boast they never had a hit,
And this was true—but then 'tis
thought, [fought.

These self-same game-birds never
To give assent and to obey
Was here the order of the day.
For he was gen'rous, kind and free,
The soul of hospitality.

And she knew how to give a grace
To all the plenty of the place.

"My dear, I have a plan," he said,
"Which is now working in my head,
And in it you must bear your part."

Mrs. Hearty.—That I will do with
all my heart. [her weeds

Hearty.—The widow who has cast
Is tired of the life she leads,

Mrs. H.—That is a truth which I
well know,

For she has often told me so. [do

H.—And sure she could not better
Than marry Syntax; what think you?

Mrs. H.—'Twould be the very
thing, my love!

Oh, she would fit him like a glove!

H.—And if I'm not mistaken, he
Would love her to idolatry! [and trim

Mrs. H.—She's of the very make
To suit just such a man as him.

H.—He in his qualities and mind,
Must rank as of superior kind.

I think him a delightful creature :

But then in outward form and features,
Say does he that appearance wear,
Which is most cherish'd by the fair?

Mrs. H.—It is most true, his nut-brown face,
With his long chin devoid of grace,
And his droll manners may not prove,
Incentives to a widow's love.

H.—But who can tell what she may do, [view ?
When all his learning's brought in

Mrs. H.—Indeed, my love, that's very true. [Greek,

H.—When so much Latin, so much Does her approving favour seek ;
When all the learning of all ages,
Drawn from philosophers and sages,
Who liv'd renown'd in modern climes
And were the boast of former times,
When they are brought her smiles to greet,

And laid devoutly at her feet ;
They with his virtues and his name,
Might in her bosom raise a flame.

Mrs. H.—O let him but those bel-lows blow,
And Love would soon be in a glow.

H.—But after all there's no harm done,
Whether the Dame be lost or won :
Though if we should not lose our labour, [bour,

We shall procure a pleasant neigh-
I love the Doctor,—so do you.

Mrs. H.—Love him, my dear, aye that I do.

H.—At least, I think we'll try the scheme,
Perhaps it may not prove a dream.

Mrs. H.—As for 'the scheme, I scarce can doubt it ;

And, if you please, we'll set about it.

H.—To-morrow then you will pre-The Lady for her visitor :— [pare
So when we've din'd, I will attend him,
And leave kind Cupid to befriend him.

The morning came, and breakfast done,
Th' important plan was thus begun.

HEARTY.

"I do not to fine words pretend,
But Syntax knows me for his friend,
I feel your loss, and kindly share it,
And much I wish you to repair it.
For your late wife your grief to smother,

There's but one way,—why get another :

And I can, as I hope, provide,
A comely, rich, accomplish'd bride.
We have a friend within the city,
Who is not old, and still is pretty :
She learning loves and learned men,
Reads books, and can employ her pen :
Admires your works, repeats your name,

And with her praise adorns your fame :
Speaks French, and plays upon the lute,

And will your taste exactly suit.
A Lady's age is seldom known :

'Tis said, indeed, she's thirty-one ;

But were I ask'd her years to fix,

I might suspect them thirty-six ;

Nor would she yet be out of date,

Supposing she was thirty-eight.

Besides she has a jointure clear,

Of full five hundred pounds a year :

The mansion too is all her own,

Which might a Bishop's wishes crown."

SYNTAX.

"I thank you, my most valued friend,

For all the good which you intend ;

But 'tis the morning of my grief :

I look not yet for such relief

As you propose : It is too soon :—
O let me wait at least till noon."

HEARTY.

"What is the honey-moon! The
time

When married love is in its prime :
When all its sweets have been enjoy'd,
And many a love-sick pair is cloy'd ;
Whose joys are not suppos'd to last,
When that fix'd, stated period's past.
But when th' enliv'ning season's over
The husband is no more the lover ;
Then common sense assumes its turn,
Cupid's bright torches seem to burn,
And married folk may then jog on,
As I and my good wife have done.
And faith I do not see the reason,
Why sorrow should not have its
season :

Why, while a Moon for Joy we bor-
row,

We may not do the same for Sorrow :
Why, a good husband, such as you,
When he has mourn'd a month or two,
Should not then seize the fav'ring hour,
To haste again to Hymen's bower :
'Tis downright folly to refuse it,
And your superior sense will choose
it.

Turn the thing over in your mind,—
And then as soon as we have din'd,
You shall with a Knight-errant spirit,
Which I well know that you inherit,
Go and declare your rightful claim
To ask the favour of the dame.
Your speech you, as a lance, will
wield,

Your wit will prove a powerful shield,
And I've no doubt you'll gain the
field.

But e'en should not the prize be won,
No ill ensues, no harm is done."

—Now there's a feeling, more or
less,

Which I believe we all possess :
And, if by reason 'tis controll'd,
May aid the courage of the bold ;
To manners it may add a grace,
And with gay smiles adorn the face .
Nay, in its soften'd state impart,
A gen'rous impulse to the heart :—
'Tis vanity ; which ~~now~~ impress'd
Its influence on the Doctor's breast,
And whisper'd to him to attend
To the warm counsels of his friend.

Thus Pat was order'd to unfold
All that the trav'ling-trunk could
hold ;

To show the drap'ry to the day,
And bring the best suit into play,
To give the wig a modish figure
And ev'ry curl becoming vigour.
Pat thus employ'd his utmost art,
And Syntax soon was trim and
smart,

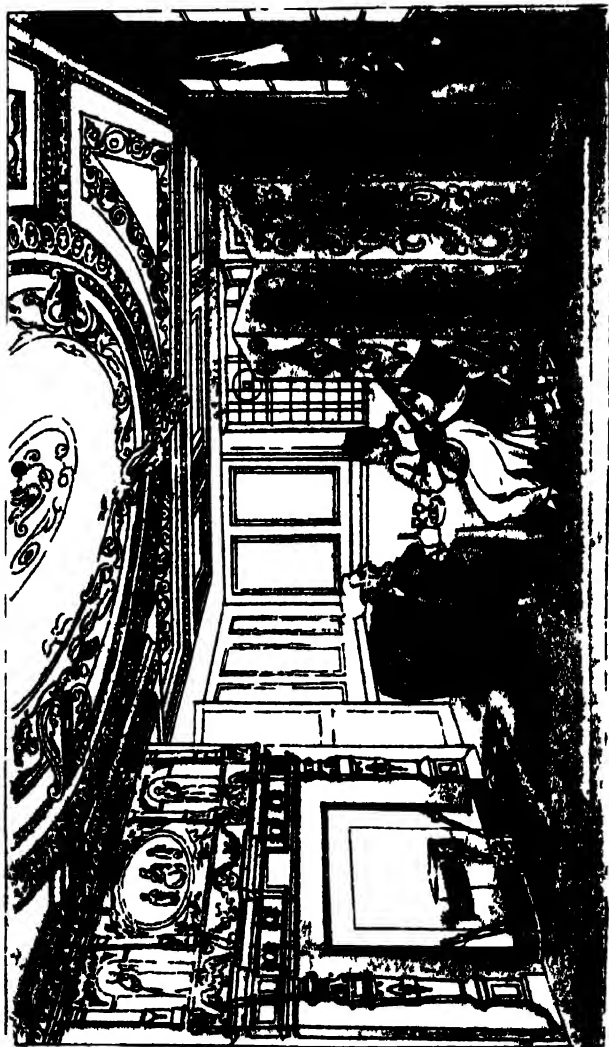
Prepar'd to play a lover's part :
Nay he was as to outward show,
A gay, ecclesiastic Beau.

The party now sat down to dine,
The well-dress'd dish, the gen'rous
wine,

Cooker'd the Doctor into spirit,
And sense of his superior merit.
—The toilette too had done its part,
With every fashionable art,
And yielded its cosmetic arms
To heighten the fair Widow's charms.
—Thus as the Minster clock struck
five,

Syntax inspir'd and all alive,
With humble air, that look'd like
shame,

Appear'd before th' expecting dame.
But while she did the forms prepare
Of who sits here, or who sits there,



Rembrandt

147 VISIT OF DR SYNTAX TO THE WIDOW HOPEFUL AT YORK

The 'Squire had popp'd behind the screen,

To hear what pass'd and not be seen,
—"I see," she said, "that Hearty's gone,

And means to leave us here alone.
I love him well, he is my friend,
But much I wish that he would mend
His antio tricks, his darling fun,
Which men of sterling sense would shun.

On gen'ral conduct we agree,
Though his wit is not wit for me.
But we must let, in life's short day,
Those whom we value have their way.
The best are to some failings prone,
And we should try to mend our own."

SYNTAX.

"Madam, I came, as 'tis my duty,
To pay my homage to your beauty!
But from the sentiments you deal in,
You wake in me superior feeling
To that, inspired by the rose,
Which on the cheek of beauty blows;
And I must other thoughts infer
To please the fair Philosopher.
Philosophy in various ways
Asks of the wise the highest praise.
I mean not that, whose study pries
Into those dark obscurities
Of doubtful Science, where the eye
Is dimm'd by its uncertainty,
But that, whose search does not pro-
long, [wrong;
Beyond what's right and what is
Which you will think is well defin'd,
The moral structure of the mind.
Him I pronounce a perfect sage,
Of any clime, of any age,
Above all learning he may show
Who does this high-wrought science
know;

Who, to all common int'rests blind,
Instructs the conscience of mankind.

—But when we see, though rare the sight,

This happy science shining bright,
And, 'neath the warmth of Beauty's ray,

Beaming around the moral day,
Thus giving to fair virtue's laws,
Those smiles which best support her
It is a vision sweet to view, [cause;
And such as I behold in you."

—The widow simper'd, smil'd, and sigh'd,

And bending forward, thus replied.

—"Doctor, you clothe your manly sense

In a most winning eloquence:

With ease and energy it flows,
And bears conviction as it goes.

To your whole reas'ning I incline;—

So pray, Sir, take a glass of wine,
And, with this wish, I'll take its
brother:— [other."

May we know more, Sir, of each
With his right hand upon his breast,
The Doctor then the Dame address'd—

"Madam, I swear your charms are such,

Of you I could not know too much."

"O," she exclaim'd, "I'm all con-
fusion,

You compliment in such profusion!
Pray cool your palate with the fruit.

—In the mean time I'll try my lute,
And sing a philosophic air,

'Twill suit your doctrine to a hair:
It was but yesterday I bought it,
And I could almost think you wrote it.
I cannot say that I approve [large;

The songs which tell of sought and
Where Love is here, and Love is there,
In short, where Love is every where;

Which, in soft language, teach our
misses

To warble sighs and long for kisses.
To leave it altogether out,
Might be an affectation thought ;
But Love should not, I do contend,
Begin and go on to the end :
Which, for I speak, Sir, as I feel,
And for its truth I now appeal
To every husband, ev'ry wife,
Is so unlike the real life.—
—My voice is slender, and I play
But in a very common way :
Though well I know that to the sky,
You will applaud my melody ;
Nay, if in ev'ry note I fail,
You'll call me sweetest nightingale."

SONG.

Beauty's a fair but short-liv'd
flower,
That scarce survives a summer hour !
Is not this true, for you must know,
If it is not, O tell me so,
O tell me so.

But may not graces deck the fair,
When beauty is no longer there ?
Is not this true, &c.

But when the graces too are fled,
O may not virtue charm instead !
Is not this true, &c.

And should not virtue's power prove,
The cord that binds in lasting love ?
Is not this true, &c.

For beauty's fatal to the fair,
If virtue does not triumph there.
Is not this true, &c.

Lovers would seldom suffer pain,
If they knew how to weave the chain.
Is not this true, &c.

Virtue alone can shield the heart
From passion's flaming, fiery dart.
Is not this true, &c.

And passion's flame departs so soon,
It scarce will last the honeymoon :
Is not this true, for you must know,
If it is not, O tell me so,

O tell me so.

¶.

Syntax, with enraptur'd air
Exclaim'd, as he rose from his chair,
"The song's a sermon I avow ;—
Love I have felt, I feel it now,
And still I'm of that feeling proud !"
—Here 'Squire Hearty laugh'd aloud,
And, in endeavoring to escape,
Or get away in any shape,
He by chance fell, then bang'd the
door, [floor.

And kick'd the screen down on the
The Doctor on the downfall gaz'd,
Staring, astonish'd, and amaz'd :
While Madam, sinking with alarms,
Fell screaming in his out-stretch'd
arms,

And while those arms did thus enfold
her, [her.
She struggled so, he scarce could hold
To keep her still he was not able,
She kick'd him and o'erturn'd the
table.

The bottles, plates and glasses clatter ;
And now to see what was the matter
The servants enter'd, to whose care,
Syntax resign'd the furious fair,
Who with fierce eyes the doctor
view'd ;

Said he was ugly, brutal, rude ;
And loudly ask'd him how he dare
Take such bold liberties with her !
Then added, such a shape as this
Must doubtless be inflam'd with wine,

Thus to disturb my virtue's quiet,
With your love's wild licentious riot:
For had you sprung from all the
graces,

I'd spurn such impudent embraces.
—The 'Squire, who had lain conceal'd,
Whisper'd aloud, "You now must
yield,

Be off, be off, you've lost the field."

Syntax, who had no wish to stay,
Made haste the summons to obey;
And, in a very ruffled state, [gate.
Sought, with the 'Squire the mansion
In vulgar terms, he'd had his licking,
Not with Ma'am's cuffs, but by her
kicking.

—The eyes of beauty furnish arms
Which have fill'd heroes with alarms;
Nay, that the brave dare not resist
The vengeance of a female fist,
And when an angry dame assails
With darting fingers and their nails
The rude intruder oft has stood,
With cheeks all scratch'd and red
with blood;

All this is known amidst the strife
Attendant on domestic life.
But in the journal of those jars
That wait on love's intestine wars,
It seldom has been thought discreet
For fair ones to employ their feet,
And our fair Dame's the first we know
Who thus employ'd a vengeful toe.
—By what offensive skill in trade
Her slippers or her shoes were made,
To cause the woundings that befel
The Doctor's shins we cannot tell;
It must be left to keener eyes
To make this grand discovery, [heel
Whether sharp point or well-arm'd
Made his slim shanks or ancles feel;
And, which is absolutely shocking,
Gave a dire rent to either stocking.

Suffice it, with the 'Squire he went,
All speechless from astonishment,
With batter'd legs and stockings rent.

—As they retir'd we must relate
That Patrick shar'd his master's fate.

Syntax, who with fond hopes grown
warm,

To give the visit all due form,
And that appearance might befriend
him,

Had ordered Patrick to attend him.

The obedient valet now was seen
Walking behind with smiling mien;
But in due time he stepp'd before,
And, having gain'd the widow's door,
His rap was such, would not disgrace
St. James's Square or Portland Place.

—The Lady, who had kept her eye
Quickened by curiosity,

The curtain's drapery between,
Where she might see, herself unseen,
Where she might view with anxious
glance,

Th' expected visitor advance,
In long perspective tow'rd's her gate:
Nor long she sat in peeping state,
When as she saw the party coming
And heard the door's re-echoed drum-
ming,

She instant summon'd to her aid,
Lucy, her confidential maid,
And thus her secret wish betray'd.

"Invite the valet down below
And ev'ry kind attention show;

With all he seems to wish for treat
him; [him;

And with a smiling welcome greet
Nay, ev'ry cunning art apply,

To get his master's history.

What is his age,—try all your power,
To learn that to the very hour;—

His temper and his mode of life,
And how he us'd his former wife.

Now manage the commission well,
Get all out of him he can tell,—
And then, good Lucy, you shall see,
How very grateful I can be.”
The handmaid promis'd to obey,
And nodding slyly, slid away.

Now Lucy had a blooming cheek,
And the black locks adorn'd her neck :
Nor had she been five years on duty,
To aid the toilette of a beauty,
Without attaining, in her way,
The arts by which she could display
Such charms as render'd her bewitch-
ing

To liv'ried gentry in the kitchen.
She ask'd if he again would dine,
Which he preferr'd, or ale or wine.
To such kind offers nothing loth
He chose to take a sup of both :
Then on the board sweet cakes were
plac'd,

And all he ask'd the table grac'd.
Things thus arrang'd, it was not long
Ere Lucy prov'd she had a tongue,
Which like an aspen leaf was hung :
But neither wine nor her gay funning,
Robb'd honest Patrick of his cunning.
And the first question she let out,
Told him what Lucy was about.
Thus Pat, who lov'd his master well,
Was quite prepar'd what tale to tell.
—Says she, in her familiar chnt,
“Pray is the Doctor's living fat?”

Pat.—“Aye, faith it is, my dearest
dear,
And weighs a thousand pounds a
year.”

Lucy.—“Have you in many places
been?”

P.—“In service, I suppose you
mean :

Only two masters I have serv'd,
And from my duty never swerv'd.

I serv'd the King, may Heav'n bless
him,

As, when he dies, it will possess him.
At his command, a gallant rover,
I've travell'd half this wide world
over :

[dzens,
I've drawn my sword, and aye, by
Have cut down Frenchmen and their
cousins.

For many an hour I have trod
The field, my ancles deep in blood.
O these were sights enough to make
A heart like pretty Lucy's ache.”

L.—“And did you e'er receive a
wound?”

P.—“Aye, faith, I've lain upon the
ground

For half a day, when death and life
Were quarrelling like man and wife,
Which should possess itself of Pat ;
But, in Heav'n's mercy, for all that
I'm here quite well, and stout to view,
And ready to make love to you.
I'm nought but scars, as you would
know,

If I could dare my form to show,—
'Tishack'd and hew'd from top to toe.”

L.—“Dear Mr. Pat, you melt my
heart ;

What out and alash'd in ev'ry part?”

P.—“The trunk, 'tis true, has suf-
fer'd sore,

Nor could it, Beauty, suffer more !
But for the branches of the tree,
They're all just as they ought to be :
But for my wounds I have a plaister,
In a most kind and gen'rous master.”

L.—“What children has the Doc-
tor pray ?

And may I ask what age are they.”

P.—“Children, indeed, why, he
had five ;

But none of them are now alive ;

And his sweet wife, our Country's
pride,

Three months ago, in childbed died.
Her death made many a bosom ache
Upon the banks of Keswick Lake.
She thought not as fine ladies do,
Of dresses smart, all pink and blue,
Who strive to catch the wand'ring
Of any fool that's passing by. [eye
Where'er she mov'd, so nice, so fair,
All view'd the well-bred lady there :
But more, who did my mistress see
Saw the mild form of Charity.

—As for my master, he can show
More learning than e'en Bishops know.
What knowledge lies beneath his hat
And the fine wig that's comb'd by Pat!
No, your great church does not contain
The treasure look'd within his brain."

L.—"But what of that, it will not
do,

If here your master comes to woo:
Learning, I'm sure, will never thrive
In widows' hearts of thirty-five."

P.—"Pooh, nonsense, this is all
your sporting ;

My master comes not here a courting ;
O Heaven forbid, says honest Pat,
That he should play a prank like that:
For worse or better, should he take
Your mistress, many a heart would
break

Of dame or damsel round our lake.
Besides, there is a widow, Dear, [year:
With full twelve hundred pounds a-
And what I tell you, faith, is true,
For to speak lies I could not do
To such a pretty girl as you.
Should he not lead her to the altar,
She'd cure her love-fit with a halter."

What other powers of Pat's inven-
tion,
It might have been our lot to mention,

If nought had stopp'd his tongue's
career

Or clos'd poor Lucy's curious ear,
This John-Trot verse does not profess
To tell, or e'en presume to guess.

—But here the upstairs noise and riot,
Disturb'd at once the kitchen's quiet.
—The damsels flew and sought the
scene [screen,

Where Madam, Syntax, and the
The curious medley there display'd,
Which has been either sung or said.
Pat, who knew nought of what above
Had happen'd or in hate or love,
Thought that whate'er should come
to pass

He might fill up another glass :
The wine was sweet, the ale was good,
And jug in hand he list'ning stood.
Thus, while attentive to the rout,
He heard a voice cry, "Turn him out,
Shew the base daring wretch the door,
And never let him enter more."

He heard,—when, with a face all
flame, [came,

Down stairs in haste the cook-maid
And while, with staring eyes, amaz'd,
He on the angry vision gaz'd,
Mutt'ring strange words of dire intent
Of base design and ravishment,
She seiz'd at once, then plung'd the
Into a pail of dirty slop, [mop
And, with a scullion's strong-arm'd
grace,

Drove it full dash in Patrick's face ;
Nor fail'd shewith repeated blow,
And deep-ton'd tongue, to bid him go.
He at a loss the rage to shun
Of this fierce kitchen Amazon,
Struggled as well as he was able
By way of shield to seize the table ;
And in this strange bespatter'd state,
With hasty footsteps sought the gate.

But now 'tis needful to enquire
The fate of Syntax and the 'Squire,
And just to settle the arrears
Of blasted hopes and rising fears.

If e'er a pair of fine blue eyes
Were seen expressive of surprise,
If e'er surprise, chang'd to alarm,
Display'd a face, now pale, now warm,
As these two feelings might impart
Their various impulse to the heart ;
'Twas when his Hostess did explore
The Doctor as he op'd the door ;
And, with unusual length of chin,
He faintly bow'd and enter'd in.
But e'er the Lady found her tongue,
For she saw something had been
wrong,

He in a rather humble tone,
Thus made his serious frolic known.
"To the fair widow I have been,
Of course the blessed dame I've seen.
—You must perceive I'm in a ruffle,
For, to speak truth, we've had a
souffle :

Nay, I have somewhat more to say,
I've been ill-treated in the fray !"
He then told all he did endure,
Declar'd his wounds and ask'd a cure.
—Madam now cast a curious eye,
To see if she must laugh or cry,
And as a smile from Hearty broke,
She turn'd the souffle to a joke. [done,
"No harm, I trust," she said, "is
'Twas but a piece of Cupid's fun :
That urchin is a very pickle,
And sometimes does his fancy tickle,
'Mong lovers thus to make a pother,
To amuse himself and please his mo-
ther :

But these vagaries when they're o'er
Are laugh'd at and disturb no more."

Hearty seiz'd Syntax by the hand,
And said, "I have the culprit stand ;

Nay, I must now your pardon beg,
For bruised chin or wounded leg.
'Twas by my awkwardness I own
The clumsy screen was tumbled down.
And for the ill that did attend,
You have a right to blame your friend :
But my dear wife, a Doctor she,
In all domestic pharmacy,
Will try her utmost skill and care,
Your awkward injuries to repair ;
And by to-morrow you shall lose
All feeling of the widow's shoes.
But she, good Sir, must be forgiven,
For Charity's the child of Heaven.
If we would calmly pass along,
Nor tempt the jostling of the throng,
As in this crowded world we live ;
We must forget and must forgive.
You will by active duty teach
The doctrines you to others preach :
Nor fail to hold up to their view,
The lesson and th' example too.
To-morrow she shall make amends,
When you shall kiss her and be
friends."

SYNTAX.

"Forgive her? aye, with all my
heart,
For that is ev'ry Christian's part :
But no, I never shall forget
The kickings I am in her debt.
And all her kissing I oppose, [toes
She's mischief's self, and my bruise'd
Tell me, that she may snap my nose."

Madam now gave her needful aid,
The opodeldoc was display'd,
And busy in her healing scheme,
The Doctor's feet received the stream
Of oily fluids, to allay
The tumours rising from the fray.
This she perform'd with tender grace,
When Pat appear'd with better'd face,

And, as she did the poultice spread,
Half-tipsy he thus stamm'ring said,
—"How with my master it turn'd out
Upstairs, in all that noisy rout;
I cannot now pretend to know,
But faith I suffer'd much below;
Where half a score of Abigails
Attack'd me with their mops and pails.
Oh, how these furies did ill-treat me
And almost to a jelly beat me!
Do but, your Honour, see my head!"
"Be off, good Pat," the 'Squire said,
"To Anne or Susan now apply,
On their kind aid you may rely.
With brandy bathe your forehead's
A medicine of sov'reign use, [bruise,
That never fails to aid the cure
Of such a hurt as you endure." [you,
Says Pat, "My humble thanks to
But that same liquid will not do:
Though you are pleas'd its use to teach,
It never will my forehead reach,
For sure as North lies straight to South,
Brandy will never pass my mouth.
Whene'er it comes, with gin or whisky,
So near my lips it makes them frisky;
And then my mouth so round and
hollow,

O what an itch it has to swallow."

"Howe'er that be," 'Squire Hearty
said,

"Go and repair your shatter'd head,
Then take your meal, and off to bed."

The Doctor on the sofa laid,
A solemn train of thought betray'd.
It was not that he suffer'd pain,
That he could smile at and disdain,
But calm reproaches play'd their part
In the recesses of his heart;
And when the 'Squire began to chide,
Syntax, with serious air replied:
"I thank you for your kind intent,
But I've deserv'd my punishment.

I have not broke a moral duty
In visiting this furious beauty;
But still it was a boyish trick
Which now I think on't makes me
sick. [dragg'd away,
Though scarce four months have
Since I wept through the dismal day,
When my heart's darling and its pride,
In all her glow of virtue died,
I sought, as I shall ne'er forget,
To play the fool with a coquette.
When I reflect, blest shade, on thee,
My lost, lamented Dorothy;
When I but think how much I ow'd
To that affection you bestow'd;
When by the fondest union known,
You but so lately were my own;
By what dark witch-craft was I
brought!

To cast my darling from my thought!
If that same rape which decks my head
In honour of the honour'd dead,
Could but speak now, 'twould send a
volley
Of loud reproaches at my folly."

HEARTY.

"My Friend, complain not,—e'er
the sun
Has its next daily circuit done,
Again you'll walk and jump and run."

SYNTAX.

"Think not, dear Sir, that I com-
plain
Of what no longer gives me pain:
Pain's not the burthen of my song;
It is, that I've been doing wrong.
I only wish to-morrow's morn
May find no more the rankling thorn,
Which, at this moment, doth infect
With its sharp point my conscious
breast.

Though if repentance could but lull
 My grief for having play'd the fool,
 Should well-weigh'd hopes these
 thoughts beguile,
 I shall not only run but smile.
 But I will now exclaim no more;
 Soon will your friendly meals be o'er,

And though my mind is so oppress
 I look not for a wink of rest.
 I will into my cabin creep,
 And there the widow's vigils keep;
 Who broke my shins—and murders
 sleep."

CANTO XXX.

'TIS said, that children at the
 breast

Will often cry themselves to rest;
 And elder folk may find relief
 From the wakeful hours of grief,
 By talking o'er their cares till sleep
 Does on the wearied senses creep.

—Thus Syntax, when he went to bed
 With his last frolic in his head,
 While shame forbore not to impart
 Some awkward feeling to his heart,
 Tried in all ways, in ev'ry shape
 From self-reproaches to escape:
 But all in vain his pleadings strove
 Th' accusing spirit to remove,
 Which charg'd his guilt as petty
 treason

Against the sov'reign power of reason,
 Whose justice, by its mildest rule,
 Must set him down a harmless fool.
 —"Well," he exclaim'd, "no ill was
 meant;

Law, rigid Law, looks to th' intent
 Of what we do; and I protest
 Were there a window in my breast,
 The keenest eye I should not fear
 T' indulge its curious prying there.
 Vagaries may, perhaps, maintain
 Their frolic season in my brain:
 Nay, I must own that folly's power
 Has thus enslav'd me for an hour,

And did my careless footing get
 Entangled in its gaudy net,
 A scene that I shall ne'er forget.
 But while I dare, Heav'n knows 'tis
 true,

Expose my naked heart to view,
 And call on friend or foe to pry
 Into my thoughts with busy eye;
 Why need I toss and tumble here,
 Oppress'd with doubt, alarm'd with
 fear;

Why need I here all grumbling lay,
 Till the light tells approaching day!
 —O Nature, my complaints forgive,
 Let me thy soft embrace receive;
 Make me forget in thy repose,
 The folly of my fancied woes!"

If more he spoke he never knew,
 As Nature shed th' oblivious dew;
 Then, list'ning to his humble prayer,
 Drew her dark curtain round his care,
 And did to sleep each sense incline,
 Till the cathedral clock struck nine.

The bell was rung, when Pat ap-
 pear'd,
 And fain would have his master
 cheer'd,

With his bright hist'ry of the fray
 That did disfigure yesterday;
 But Syntax gravely wav'd his hand,
 And Patrick knew the mate's command.

For such a tale the Doctor's ear
 Was not just then prepar'd to hear,
 Nor e'er did Pat feel such a balk,
 For 'twas just then he wish'd to talk.
 No'er in his life, or right or wrong,
 Was he so prompt to wag his tongue.
 But he was sent off to new rig,
 With his best skill, the rump'd wig,
 And all the honours to restore
 Which it had lost the day before.
 —And now the Sage, in due array,
 With night-cap white, and night-
 gown grey,
 Descended to his morning fare,
 And found his smiling Hostess there;
 Who soon express'd a wish to see
 The effect of her chirurgery;
 When she declared another day
 Would chase all symptoms of the fray.
 "O," cried the 'Squire, "our life
 would be
 One sad, dull scene of apathy,
 Were we not forc'd, by time and
 chance,
 Our steps to vary as we dance.
 Without these shakes I would not give
 A rush in this same world to live;
 We, without these enliv'ning jogs,
 Should be no more than useless logs.
 Such things, my friend, will never
 heed;
 'Twas a fine woman did the deed;
 And with kind gallantry he'll greet
 her, [her."
 Whene'er it is his chance to meet

SYNTAX.

"No, no,—should I that lady meet
 'Twould give me pains in both my
 feet.
 I do believe, whene'er she stirs,
 Like a game-hen, she's steel'd with
 spurs;

While to protect her pow'rful charm,
 She may wear gauntlets on her arms;
 And I must own, as truth's my duty,
 The widow is a striking beauty.
 For hugs and kicks I am her debtor,
 And no, I never shall forget her;
 But much I wish by any rule
 I could forget I've play'd the fool.
 A distich I remember well,
 Does in plain verse this maxim tell:—
 'In many ills which man endures,
 'Tis Beauty wounds, and Beauty cures.'
 And this same proverb, as you see,
 Is happily realis'd in me.
 The handsome widow gave the wound,
 While to my lovely friend I'm bound,
 By whose kind care a cure is found."
 The blush that ting'd the Lady's face,
 The whisper'd thanks, the curtsying
 grace,
 I leave for fancy's eye to see;
 She'll sketch them better far than me.
 The breakfast follow'd, and the day
 In pleasant chit-chat pass'd away,
 The next, all ready at the gate
 Phillis and Punch were seen to wait;
 And at no very early hour,
 Syntax proceeded on his Tour.
 But yet he travell'd not alone,
 In all the state of number one,
 For Hearty soon appear'd in view,
 To make the party number two;
 And Madam, who perceiv'd his mind
 Was to indulge her wish inclin'd,
 Declar'd she could not stay behind:
 Thus the equestrian folk we see,
 Were now increas'd to number three;
 And, when th' attending grooms
 arrive,
 The cavalcade consists of five.
 Thus they proceeded on their way,
 Sometimes were grave and sometimes
 gay.

--Madam, who rode with Dian's grace,
 Would dash into a cant'ring pace,
 And, as they cross'd a level plain,
 The Nimrod fair could not refrain
 From offering to try her steed
 With Phillis in the way of speed:
 But whether Syntax had no skill
 In jockey's arts, or check'd the will
 Of his fleet mare, I cannot say,
 But the fair Lady won the day.
 "Well," said the Doctor, "thus you
 see

What scope for my philosophy!
 Men only now and then defeat me,
 But women, why they always beat
 me."

--Thus after saunt'ring on their way,
 Till the sun beam'd his noontide ray;
 They stopp'd and din'd, and said adieu,
 As all kind-hearted people do;
 And the York friends engag'd to make
 An Autumn visit to the Lake.
 The 'Squire his wishes did impart
 From a full, open, honest heart;
 A tear dropped down from Madam's
 eye,
 The Doctor bless'd them with a sigh;
 And all exclaim'd, Good bye! Good
 bye!

Life, to reflecting minds 'tis known,
 Oft finds a just comparison,
 In any journey that we make
 For business or for pleasure's sake.
 Indeed, in ev'ry point of view,
 Though 'tis not altogether new,
 Those who think right will find it true.
 --The tranquil morn begins the day,
 No angry storm impedes the way:
 At length when the meridian sun
 Has half his daily circuit run,
 With crowds the high road's cover'd
 o'er;

Some push behind, some run before,

All by the same desire possess,
 To gain a welcome state of rest,
 And if by fav'ring fortune brought,
 We find the happiness we sought,
 Still we look on, with anxious eye,
 To the dark hour, when with a sigh
 We bid farewell and say, Good bye.
 Life's but a journey that we take,
 'Tis but a visit that we make;
 And when we part at close of day
 With the companions of our way;
 Whene'er our friendly visits o'er
 We quit the hospitable door;
 Our hearts the grateful words supply,
 We wish all well and say, Good bye.

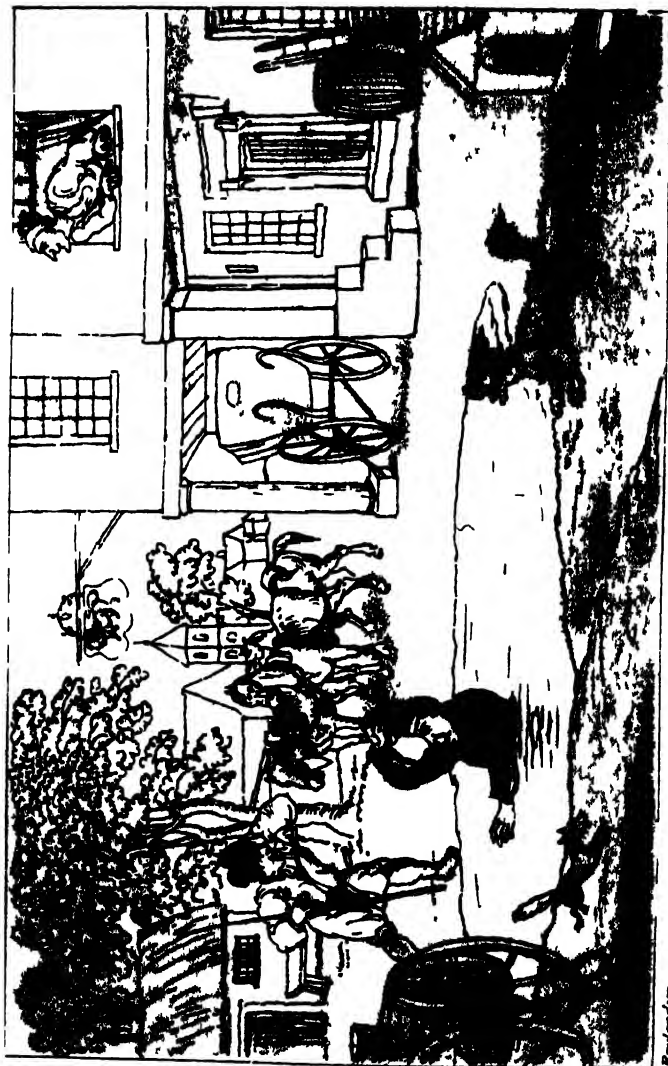
Such were the thoughts that many
 a mile,

Did the good Doctor's mind beguile;
 But, now and then, the widow's fray
 Would some unpleasant thoughts
 convey:
 He fear'd the story might be known,
 And form a fable for the town,
 Which busy scandal, right or wrong,
 Might spread abroad with tattling
 tongue;

A furbish'd tale, whoselies would work
 Their way through ev'ry street in
 York,

Or might a curious passage take,
 In tell-tale letter to the Lake.
 --"O sage Discretion!" he exclaim'd,
 "By Classic Poet thou art nam'd
 The chief of Virtues! Without thee,
 Learning and sage Philosophy,
 And wit and talents rightly weigh'd,
 Are but the shadows of a shade!
 Like vessels on their briny realm
 Making their way without a helm,
 By ev'ry wind and billow tost,
 Always in peril, sometimes lost:

* William Humm about, at old Bradford.



D° SYNTAX AMUSED WITH PAT IN THE POND

Redmond

But where thy counsels do preside,
Where thou dost all our courses guide,
No surer safeguard can be given,
The proxy thou of fav'ring Heaven.
No, never, never, never more,
Will I launch from the tranquil shore;
Unless my faithful steersman thou,
Shalt spread the sail or guide the
prow!

Discretion hail,—I fain would be,
Thy never-failing votary!
Hadst thou an altar, I would bring
The fairest, purest offering,
That my best powers could bestow,
The pray'r sincere, the sacred vow,
And feel that ev'ry off'ring given
Would be a sacrifice to Heaven."

Thus, as good Syntax travell'd on,
He fail'd not ever and anon,
With an alternate smile or sigh,
To break forth in soliloquy.
This promis'd not to mend his pace,
And ere he reach'd the destin'd place,
Where he propos'd the night to pass,
To smoke his pipe and take his glass,
An humble inn stood by the road
That promis'd a more calm abode,
Where no stage-coach or chaises
rattle,

[cattle;

Or noisy post-boys scourge their
But where the unassuming guest
Gets a clean meal and goes to rest.
Here Syntax, soon involv'd in smoke,
With a brisk landlady crack'd a joke:
A steak well-dress'd and jug of ale,
Compos'd the evening's regale.
The country papers then he read,
And Betty lighted him to bed;
Nor would he have unclos'd his eyes,
Till Betty screaming bade him rise:
But when the sun, with beaming ray
Had chang'd the darksome night to
day,

Some noise, he knew not wherefore,
broke

Upon his rest, and straight he woke;—
When as he listen'd, it appear'd,
That he Pat's noisy language heard,
And vulgar mirth seem'd to resound
About the purlieus of a pond,
Where Pat, up to his neck in water,
Prov'd the droll cause of all the
laughter.

He op'd the casement and look'd out
To see what Patrick was about.

"Are you awake," he cried, "or
sleeping,

That such a dirty pool you creep in?"
"Faith, Sir," said he, "they did so
creep

About me, that I could not sleep.
Or bugs, or fleas, whate'er they be,
Their stings have play'd Old Nick
with me.

I brush'd them off, but all in vain,
By thousands they return'd again;
So I came in the pond to dash
And give the creatures such a wash,
That if they wish'd to live and breathe
They would no longer stay beneath,
But all of them from very dread,
Would hurry upwards to the head,
There nestle safe within my cap,
Where they'll be caught as in a trap;
And thus be doom'd to certain
laughter,

[quarter."

Though ev'ry wretch should cry for
The whimsy strange, the droll conceit
Was to the Sage a perfect treat
That sent him laughing to his bed,
Where he again repos'd his head.

A waggoner, in lively mood,
Let loose his jokes where Patrick
stood,

An object which, none will deny,
Might call forth rustic ribaldry.

"I do advise you," said the clown,
 "To let the ostler rub you down;
 And if his brush is well applied,
 'Twill drive the vermin from your
 hide: [wonder,

But where's the mighty cause for
 That Paddy should commit a blunder?
 For well I know by your glib tongue,
 To what fine country you belong;
 And if your red rag did not show it,
 By your queer fancies I should know
 it." [on me,

—"Hark you," said Pat, "your jokes
 Might pass as harmless pleasantry;
 But when you laugh at Ireland's
 name, [game,

You do, my friend, mistake your
 And you shall see, nay you shall rue,
 What a stout Irish lad can do."

—The word was followed by a blow
 Which laid the saucy rustic low,
 And when by rude Hibernian strength
 The clown had measur'd all his length,
 Pat roll'd him onward, round and
 round,

"Till he was sous'd into the pond.

"A truce," said he, "to your grimaces,
 You see we've only chang'd our places:
 But the same honest hands no doubt,
 That roll'd you in, shall pull you out.
 I'm not so easy to be fool'd,
 But since, I trust, your mirth is cool'd,
 To prove that I ne'er meant to harm
 you, [warm you.

I'll give you something that shall
 We'll take a morning glass as friends,
 And here our short-liv'd anger ends:
 But first we will fresh clothes sup-

ply—
 Nor take our whet, till we are dry.

—Now as you drive your waggon on,
 Through dif'rent roads from town
 to town,

Where'er you meet a Paddy Whack,
 Think whose strength laid you on
 your back;

And though you felt his pow'ful arm,
 You also found his heart was warm."
 —Nought happen'd now that's worth
 relating;

At nine the horses were in waiting:
 The morning scene made Syntax gay,
 And smiling he pursued his way:
 But nought he heard or did appear,
 That asks for a description here.

Through the long day he travell'd on;
 The night he pass'd at Warrington;—
 Where, his keen, philosophic eye
 Enjoy'd the highest luxury.

It seems, this venerable town
 Retains a national renown,
 For its superior skill display'd,
 By which all kinds of glass are made;
 And where the traveller, inclin'd
 With curious art t'enrich his mind,
 Will never fail to pass a day:
 The scene will well reward his stay.

Syntax, with eager impulse fraught,
 And pleasing hopes, the Glass-house
 sought,

Where each polite desire is shown,
 To make the gen'ral fabric known.
 The Doctor did himself proclaim,
 Declar'd his dignity and name;
 Nor did the Sage his fancy balk,
 To show his learning by his talk.
 That glass was known to distant ages,
 He prov'd from philosophic pages,
 But did not venture to decide
 How in those ages 'twas applied;
 But soon broke forth in rapt'rous
 tone,

To tell its uses in our own.

—"This fair, 'transparent, substance
 bright,
 Keeps out the cold, lets in the light,



DR. SYNTAX IN THE CLASS ROOM

And when flame multiplies its rays,
Will imitate the di'mond's blaze.
But here's the important point of view,
Without it what would Beauties do!
They'd be but miserable elves,
If they could never see themselves.
How would they arrange their graces,
And plant fresh smiles upon their
faces,
If they had nought but polish'd
mettle,
Or the bright cover of a kettle.
Alas! Old England's not the clime
Where maidens fair may pass their
time
By a transparent fountain's side,
To decorate their beauty's pride;
No wat'ry mirrors we possess,
Which aided Dian's nymphs to dress.
Our ladies, lack-a-day, would shiver,
To make their toilettes by a river.
—Indeed it has not yet been shown
That he who first made glass is known:
Had it been so, he would have trod
Olympus as a Demigod;
And temples to his name would rise
As to those known divinities,
To whom their useful arts have given
A place within the Poet's Heaven:
Though," he exclaim'd, "it doth ap-
pear,
Each Glass-house is his temple here,
Where Art and Commerce doth com-
bine
In gratitude and praise to join."
Syntax now wish'd to try his skill
In forming some neat utensil;
When ev'ry part was duly fitted,
And to his hand the tube submitted;
The strict directions he obey'd,
And something like a bottle made.
Patrick too was prepar'd to blow
A shape, tho' what he did not know;

But while he did apply his art,
A funny workman twitch'd a part,
Which modish modesty would blame
If I propos'd to guess the name;
So that by some strange jerk uncouth,
Pat drew the flame into his mouth.
And while he amus'd the people round
him,
By spitting, kicking, and confounding,
He scarce escap'd the sad disaster
Of setting fire to his master.
—All were well pleased but Pat who
swore
He never swallow'd fire before,
And was glass blown by such a whim,
It never should be blown by him.
Having increas'd his stock and store
Of various scientific lore,
The Doctor took his leave gay-hearted,
And for his destin'd route departed.
His way tow'rd's Chester he pursued,
And, with exploring thought review'd
The great exertions which were made
By human art, inspir'd by trade;
And where improving science shows
How much man's pregnant genius
owes [tends
To commerce, whose vast power ex-
tend to the world's remotest ends,
And in succession brings to view
Whate'er the hands of man can do.
—Nature expects mankind should
share,
The duties of the public care;
Who's born for sloth? To some we
find [sign'd;
The plough-share's annual task as-
some at the sounding anvil glow,
Some the swift-gliding shuttle throw;
Some studious of the wind and tide,
From Pole to Pole our commerce guide;
Some, taught by industry, impart
With hands and feet the works of art;

While some of genius more refin'd,
 With head and tongue assist mankind:
 Each, aiming at one common end,
 Proves to the whole a needful friend.
 In ev'ry rank, or great or small,
 'Tis Industry supports us all.

Thus as he mus'd, kind chance bestow'd,

Which sometimes happens on the road,
 A brisk companion, cheerful, gay,
 Form'd to amuse the loit'ring way.
 They first convers'd about the weather,
 But, as they trotted on together,
 More serious topics soon prevail,
 Nor did the lib'ral converse fail:
 Of Chester's city they talk'd o'er,
 The history in times of yore;
 Its different changes they relate,
 And what compos'd its present state.
 The Doctor also wish'd to see
 What in its near vicinity
 Might reason's curious wish invite
 With the fair promise of delight.
 "Oh! Eaton-Hall," it was replied,
 "Is now become the country's pride;
 And pardon me, if I should say,
 A want of taste you will betray,
 If you should Cheshire leave nor see
 That scene of splendid dignity,
 Where, as all around can tell,
 Rank, Opulence, and Virtue dwell:
 Whose noble owner all revere,
 Our constant toast, the Peerless Peer."

SYNTAX.

"Much it delights me when I'm told
 Of those who highest stations hold,
 And, midst their grandeur when we view

The highest rank of Virtue too;
 Who all ignoble actions scorn,
 Whose conduct proves them nobly born,

And well maintain their ancient name,
 By virtue and unblemish'd fame:—
 But such who great and good combine,

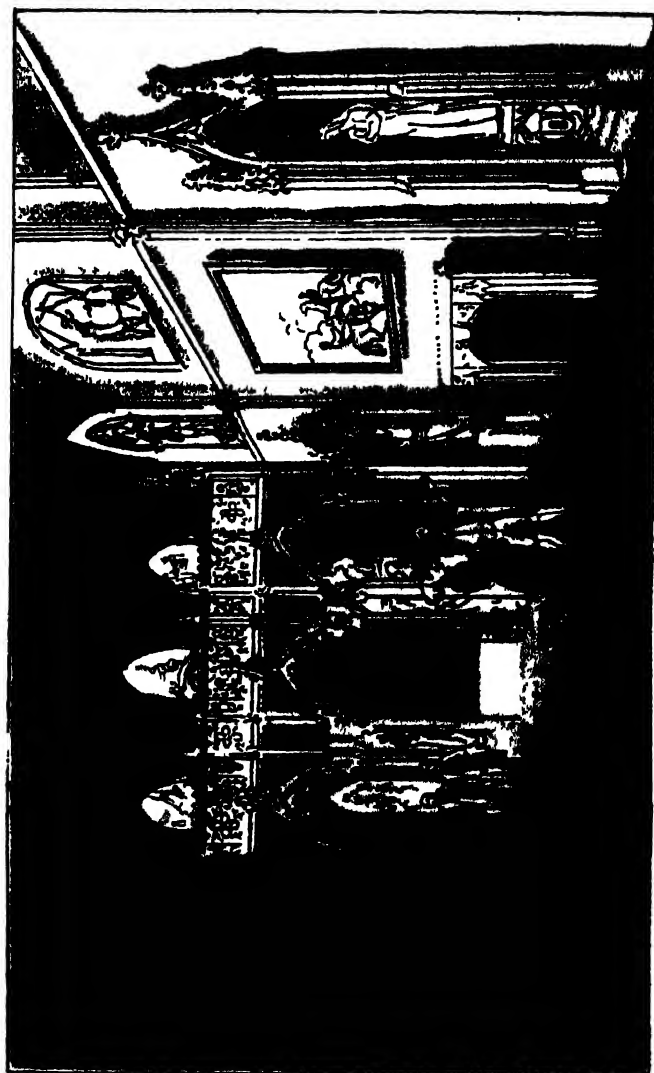
May claim an higher praise than mine.
 —The name, indeed, by birth descends,

But Honour on themselves depends,
 The Coronet will never hide
 Presuming ignorance and pride.
 Learning by study must be won;
 'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son:
 Superior worth high rank requires,
 For that mankind revere their sires:
 But if by false ambition led,
 In honour's paths they cease to tread,
 The ancient merits of their race
 Serve but to heighten their disgrace."

Thus, as the conversation past,
 To Chester's walls they came at last;
 And thus the Doctor's trav'ling friend
 Address'd him at the City's end.
 "In this fam'd town I office bear,
 Nay, I'm of some importance there,
 An Alderman, who has been Mayor:
 And I shall feel it, Sir, a pride,
 Through ev'ry part to be your guide;
 Then readily obey your call
 To wait on you to Eaton Hall:
 For much I wish to hear you trace
 The sumptuous beauties of the place.
 I was not born in arts to trudge,
 But still I knew enough to judge
 When scientific men display
 Their knowledge in that pleasing way
 Which has delighted me to-day."

Syntax most willing to receive
 The proffer'd kindness, took his leave.
 —The morrow came, — the city view'd,
 To Eaton they their way pursued,
 Where the Sage trac'd with prying
 eye;

The architectural pageantry



That taste and skill and labour'd art
Had work'd and wrought in ev'ry
part :

When with fond admiration fraught
He thus express'd each rising thought.

" Much it delights my mind to read
Of dauntless and heroic deed,
Where the historian's words record
The patriot valour of the sword :
And, when the bloody field was done,
What banner mark'd the glory won,
Which honour order'd to be worn,
A sacred badge, by sons unborn.
But more it joys me when I see,
(Long past the Age of Chivalry,)
Fair virtue change its helmed face,
For ev'ry soft, domestic grace,
And all the fire of martial strife
Yield to the charities of life.

—Thus as I view the pictur'd wall,
Th' historic page of Eaton-Hall,
I see *the one*, where Cressy's fame
Gives splendour to a Grosvenor's name;
The other, in a milder sound,
Is heard from all the country round.

" I measure with admiring eye
The lapse of Ages long pass'd by,
From the old time when ev'ry throne
Did a stern royal warrior own :
When the stain'd sword all respite
spurn'd,

And seldom to its sheath return'd :
When ceaseless battle strew'd the
plain [alain;
With mangled forms of thousands
And efforts of contending might
The balance held 'twixt wrong and
right.

But reason, by experience taught,
The reign of law and justice sought,
And though, at times, the spear would
show

The foreign or domestic foe,

Learning and science gave their aid,
While mild religion, heav'nly maid,
Was lov'd, was cherish'd, and
obey'd,

And laws and manners more refined
Chastus'd and purified the mind.
But all the thanks my voice can give
To Heaven I offer, that I live,
In these fair after days, when peace
Has bid each warring age to cease ;
When men prefer the joys of home,
To ev'ry eager wish to roam,
Where honour doth its harvest yield
Of carnage in the tented field ;
When battle is reluctant sought,
But when compell'd is bravely fought,
To save the land from foreign foes,
Domestic tumults to oppose ;
In ev'ry country to disown
A tyrant pow'r however shown,
And guard the freedom of our own.

" But if I'm heard thus to prefer
Our present modes and character,
You well might ask me why I praise
What bears the shape of other days,
When arts, of ancient Greece the
boast,

Were in the gloomy ages lost ;
And why we see this palace rise
Like those a Monkish time supplies ?
Or rather why we do not see
Palladian art and symmetry ?
Why from the solid, simple base
Springs not the column's Attic grace ?
Why trails not with a flowing ease
The curling foliage o'er the frieze ?
And chaste relieves lay before you
Some fancied or historic story ?
Why many a God and Goddess pure,
Half given to view and half obscure,
Does not by some fam'd sculptor's
skill,

The niche's well plac'd conserve all ?

While urns, with well-wrought decoration,
On balustrades assume their station;
And festoons wave in flow'ry show,
To grace the intervals below.—
All this, good Sir, is pretty reas'ning,
And to the subject gives a sens'ning;
But my old taste and ancient pride
Thus argues on the other side.

"I think that it should be the aim
Of families of ancient name,
Never, from fashion, to transfer
Their long establish'd character;
Nor e'er blot from th' historic eye,
One page that tells their ancestry,
But still involve with modern state,
Some figure of their ancient date,
That they whose grandsires' honours
shine

In holy wars of Palestine;
Or, in their glitt'ring armour steel'd,
Wav'd the bright sword in Cressy's
field,
Should still with ancient pride adorn
The mansions where their sires were
born.

And if old Time's destroying power
Has shaken ancient hall or bower,
The new rais'd structure should dis-
pense

The style of old magnificence:
The grandeur of a former age
Should still the wond'ring eye engage,
And the last Heir be proud to raise
A mansion as of former days.
The Hero helm'd or bearded Lord
With warlike or with civil sword,
Dar'd foreign foes, or kept in awe
Th' unruly by the power of law;
But though with manners more refin'd,
Which soften and enlarge the mind,
The last successor claims the praise,
For virtue in these later days,

Still as his embow'd roofs he sees,
And walls bedeck'd with traceries;
Windows with rainbow colours bright,
With many a fancied symbol dight;
And when he views the turrets rise
In bold irregularities;
He feels what no Corinthian pile
Would tell, though of the richest
style,

[Sages,
That Warriors, Statesmen, learned
Had borne his name in former ages,
While he, by ev'ry virtue known,
Does honour to it in his own."

With all the learned Doctor said
And the just thoughts he had dis-
play'd,
The Alderman was so delighted,
The Sage to dinner he invited,
Who sometimes grave and sometimes
gay,

[day.
Charm'd his kind host throughout the
—The next, it was his lot to see
The pleasant town of Shrewsbury,
And ere the journeying morrow clos'd,
He Ludlow reach'd, where he repos'd;
And here, perhaps, it might be
thought

Historic fancies would be sought;
That Syntax, culling from the lore
Of ages long since past and o'er,
The deeds and names that give renown
To this once warlike, princely town,
Would trace its ancient pedigree,
When Roger of Montgomery
The castle rais'd, whose ruins now
Nod o'er the lofty verdant brow,
And ask the pencil to display
The picture of its proud decay.
But no, thoughts of another kind
Arose in his corrupter'd mind.
This was the scene where Milton's
powers

Awaken'd the Dramatic hours,

Where Nobles and fair Dames array'd,
In due theatric stole, display'd
The Magic scenes, in wood and dell,
Where Comus work'd his wicked spell,
While, guarded by protecting Heaven,
To Virtue is the triumph given,
With fancy working on his thought,
At early morn the brow he sought,
And calmly stretching him along,
Aloud he read th' immortal song
Beneath the walls, where Milton's
voice

Had taught the Echoes to rejoice.

—Thus in enthusiast dream

The Drama's various figures seem
To pass, in all the scenic show,
That grac'd, so many years ago,
The painted hall, where great and
good [stow'd ;

The praise such verse demands be-
And to the Mask with loud acclaim,
Give the due meed of early fame.*

—But Syntax, as he musing lay
And thought the passing time away,
Felt an oblivious spirit creep
O'er his 'rapt sense, and sunk to sleep;
And how long he would there havelaid,
Into this torpid state betray'd,
As by no proof it can be shown,
To my dull muse remains unknown.

—But Pat, who had his master miss'd,
Could not his curious wish resist,
To take a stroll and play the scout,
Pace the old castle round about,
In hopes that he should find him out.

* This Mask was performed at Ludlow Castle in the year 1834, before the Earl of Bridgewater, then President of Wales, an office since abolished. The principal parts were performed by Lord Brankley, Mr. Egerton, and Lady Alice Egerton.—The Poem is supposed to have been occasioned by the two brothers having lost their sister in returning to the castle through the woods in Oakley Park.

When at his length he saw him laid,
He would have thought that he were
Had not the music of his nose [dead,
Made known that it was but a dose.
Here Patrick thought it right to wake
him,
And his rude hands began to shake
him.

The Doctor rose with wild surprise,
First shook his head, then rubb'd his
eyes,

And several minutes pass'd, before
Reflection did his sense restore.

His mouth gap'd wide, a sigh he
fetch'd,

In various forms his arms he stretch'd,
And when he felt himself awake,
He view'd the scene, and thus he spake.

"To be by local impulse mov'd,
I oft have thought but never prov'd,
Until I Milton's Comus read

Beneath the walls where it was bred :
Thus would you woo the Muse of Gray,
It should be by the church-yard way.

Say, do you seek to charm the time,
In chaunting Pope's melodious rhyme,
Go wander midst the forest groves
Which the chaste Muse of Windsor
loves :

Or would you feel dramatic rage
In pond'ring over Shakespeare's page,
You should pursue th' awak'ning
theme,

On the green banks of Avon's stream.

—When the sun's soft declining light
Has yielded to the shades of night,
Then the more pensive hours prolong
O'er the inspired verse of Young,
Poet and Saint, to whom were given
These sacred names of North and
Heaven."

Patrick, who did not feel the same
His Master made with Pagans,

Nor what his active brain was brewing
Upon a bank and 'neath a ruin,
Conducted him with wond'ring grin,
And brought him mutt'ring to the inn.
—Whether it happen'd that the
ground,

Where Syntax lay in sleep profound,
Was moist with dew, or sunny ray
Did an unwholesome heat convey,
It was not long e'er he complain'd
That both his arms and back were
pain'd ;

While a dull, dizzy something shed
Its drowsy influence o'er his head ;
But when a shiv'ring fit came on,
He thought that something must be
And Pat was sent off in a trice [done,
To bring at once the best advice.
The Doctor came with solemn face,
And heard the patient state his case.
His hand was felt, the pulse beat high,
The tongue was pale, the mouth was
dry ;

When Galen spoke, " Upon my word
A grievous cold has been incurr'd ;
But gentle sweats I trust will cure
The fev'rish heats which you endure.
An ague threatens, but I hope
A mild puke will that evil stop :
A most precipitate attack
Disturbs the region of the back :
But a strong stimulating plaster
Will rid you soon of that disaster.
A bed, good Sir, I recommend
To aid th' effects that I intend.
With op'ning draught I shall begin
Just to prepare the way within :
The powders sent will then restore
The native fluids to each pore,
When perspiration may return,
And the dry skin no longer burn.
I will another visit pay,
And see you at the close of day."

But e'er the Doctor came again
Poor Syntax felt increase of pain :
And now was added with the rest
An inflammation of the breast ;
Bleeding he therefore must apply
As a specific remedy.

Galen the pointed lancet drew ;
The vein was pierc'd, the blood outflow,
While the brain teem'd with fancies
light [night.
Through the slow progress of the
When the morn came, the patient
doz'd,

A blister therefore was propos'd,
And cooling draughts in plenty fol-
low'd, [low'd ;
Which the reluctant Doctor swal-
Though he declar'd and almost swore
That live or die, he'd take no more.
At length the pains forsook his head,
On the fourth morn he left his bed,
And thus employ'd his well known
power

Of reas'ning on the passing hour.

" The lib'ral callings all agree
Are Physic, Law, Divinity ;
And he who can combine them all
To be obedient to his call,
Will have fulfill'd th' ambitious plan
To be a truly learned man.
DIVINITY I may profess ;
That from my title I possess :
Of PHYSIC I have got my fill,
As will appear by Doctor's bill,
And I shall then by legal deed,
Ere on my journey I proceed,
With grave as well as just intent,
Make my last will and testament :
For once, at least, then I shall be
LAW, PHYSIC, and DIVINITY."

—A Lawyer now was to be found :
And where's the fruitful spot of
ground,



DR SYNTAX MAKING HIS WILL

Reverend

Where our experience doth not show
That such a spreading plant will grow,
And where his dwelling is not known
As the best house in any town.
The Attorney came, a figure grave,
And Syntax his instructions gave.
—As the period is uncertain [tain
When death may draw the sable cur-
That shuts out man from all the strife,
The joys, or casualties of life ;]
He has a duty to fulfil,
A solemn one, to make his will :
And on my prudence 'tis a blot,
That I this duty have forgot.
But Heaven has just now pleas'd to
give
Some hints, that I may cease to live ;
And that the same destroyer Death,
May rob me of my vital breath,
When health, and strength, and pleasure
flout it,
And I, perhaps, least think about it :
Then thus, Sir, let your active quill,
Sketch out the purpose of my will.
—My name, and titles, and abode,
You'll state in form and legal mode.
And then, in order due, proceed
To trace this mortuary deed.
MY SOUL I give to him who gave it,
Trusting his pard'ning Grace to save
As for my body, may it lay [it.
Where my wife moulders in decay,
And wait with her the judgment day.
For any injury I have done
(Though I do not remember one,) I ask
that pardon to be given, [ven.
Which I myself may hope from Hea-
—And by this will it is intended
An hundred pounds may be expended
In some neat, useful piece of plate,
That might a side-board decorate,
And be by 'Squire Hearty view'd
As a small mark of gratitude.

—And as I cannot name a foe,
I have no pardon to bestow,
Unless a certain widow's breast
Should be of enmity possess,— [rest :
My friend, 'Squire Hearty, knows the
If so, I ask the 'Squire to buy
A ring or tonish fantasy,
And to the Widow Hopeful give it,
If she will with good grace receive it ;
But both as to the mode and measure,
I leave it to the 'Squire's pleasure ;
And my executor will pay
What he demands without delay.
My books I give unto my friend,
Thelearn'd and Rev'rend Doctor Bend :
And when he dies, that store of know-
ledge
He will bequeath unto his college,
To which we both must owe, we owe
The better part of all we know.
To the wise FUND that's rais'd in aid
Of those who in the writing trade,
Though they empty all their sculls,
Obtain but scanty belly-fulls,
I give two hundred pounds, and wish
I could throw more into the dish.
—Ah ! no one better knows than me
The toil and painful drudgery
Of those, whose fortune 'tis to rule
With birchen rod the thankless school !
And shameful 'tis when they're bereft
Of due support, and often left
On casual bounty to assuage
The sorrows of neglected age ;
Though they by whom the mind's en-
dued
With earliest thoughts of what is good ;
They who the infant nation rear,
Demand the full-grown nation's care.
Three hundred pounds I leave to be
My mite thrown in their treasury,
Who form'd the generous scheme to aid,
The schoolmaster's ungrateful trade."

He gave his psalm-books to the singers,
Nor did forget the parish ringers :
The clerk, the sexton, and the poor,
Had some kind portion of his store.
To the Divine, who should succeed,
The flock which he had fed, to feed,
He gave his gown, his scarf, and cas-
sock,
And to his wife, dear Dolly's hassock.

At length the residue he left,
When he should be of life bereft,
To 'Squire Worthy's free control,
To whom, indeed, he ow'd the whole.
The Doctor came to bring his bill,
And was a witness to the will.—
Thus, having done this solemn deed,
Syntax did on his way proceed.

CANTO XXXI.

SOME I have known, who did not
dare

To make their wills from very fear ;
Alarm'd lest the dread hand of fate
Should on the ceremony wait :
But Syntax, we must ne'er suppose
Was govern'd by such whims as those.
He knew that all life's seasons tend
To bring us nearer to our end :
By good alone that we're prepar'd,
To gain our last, our great reward ;
For which alone, by gracious Heaven,
To man the boon of life was given.
'Twas here he let the matter rest,
Of no untimely fear possess'd,
Though grumbling at the Doctor's bill,
But quite contented with his will.

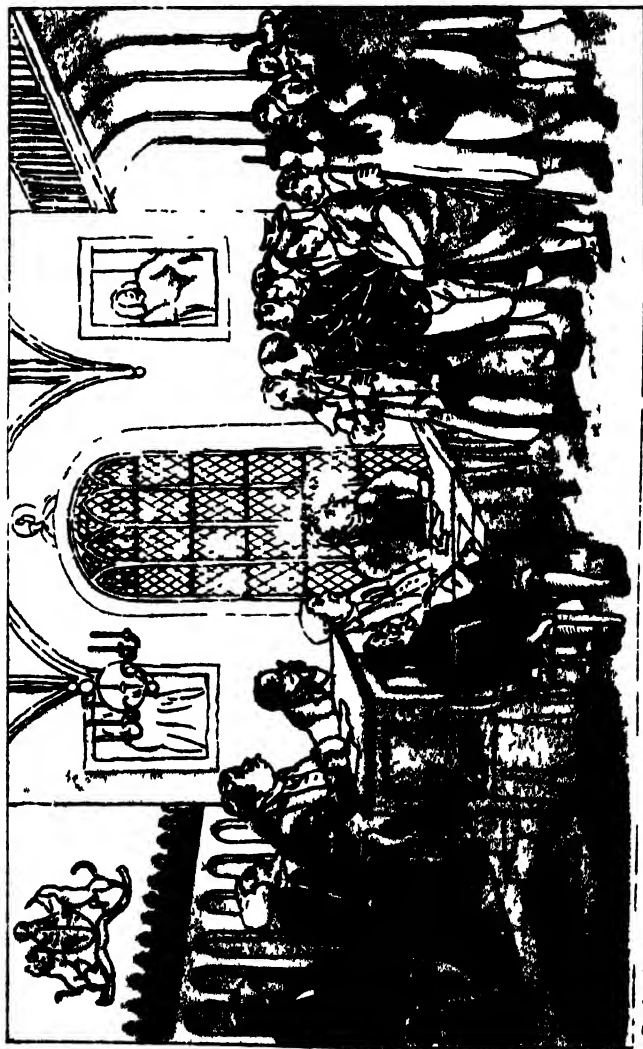
'Tis needless here in form to state,
Whether he early rose or late ;
Or, as he onward gently rode,
What place he made his night's abode ;
Suffice it, when four days were past,
To BATH's fair town he came at last :
And as the Bard in former days,
Gave classic *Bath* all his praise,*
That in bright Sol's diurnal round,
No such delightful place was found ;

* *Nullus in orbe locus Bath preloquetur*.—*Met. Lib. i. Ep. i.*

The modern city of the name,
May equal share of beauty claim.
Each curious scene that met his eye,
And more if deck'd with novelty,
Always produced the very season
In which his mind was prone to reason,
So much the splendour he admir'd
Of all around him, that inspir'd
He had determin'd to rehearse
His various thoughts in Lyric verse :
And much indeed we must lament
That he was foil'd in his intent.
—But something very like a riot
Arose to discompose the quiet
Which such a muse as his required
To do what he so much desired.

In Bath's fine city 'tis well known
That at each corner of the town,
A certain vehicle is seen,
A pleasant, dancing light machine,
Which is well fashion'd to convey
A beau or belle to ball or play ;
Sedans they're call'd, and two men
bear,
With two long poles the easy chair,
Which keeps you snug from cold and
wet,

And ne'er is known to overturn :
Now these same men are chiefly found
To owe their birth to Irish ground ;



D^r SYNTAX IN A COURT OF JUSTICE

Remondet

And Patrick scarce could lend an ear
But he did those brisk accents hear,
Which from whatever part they come
Would call to mind his native home:—
But soon a sudden mischief rose,
From Irish words to Irish blows.
—A woman stood beside her door,
Whom Patrick thought he'd seen
before.

Indeed he had,—too well he knew
The features of an errant shrew
To whom he hop'd that fate had giv'n
Full many a year a place in Heaven;
When a loud voice that some would
A cry partaking of a scream, [deem
Exclaim'd, "May Heavengivemerest!
Here is a husband I protest,
Who I had thought and hop'd indeed
Had long been doom'd the worms to
feed.

You know, you rascal, how you left me,
And of the means of life bereft me!
Lur'd by a scarlet coat and feather,
How you all trooped away together.
Why were you not in battle slain?
For I am married o'er again:
And here's another husband coming;
So look you for a pretty drumming."
—A chairman came, a bustle rose,
To angry words succeeded blows:
And now the officers of peace
Appear'd to make the riot cease,
And force the parties to repair
With their complaints before the
Mayor.

The Mayor, in chair of office seated,
Desir'd the grievance might be stated.
When Patrick begg'd that he might
For Doctor Syntax to attend. [saw
The Doctor came, surpris'd to see
Poor Pat in such perplexity:
Nor could he well divine the cause
That made him hostile to the laws;

But yet determin'd to defend,
If he were wrong'd, his humble friend.
"I beg, Sir, I may lay before you,"
The chairman said, "my honest story."
"But please your Worship, Sir," says
Pat,

"I cannot well consent to that.
He struck me first when I was quiet,
And never thought of rout or riot;
But having serv'd in foreign wars,
Of which I now can show the scars,
I was not to receive a blow
Without returning it, you know;
And faith I did well beat the youth,
As he feels if he speaks the truth."
The chairman did his words renew:
"I might strike first, it may be true,
But that I had a right to do;
When he declar'd, I think he swore,
That my wife Madge was his before."
"It was not me," said Pat, "'od rot it,
I was in hopes she had forgot it;
But, thoughtless what she was about,
She babbled that same secret out.
But if your Worship will but swear
The woman on the gospel there,
She will inform you all that past,
Your Honour, yes, from first to last."
"Then, woman, speak," his Worship
said,

When Marg'ret courtizied and obey'd.—
"As I hope kindly to be heard,
Patrick ne'er spoke an angry word;
Yet I abused him in my way,
And that, I own, brought on the fray.
I married Patrick it is true,
I also married Donald too;
But not till Pat had been away
For five long years and one whole day:
And may it not be truly said,
I had a right to think him dead.
But what's more strange I have to tell,
I have a third alive and well;

Nay he's the first of all the three,
But he was press'd and went to sea:
And when he'd been four years away,
Why then I married Pat, I say;
Your Worship now may take my word,
Malony's safe at Waterford,
So these TWO HONEST MEN are free
From any claim they have to ME.
—I'll trust once more the stormy main,
And see dear Ireland once again.
Here it may make you gentry stare,
But these things sometimes happen
there.

Without such helps, indeed, 'tis true,
What could we helpless women do!
—These men fly off, with ev'ry wind,
And leave us all alone behind:
Nay, when these trav'ling boys for-
sake us,

What harm if others choose to take us.
Though ne'er your honour did I do it,
But when the Priest put his word to it.
I have no learning, no not I,
Nor do pretend to argufy;
Nay, were I to be whipp'd in London,
These things are done and can't be
undone;

But right or wrong, no ill was meant,
And, Heav'n forgive me, I'm content.
Your Honour knows that many a lady
As sweet as blossoms on a May-day,
Looks for a husband brisk and free,
But can't get one, while I've had three."

Here Syntax whisper'd to the Mayor,
"With your permission, if I dare,
I would advise that this strange scene
Should be thrown by behind the screen.
As this same unexpected story [you,
Has by mere chance been laid before
It were as well you should not show
That these strange practices you know;
And thus it strikes me, as I feel them,
It must be better to conceal them."

"'Tis my own thought," his Worship
said;

"And your just hints shall be obey'd."
Thus these submissive people went,
From Justice seat in full content.

The Doctor now retir'd to dine,
Enjoy his thoughts and sip his wine,
Hinted to Patrick to refrain
From getting into scrapes again;
But not a word did he let loose
Of what he heard of marriage noose;
Then sought the Coffee House to see
The papers, and to take his tea.

But it appear'd his fate to-day
To be encounter'd with a fray:
So far from finding social quiet,
The room itself was in a riot:
The angry mistress at the bar
Was striving to appease the war;
The waiter on the floor was thrown,
And heaps of crock'ry tumbled down:
Voices spoke loud, while tables rattle,
With all the symbols of a battle.
—Two heroes by their wine inspir'd,
Were by an adverse glory fir'd:
The one in tented fields had fought,
T'other had naval honours sought;
And now were eager to contest
Whose brave profession was the best
Which higher service did afford,
The Soldier's or the Sailor's sword;
When their calm reasoning soon arose
To plenteous oaths, and threat'ning
blows.

One of the Sailor's legs was good,
The other was a lag of wood; [mum
While the brave Soldier could com-
But one unhurt, effective hand;
The God of war had, in his sport,
Cut, as he fought, the right arm short.
As Syntax enter'd it appear'd
These were the furious words he
heard:



Am and 11

SYNTAX PRESENT AT A COFFEE HOUSE O AFRE AT BATH

"Had I two legs, I'd make you feel
The wrath I w'ah not to conceal."

"Had I two hands," it was replied,
"I would not, Sir, be thus defied,
But lay you level on the floor,
Or pass you quickly through the door."
While an old fool, with crutch and
gout,

Was crying, "Let them fight it out."
—To let these brave men play the fool
For laughter and for ridicule,
And, in the senseless standers by,
To call forth misplac'd pleasantry,
Awaken'd a disdainful rage
In the warm bosom of our Sage,
Who was resolv'd to interpose,
And make friends of these silly foes.
He said, "I pray this contest cease,
I am the Minister of Peace;
And you will not my wish refuse,
To pause a while, and grant a truce."
"No truce," exclaim'd a rude, rough
voice,

Whose tones were of themselves a
noise, [clamour,

While the clenoh'd fist to aid the
The table beat as with a hammer.

"Tell that there Parson to have done,
Or his great wig will spoil the fun."

"'Tis that," said Syntax, "I've in
view,

The very thing I mean to do."

He then through the rude circle broke,
And thus his solemn counsel spoke.

"It makes my pale cheeks red with
shame,

That those who for the British name
Have shed their blood, should here
expose

Their character, as hired foes,
In tennis-court or on the green
To amuse the vulgar crowds, and
seen;—

That mark'd by wounds and many a
scar

The fruits of bravery and war,
They should, inflam'd by wine, contest,
For excellence, where both are best;
On both, the British honours rest;
And when the strength of each com-
bines,

How brightour country's glory shines.
I urge you then your wrath to quell,
Each angry feeling to repel;
O rather let it be your boast,
For Britain each a limb has lost;
And would have been our mutual pride,
For Britain's glory to have died.
The peace resume; be friends again,
And let the room repeat Amen!"

"Amen," a score of voices pour'd,
And calm good-humour was restor'd.

As Bath gave nothing more to see
That stirred his curiosity,
The Doctor did the evening break
By a long letter to the Lake,
Relating every where and when
Since he had quitted Sommerden:
With hist'ries of his various way,
Sometimes grave and sometimes gay;
Nor did it fail to overflow [vow.
With gen'rous thought and grateful
—The following morn, at early hour,
Our Sage proceeded on his Tour.

The sun shot forth its beaming ray
And promis'd a propitious day.
An Inn, which by the highway stood,
A breakfast gave, when he pursued
His course, but e'er the noon was past
The sky with clouds was overcast,
Life's endless, that so often breaks
The early promises it makes.

A storm came on, the waters pour
In heavy and incessant shower;
Which driven by the driving breeze,
Defied all shelter from the trees,

That, in two lengthen'd rows, display'd

A fine cathedral aisle of shade,
Whose boughs o'er-canopied the road
That led unto an old abode,
Where, in life's last, but ling'ring stage,

A famous Nimrod nurs'd his age.
There Pat was by his Master sent
With many a civil compliment,
And all the necessary form,
To ask a shelter from the storm.
—A serving-man, whose hairs were gray,

Unbolts the gate, and shows the way:
The Doctor found the gouty 'Squire,
In arm-chair seated by the fire,
While many an antiquated hound
Lay all about him on the ground:
Some were so old they scarce could creep,

Others were hunting in their sleep:
While he could tell, as it beseech'd,
By what they did, of what they dream'd:

For his retired life had been
One constant and unvaried scene,
Which, in its circle, did embrace
The active pleasures of the chase.
Hounds and all their various breed,
The neighing and the bounding steed,
The tangled covert's devious way,
The cunning of the trembling prey,
The vapour of the scented field
By nature's chymic powers reveal'd;
The peck's variety of tongue,
Which do to all or each belong;
The kennel's discipline and rule
That does the yielding instinct school;
These various branches, nay, in short,
Whatever relates to rural sport,
Was all that had his time employ'd,
And the chief pleasure he enjoy'd,

From his first manhood to the hour
When angry storm and pelting shower
Drove Syntax, by strange chance, to
This unexpected novelty. [see

—Many a deer's wide branching horn
Did the old entrance hall adorn,
With many a brush that heretofore
Some famous, subtle Reynard bore,
While tablets told, in stated place,
The wonders of some wondrous chase.—

Good Syntax, therefore, had a clue
For what to say and what to do.

—He made his bows, disclos'd his name,
His dignity, and whence he came.
The 'Squire with half-smok'd pipe in hand,

Desir'd the Doctor to command
Whatever Nimrod-Hall possess'd,
And prove himself a welcome guest,
With some good neighbours, sportsmen all,

Who had just sought the shelt'ring hall.

Dinner was serv'd, each took his place,
And a View Halloo was the grace:
But soon the Doctor did retire
From noisy table to the fire,
To hear the chit-chat of the 'Squire.
Nor did the far-fam'd Nimrod balk
His fancy for an hour's talk.

NIMROD.

"My life, I rather fear, supplies
But little you may not despise:
But still, you sages of the schools,
Will not declare us sportsmen fools,
If each, in his due weight and measure,
Should analyse his pain and pleasure!
'Tis true for sixty years and more,
(For I have long been past threescore,)



DR. SYDNEY AND THE HUMANITARIAN FOR HUNTER.

My life has never ceas'd to be
 One scene of rural jollity :
 But hurrying Time has fled so fast,
 My former pastimes all are past :
 Yet, though our nature's seasons are
 Mix'd up with portion due of care ;
 Though I have many dangers run
 I'm still alive at seventy-one.
 —Nimrod was always in his place ;
 He was the first in ev'ry chase ;
 Nor last when o'er th' enliv'ning bowl,
 The hunters felt the flow of soul.
 The first, when at the break of day,
 It was—To Cover, hark away !
 The last, when midnight heard the
 strain [plain."
 Which sung the pleasures of the

SYNTAX.

" But hunting lasts not all the year :
 How did you then the moments cheer ?
 In the vacation of your sport
 To what employ did you resort ?
 You read, perhaps, and can unfold
 How in old times the hunter bold,
 Did, with strong lance and jav'lin alay
 The brindled lion as his prey,
 Or chas'd the boar, or sought reward
 In spotted clothing of the pard."

NIMROD.

" I've not quite lost the little know-
 ledge,
 Which I obtain'd in school and college ;
 But the old Greeks, those fighting-
 cocks,
 Did not pretend to hunt the fox :
 For where, think you, their hounds
 were bred ; [fed,
 Or how, think you, their dogs were
 If it be true as I have read,
 That, in a freak and at a snap, [up.
 They'd turn and eat their huntsman

—No, Sir, my books enjoy themselves
 In long known quiet on their shelves.
 —In summer, when the chase is o'er,
 And echoing horn is heard no more,
 The harvest then employ'd my care,
 The sheafs to bind, the flocks to shear ;
 The autumn did its fruitage yield
 In ev'ry orchard, ev'ry field,
 And the emptied casks receive
 The juice Pomona loves to give.
 The winter comes and once again
 Echoes awake in wood and plain,
 And the loud cry of men and hound,
 Was heard again the country round :
 Though I those days no more shall
 see,
 They're gone and past and lost to me :
 But as a poet doth relate,
 When the world's victor feasting sat,
 And trumpets gave the martial strain,
 He fought his battles o'er again ;—
 Thus I can from my windows see
 Scenes of the Nimrod chivalry ;
 And with these old dogs on the floor,
 I talk the former chases o'er.
 There's Music, whose melodious tone
 Was to each pathless covert known ;
 And Captain who was never wrong
 Whenever heard to give his tongue ;
 There's Paragon whose nose could
 boast,
 To gain the trail whenever lost ;
 And Darling, in the scented track
 Would often lead the clam'rous pack ;
 While Reynard chill despair would
 feel
 When Favourite was at his heel.
 Doctor, these dogs which round me
 lay,
 Were famous creatures in their day,
 And while they live they ne'er shall
 cease,
 To know what plenty is and peace ;

Be my companions as you see,
And eke out their old age with me.
With them I sit and feel the glow
Which fond remembrance doth bestow:
And when, in fancy's dream, I hear
The tumults break upon my ear;
The shouting cry, the joyous sounds
Of huntsmen and the deep-mouth'd
hounds;

My old age ceases to lament
My crippled limbs, my vigour spent;
I, for those moments, lose my pain,
And halloo as if young again.

'Tis true, from leaps I've dar'd to take,
That I have often risk'd my neck,
But though, thank Heaven, I've sav'd
my back,

My ev'ry rib has had a crack,
And twice, 'tis true, the surgeon's
hand

Has my hard better'd skull trepann'd;
To which I add a broken arm;
And now I've told you all the harm
Which my remembrance bids me trace
In my adventures of the chace.

—For these swell'd hands and tender
feet

That fix me in this gouty seat,
Which keep me coop'd as I appear,
And as you see me sitting here,
'Twas not my age of hunting past,
Which thus has kennell'd me at last:
It is Port-wine and that alone
Which brought these wretched symp-
toms on.

'Twas not the pleasures of the day
That bade my stubborn health decay,
But the libations of the night,
To which I owe this piteous plight.
Now of this mansion take a view,
And Doctor, I believe it true,
Could it be gag'd and fill'd with liquor,
Myself, my sportsmen and the Vicar,

Whate'er of wine it might contain,
Have drunk it o'er and o'er again.
—Philosophers and sage grave men
Have by their preaching and their pen,
Enforc'd it as a certain rule
Of conduct in the human school,
That some prime feeling doth preside
In each man's bosom as his guide,
Or right or wrong, as it may prove,
The passions and affections move.
Thus some on lower objects pore,
Others aloft sublimely soar,
While many take the devious way,
And scarce know how or where they
stray:

But I ne'er thought of moving higher
Than a plain, hunting Country-
'Squire,

And you will think, perhaps, my aim
Has been content with vulgar fame,
When it has been my highest boast,
To ride the best, and drink the most;
To guide the hounds with matchless
grace,

To be the leader of the chace,
And, when 'twas over, to be able
To lay my guests beneath the table,
While I with no unsteady head,
Could walk unstag'ring to my bed,
Laugh at a milk-sop's whimp'ring
sorrow,

Nor feel a head-ache on the morrow.
You grave Divines perhaps may flout
But still I love to talk about it, [it,
And sometimes too my neighbours
join; [wine,
Though, while they take their gen'rous
I feel, at length, 'tis very cruel
To pledge their toasts in water-gruel."

SYNTAX.

"Let then your water-gruel season
Awake the slumb'ring power of reason!

You think on pleasures but in vain,
Pleasures you ne'er can know again :
Arm then your breast against the fall,
Which, soon or late, awaits us all :
The chase of Life will soon be past,
And Death will earth us all at last."

NIMROD.

"You are a scholar and can tell
Whether I reason ill or well ;
But, you must know, I've often
thought,

That what the Classic Poets taught,
And all their fabling fancy yields
Of Styx and the Elysian fields,
Was not ill-suited to engage
The hopes of such an early age ;
And now, when rightly understood,
Is no mean motive to be good ;
Where virtuous spirits might enjoy
Without an end, without alloy,
Whatever was their prime delight
Before they pass'd the shades of night.
—If I remember well, we read
Heroes enjoy'd heroic deed ; [hearse
Bards did their fav'rite themes re-
In raptures of immortal verse ;
While there the hunters could pursue,
The game for ever in their view.
Elysian horses ne'er would halt,
Elysian hounds ne'er be at fault,
And neither wanted corn nor care,
For there, of course they liv'd on air :
While on those fields, forbid to roam,
The Poacher Death could never come."

SYNTAX.

"I thank you, 'Squire, for the treat
Of this same classical concoit :
But sure I am it would not do ;
It could not be a Heaven for you.
Though hunted with immortal skill
Elysian hounds could never kill,

For foxes there would never die,
But run to all eternity :
And as they would not lose their
breath,

You ne'er could be in at the death.
—I willingly allow the fame
Due to the Greek and Roman name
But to their genius 'twas not given
To conceive the Christian's Heaven.
We of this age alone can see
The form of Immortality,
That's fashion'd to a higher sphere
When this our world shall disappear :
On that alone our hopes should rest,
For be assur'd—it is the best ;
And when from hence fate bids you
go,

I trust that you will find it so.
—I've spoke the language of my
heart,—

So, now permit me to depart.
The storm is past, the show'rs are
flown,
And I must hasten to be gone."

The Nimrods press'd a longer stay,
But Syntax wish'd to be away,
Nor aid the ev'ning to prolong
Its frequent glass and jovial song :
But then they did not let him go
Without a treble Tallyho.

As he continued his career,
May it not rather strange appear
That what so lately met his eye
Did not his prying tongue supply
With fanciful soliloquy.

One might expect his usual style
Would have proceeded many a mile,
When we reflect where he had been,
What a strange mortal he had seen,
What droll opinions he had heard,
What medley character prefer'd ;
All that he saw at Nimrod-Hall ;
So new and so original :

But so it was, the busy train
Of thoughts that rose within his brain
Were not permitted by the noise
Of man, of women, and of boys,
To be by calm digestion wrought
Into grave, systematic thought;
For no one did they overtake
Who did not into laughter break;
Not one upon the highway side
Who did not in some way deride.
—Syntax, at length, to Patrick spoke,
And asked the meaning of the joke:
But he saw nothing as he doz'd
With nodding head and eye half-
clos'd.

[kitchen

The home-brew'd bumpers of the
Had prov'd to Patrick so bewitching
That he ne'er saw the Sportsmen's
tricks,

Who, slyly, had contriv'd to fix
A Fox's brush, by way of rig,
To dangle from the Doctor's wig;
Nor did these self-same gentry fail
To deck Pat's shoulders with a tail;
Which, as he trotted on his way,
O'er his broad back appear'd to play.

A well-dress'd horseman passing by,
And on this strange group cast an eye,
Suffer'd the whimsy to beguile
His muscles with a transient smile;
But when the question Pat obey'd,
Where they had their last visit paid;
And, though in rather dubious fashion,
Had told his master's rank and station;
The trick was in harsh terms reprov'd
And from the Doctor's head remov'd,
What of all symbols least became
His well-known character and name:
For soon he by his language show'd
That impudence had ne'er bestow'd
An insult, to which justice ow'd
A retribution more severe
Than could be well inflicted there.

—"I know the place where you have
been,"

The 'Squire observ'd, "it is a scene
Where civil manners do not deign
In any form or shape to reign;
Where hospitality, the boast
Of these rude, sporting men, is lost,
And chang'd from welcome's smiling
quiet

To noisy rout and drunken riot.
Nay, Rev'rend Sir, as you appear
To be a trav'ling stranger here,
Besides a peaceful Parson too,
The very butt for such a crew, [thought
'Gainst whom their coward spirits
No keen resentment would be brought,
'Tis well indeed that you pass'd by
Without more foul indignity.

An humble layman, Sir, you see,
But I hold trick and rillery,
When play'd to ridicule the band
Who by the sacred altar stand,
Is not mere folly in excess,
But most decided wickedness.

—I'm no fanatic who believe [grieve:
That man was born to mourn and
He who made him, means to bless
His life with all the happiness
Which suits the transitory nature
Of a short-liv'd, imperfect creature;
And if we look and seek for more,
Why we must wait till life is o'er.
But reason weighs the allotted measure
Of honest joy, and wholesome pleasure.
We who in the country live
Seek joys which hills and valleys give.
'Tis not the nerves alone, we find
The chase invigorates the mind.
I am a sportsman too, but I
To social friends the joys supply
Of courteous hospitality:
While frequent pleasure opens the door
To comfort and assist the poor.

Nor is it less whene'er I wait
And to the prophet ope the gate,
Which, as we now our way pursue,
Will soon be open'd wide to you."

Syntax, charm'd with his highway
friend,
Well pleas'd did on his steps attend,
Till a fair mansion rose to view,
Where he found all he wish'd for
true.

He now was in his utmost glory,
The ladies listen'd to his story ;
Nor did his lively spirits fail
In varnishing each pleasant tale.
The fiddle tun'd forth many a jig,
While he the fortunes of his wig
Did to some lively tune rehearse
In ditties of heroic verse.
Then follow'd a bravura scene
Of Hearty's tricks behind the screen ;
And as the misses did implore it,
The widow's frights and fears before it.
The laugh was loud, but none thought
Was with a painful image fraught,
Not one faint glimmering of ill-nature
Was cast upon a human creature ;
While to the insult lately shown
Pity and prayer were only known.
Thus, in kind, unremitting mirth,
To which each pleasing thought gave
birth,

The cheerful moments pass'd along,
Till midnight did the day prolong :
When the delighted Doctor said,
" See how your kindness is repaid.
For when with virtue's friends I stay,
And pass the happy time away,
'Tis thus I preach, 'tis thus I pray.
For to virtue it is given,
To laugh and sing and go to Heaven."

Each bade good night, and went to
bed,
Nor fear'd the morrow's aching head.

The morrow came, with smiling
faces

The ladies rival'd all the graces ;
Nor fail'd to press the Sage to stay
And charm them through another day.
When he replied,—" Indeed I grieve
To say that I must take my leave."

" If," said the 'Squire, " it must be so,
Lend me your ear before you go ;
That I a sportsman's life, (for mine
Doth all its characters combine,)
May prove, in ev'ry sense endued,
With what is virtuous, what is good,
As any other that we scan

In the long history of man.

I wish, in short, to wipe away
The foul disgust of yesterday,
Which may have prey'd upon your
mind,

From the rude crew with whom you
din'd ;

And that no future fears may wait
In ent'ring at a sportsman's gate.
I keep stout hunters for the chase,
I breed my coursers for the race ;
I've hounds who form a glorious cry,
And Reynard's subtle tricks defy :
My neighbours at my board I see,
With cheerful face and festive glee,
But temp'rance takes the master's
And gluttony is never there. [chair,
Such the delights my fortune gives,
And Heav'n my gratitude receives ;
Such my amusements, but their aim
Enlivens virtue's cheerful flame,
Nor with its pleasures, on this spot,
Are sober duties e'er forgot.

" Our Rector is a scholar rare,
Few of his cloth more learned are ;
While in his life we daily see
A pattern of true piety :
Nor is a better sportsman found
In all the sporting country round.

But when by him the infant's fed,
When age receives his daily bread :
When in the church on sabbath-day,
His flock he teaches how to pray,
Directs to heaven and leads the way ;
His calling he doth not disgrace,
Tho' through a morn he leads the
chace,

And, as he hills and dales defies,
Joins the loud hunter's jovial cries."
—"Practise these virtues," Syntax
said,

"Nor be of God or man afraid ;—
While such a well-form'd date is given,
Enjoy your sports and go to Heaven."

Now, after many a farewell greeting,
And cordial hopes of future meeting,
But not without a spell of eating,
Which the luncheon's mid-day board
Did in abundant style afford ;

Pleas'd with the sporting 'Squire's
bounty,
The Doctor sought the neighb'ring
county ;

When soon the woody hills appear,
And verdant vales of Devonshire.

The day was just on the decline,
And the sun did but faintly shine,
When as they thus approach'd a town
Which is to western trav'ller known,
They were saluted by a noise,
Form'd by a crowd of men and boys,
While female voices join'd the rattle ;
But whether it was peace or battle,
Did not with certainty appear
Till the strange cavalcade drew near.
Crack'd drums and post-horns first
combin'd,

To aid the din which came behind,
With sounding pans of ev'ry shape,
And chords of most discordant scrape ;
While shaken pebbles made a stir
In many a hollow cannister.

Now deep-ton'd base and treble shrill
Was heard, at intervals, to fill
The medley of discordant tones,
Brought up with sounding marrow-
bones.

The rude procession follow'd after,
Through avenues of roaring laughter ;
With which the crowd that lin'd the
street,

Did this gay ceremony greet. [seen,"
"Such a strange show I ne'er have
Syntax exclaim'd, "what can it mean?
Patrik, you may perchance explain
The hist'ry of this noisy train." [tell
"Please you," Pat answer'd, "I can
This frolic bus'ness mighty well :
For there's no place I ever saw,
Where this is not the parish law :
Though not with all this how and
when,

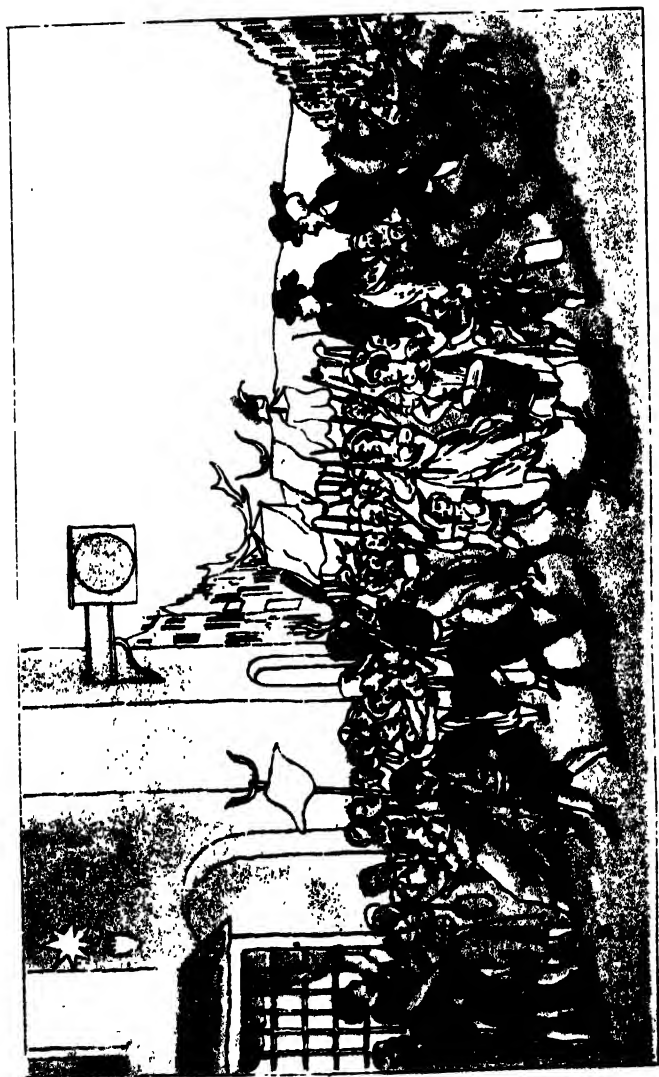
I've seen it, Sir, at Sommerden.

'Tis a procession us'd of course,
When the grey mare's the better horse ;
When a wild wife doth play the game,
Of wearing what I must not name,
Though I must own that my tongue
itches [breeches ;

To say, when she doth wear the
And the poor fool dare not resist
The terrors of her threat'ning fist ;
Then, thus your Rev'rence, as you see,
With frolicsome festivity,
The jovial neighbours celebrate
The down-fall of a hen-peck'd mate."
—Thus as he spoke the noisy throng,
In due disorder pass'd along.

Wide antlers which had whilom grac'd
A stag's bold brow, on pitch-forks
plac'd,

The rearing, dancing bumpkins show,
And the white amickets wave below,
While suited to the rustic marchers,
The petticoats appear'd as banners.



DR SYNTAX WITH THE SKIMMINGTON RIDERS.

Forrest

—A slow-pac'd donkey's seen to bear,
 Plac'd back to back, the hostile pair,
 Who there display the angry mood
 That forms the gamesome interlude.*
 While horned honours deck his brow,
 She does bespatter him below,
 With what a ladle can bestow;
 Whose foul contents, for very shame,
 The modest muse would blush to name.
 Her big fist gave its frequent blows,
 Which he receiv'd, nor dare oppose,
 But with loud cries and humble suit,
 To cease at length to play the brute.
 Then on a tumbrel in the rear
 A kind of mash-tub did appear,
 Whence a rude hand that scarce was
 seen,

Envelop'd in thick branches green,
 Scatter'd among the gaping swains
 Some filthy food mix'd up with grains,
 Which to the right and left bestow'd,
 In such nice splashes on the crowd,
 That with a well-aim'd jirk, forsooth,
 It might fill up some laughter's mouth.

—A female, whose virago form,
 Was figur'd to direct the storm,
 On a three-fold broom-stick saddled,
 Was arm'd with eggs both fresh and
 addled, [cheers,

Which, through the crowd's applausive
 Beplaster'd noses, eyes and ears.
 Thus as they pass'd, the noisy rout
 Enlarg'd their throats with clam'rous
 - Phillis, erecting either ear [about.
 Began to prance and kick and rear;
 And whether Syntax would or no,
 Dash'd in the midst of all the show,
 With peril of an overthrow:

* This Ceremony, which is called a Skim-
 mington, and is common in many parts of
 England, consists of a procession to celebrate
 the triumph of a virago of a wife, over a
 subservient and humbled husband.

While Pat, with threat'ning air be-
 strode

Fat Punch amid the bawling crowd.
 But some foul hand an egg let fly
 That hit him boldly on the eye,
 And streaming down his cheek be-
 smear'd

With fœtid yolk his sandy beard;
 While grains by ample handfalls pour
 O'er Syntax in a noisome shower,
 Who, fearing worse from active fray,
 With quicken'd pace pursu'd his way,
 And, having pass'd the hooting street,
 Found in an inn a safe retreat.

Here though by noisome smell o'er-
 power'd,

To freshness he was quickly secur'd:
 From his feet unto his crown, [down,
 Pat brush'd him up and rubb'd him
 But not till he himself had been
 Subject to kitchen quarantine.

Syntax made clean, in arm-chair
 seated,

Was by the landlord humbly greeted
 With sorrow, that the country-folk
 Should have annoy'd them with their
 joke.

But 'twas a custom with the people
 As ancient as the parish steeple,
 A kind of ceremonial law,
 To keep the marriage pains in awe;
 And which they never will withhold
 Till married women cease to scold,
 Or men in hope of quiet lives
 Refuse a beating from their wives:
 "But if," he said, "you wish to know
 The real hist'ry of the show,
 Or any other branch of knowledge
 That is obtain'd in school or college,
 Our Curate will, I doubt not, join
 Your social pipe or ev'ning wine,
 Nor fail to aid you in the picking
 Of your asparagus and chicken.

Of middle age he has the vigour,
 But rather comical in figure,
 And thus of late he has the name
 Well known in literary fame,
 With which the gentry of our club
 Have pleas'd this learned man to dub.
 'Tis taken from a famous book
 In which if you should please to look,
 I can the pleasant volume borrow,
 So that I send it back to-morrow,
 Where in the prints that deck the page,
 You'll see the learned, rev'rend sage,
 So like in ev'ry point of view
 Of hat and wig and features too,
 It might be thought the artist's hand
 Did our original command.

Nay, 'mong the gossips of our town
 He'll soon be by this title known,
 As well, I doubt not, as his own.
 Nor does this laughing humour tease
 him,—

Indeed it rather seems to please him."

They who have Doctor Syntax seen,
 In all the points where he has been,
 Must know his heart is chiefly bent
 On gen'rous deed, with grave intent;
 But still his fancy oft bespoke
 The lively laughter by his joke, [seen,
 And though his looks demure were
 He nurs'd the smiling thought within:
 And here he felt that fun might rise,
 From certain eccentricities, [him,
 As they might be dispos'd to strike
 In one, who, more or less, was like him,
 Though it is true that he suspected,
 'Twas shape of wig or dress neglected,
 Or meagre shape, so lank and thin,
 Or pointed nose, or lengthened chin,
 With a similitude of feature
 The casual work of frisky nature,
 Who sometimes gives the look of
 brother

To those who never saw each other,

Which now produc'd the fond conceit,
 Big with the evening's promis'd treat.
 Th' invited Curate soon appear'd,
 The Doctor rubb'd his eyes and star'd,
 Looked in the mirror, that the view
 Might in his eye his form renew,
 Nor less admiring than amaz'd,
 He on the rival Syntax gaz'd.

At length, all diffidencies explain'd,
 A friendly social humour reign'd.
 The table smil'd with plenteous fare,
 The bottle and the bowl were there,
 And 'mid the pipe's ascending smoke
 The counterparts alternate spoke."

SYNTAX.

"My Host, I doubt not, told me true
 When he referr'd me, Sir, to you,
 That you would to my mind explain
 The meaning of the noisome train,
 Which in the evening of the day,
 Not only stopp'd me on my way,
 But with their rout were pleas'd to
 greet me,
 And with most foul salutes to meet me.
 Its history perhaps may be
 Far in remote antiquity,
 But mem'ry does not now recall
 A trace of its original."

CURATE.

"Nor yet can I,—but I suppose
 It was among the vulgar shows
 When Butler wrote, as his droll wit
 In Hudibras has painted it:
 A book writ in most merry strain,
 The boast of Charles the second's reign,
 And so much fun it did impart,
 The King could say it all by heart,
 Though you must know, he quite
 forgot
 To ask if Butler starved or not.
 But I shall not attempt to tell
 A story you could paint so well.

—As to this custom, I must own,
It might as well be let alone ;
But when in matrimonial strife
A husband's cudgell'd by his wife,
In country-place, 'tis rather common
Thus to compliment the woman,
And by this noisy, nasty plan,
To cast disgrace upon the man."

SYNTAX.

"But tell me, if this kind of sporting
May happen when one goes a courting ;
And, if he may these honours prove,
Who's cudgell'd while he's making
If so, I am already done, [love.
To figure in a Skimmington."

CURATE.

"No, no, the pair must mated be
Who suffers this foul courtesy ;
But how, good Sir, can I suppose
That you encounter'd female blows,
That any woman, low or high,
Would treat you with indignity?"

SYNTAX.

"It is not surely to my glory ;—
But listen, and I'll tell my story :
—Some months ago, I lost my wife,
And mine is now a single life :
When by the counsels of a friend,
Who thought my present state to mend,
I, without telling whens and hows,
To a fair widow made my bows :
A buxom, tall and comely dame,
Who wish'd, 'twas said, to change
her name,
And if I could her thoughts divine,
Would not, perhaps, have sneer'd at mine.
She was with elegance array'd,
And full-trimm'd fashion's ton display'd.

We chatter'd first about the weather ;
But when our chairs got near together,
And hints had pass'd of tender things ;
She took her lute and touch'd the strings :

She sang, and her soft accents prov'd
How sweet it was to be belov'd ;
When a confounded, cumbrous screen
That kept us both from being seen,
Surpris'd us by its sudden fall :
After a most tremendous squall,
As she was sinking with alarms
I caught the fair one in my arms,
Where after laying still and quiet,
She thought it fine to breed a riot ;
Nay, when the hurrying servants came,
Call'd me by ev'ry horrid name ;
Then, with a blow I scarce could stand,
She to my head applied her hand,
And ev'ry finger had a nail
That did my pallid cheeks assail,
Which, as I vainly struggling stood,
Were seen defac'd by trickling blood.
Then, as she call'd me knave and
brute

I felt the fury of her foot,
Whose pointed strokes were sharp
and shocking,
And, were I to unroll my stocking,
The vengeful marks I now could show
Of kickings got three weeks ago :
And, my sad story to prolong,
She did not spare her shrill-ton'd
tongue.
When she was in my arms enfolded
How I was kick'd and cuff'd and
soulded !
No hen-peck'd mate was e'er worse
used,
My face was scratch'd, my legs were
bruise'd,
My wig daisied, my neck-cloth torn,
So I ran off, amaz'd, forlorn.

From all this am'rous fire and fuel,
To poultices and water-gruel:
But thanks to Heaven, who gave me
life,
The Harridan was not my wife.
—Thus I have plac'd before your
view,
A history, so sad, so true,
As it may be of use to you.
Shun then all widows, nor be seen
To court a dame, where there's a
screen."

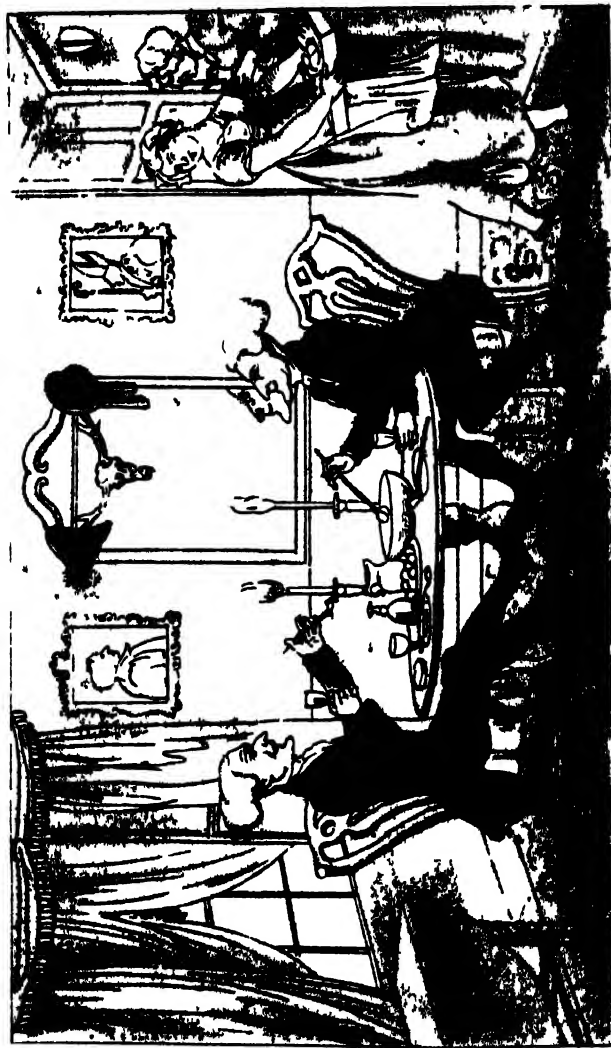
CURATE.

"These things will happen, as we
see, [free,
From time and chance we none are
Each must fulfil his destiny.
—I also can unfold a fray,
Which was brought on by am'rous
play,
Though not so splendid in its way,
Nor was such triumph to be won
As with your high-wrought Amazon.

"The time's long past, and I've
forgot
Whether I were rude or not.
I cannot say or yes or no,
Though perhaps it might be so;
But, poisoning a large folio book,
My landlady's outrageous cook,
Who, whate'er were her other charms,
Had a most potent pair of arms,
Laid me all prostrate on the floor,
And thus concluded my amour.
—'Twas Raleigh's History of the
World,
That Sally Dripping's fury hurl'd;
But as the world had ta'en the field,
I felt it no disgrace to yield:
And thus, I think, my Rev'rend
brother,
Our fates resemble one another."

SYNTAX.

"Our tempers too, for you have
spoke,
As is my taste in classic joke.
Nor do I wonder some may see
A likeness between you and me.
Though that indeed, might well appear
Before we met together here;
Because in ev'ry town is seen
A book I wrote to cure the spleen,
In which, by faithful art pourtray'd,
My portrait is at length display'd.
I see you've my facetious grin,
Nor do you lack my length of chin;
I think too as my eyes presage
That we may be of equal age,
And in our sev'ral shapes are shown
An equal share of skin and bone:
So far I think we're rather like,
And may the calm observer strike:
Besides, the church doth clothe our
back
In the similitude of black,
And we prefer our brains to rig
In the grave dignity of wig,
Leaving the simple hair to grace
The dandy preacher's boyish face.
—So far so like our persons are,
Such our appearance must declare,
That it may make good humour laugh,
As we our evening bev'rage quaff,
While I may hope that we may find
A better likeness in the mind."
"Doctor," the smiling Curate said,
"Your form I've seen as 'tis pourtray'd
In the fam'd Tour which I have read,
And shall with added pleasure quote
it, [it.
Now I have seen the sage who wrote
My hat and wig have been the joke,
Like yours, of idle country-folk;
From jests and gibes I was not free
When ill fed by my Curacy:



Rowlandson

DR SYNTAX AND HIS COUNTERPART

But, Rev'rend Sir, you may believe
me,

If reason's self does not deceive me,
And I avow it to be true;—
In virtue to resemble you;
To have the knowledge you possess;
And my mind clad in such a dress
As that which learning doth confer
On your distinguish'd character;
I'd care not were I fat or thin,
Or who might laugh or who might
grin;

But proud in any way to share
The well-known title which you bear.
I wish my honest fame no better,
Than to be like you *à la lettre*,
And Doctor Syntax nick-nam'd be,
While tongues can give that name to
me."

Thus with kind thoughts the night
began,
And quick the pleasant moments
ran.

The rubied glass, the well-fed bowl,
Awoke the lively flow of soul;
But they had now so long conferr'd
They stammer'd out what neither
heard;

And as each loll'd in easy chair,
Sleep seiz'd them both and fixed them
there.

Thus as they did their slumbers take,
They look'd as like as when awake:
For when the landlord op'd the door,
Invited by their double snore,
And gay'd the Doctor to be led
With due attendance to his bed,
They took the Curate with all care,
And saw him safe and bolster'd there:
While Syntax, on unsteady feet,
Was slowly guil'd through the street;
And him the ostler help'd to clamber
Up to the Curate's airy chamber.

Thus as they talk'd or look'd or
mov'd,

These Doctors had their likeness
prov'd:

Alike with punch each charg'd his
head,

Alike had sought each other's bed,
And slept unconscious of the sorrow
That head-aches might produce to-
morrow. [sot,

—Poor Patriok, who had play'd the
His zealous duties quite forgot;
And, to attain his roost unable,
Had pass'd the night within the stable.
—The morning came, but came too
soon,

For these two likenesses till noon
Possession of their pillows kept,
So like each other had they slept;
And when they woke around them
gas'd

Alike confounded and amaz'd;
Alike thought on their mutual names,
And felt an equal sense of shame;
But both appear'd when thus they met,
Their evening's likeness to forget.
Syntax, who fear'd all might be known
Throughout the tittle-tattle town,
Thought 'twould be wise for him to go,
Nor through the day become a show,
But leave the Curate to the glory
Of making out a flatt'ring story.

—Now as he did his way pursue,
Reflection offer'd to the view
Of his keen intellectual eye
No sense that seem'd like flattery.
—Far other feelings were awake,
Upon his gen'ral thoughts to break;
And with a tone of melancholy,
He to himself unveil'd his folly.

"That mortal man is fram'd by na-
ture

A weak, a frail, an erring creature,

We all must know, as all must see ;
 But in what portion or degree,
 We soften or enlarge the strife
 Which gives variety to life,
 That on ourselves alone depends
 For its best uses and its ends.
 Reason a faithful guide appears
 That strengthens with increase of
 years ;

The zealous champion of the heart,
 When passion, with insidious art,
 Assails us where we all can tell
 Our errors and our virtues dwell ;
 As in old times, long past and gone,
 The world was told by Solomon.
 —'Tis not to youth I now am preach-
 ing ;

Years and experience I am teaching :
 And here unheard and all alone,
 I to my bosom dare make known,
 Those errors which I feel my own.
 A generous sense, a noble pride,
 May sometimes lead the mind aside
 From the precise and rigid rules
 Which wisdom teaches in her schools ;
 But then the object and the end
 Do in their very nature tend,
 Though transient error they supply,
 To guard the mental energy.
 But ah, poor Syntax ! must not thou
 To scourging reason humbly bow,
 To think, a vain complying tool,
 Thou hast been led to play the fool.
 For my lank form some may upbraid
 me,
 But am I not what nature made me ?

They whose fat threats to burst their
 skin,

May shake their sides because I'm
 thin :

Let them laugh on, and what of that ?
 If thin, they'd laugh if I were fat ;
 And jokes will never fail to rise
 From striking contrarieties.

But o'er the bowl to lose your senses
 By a vain Curate's vain pretences,
 And furnish out a laughing tale,
 For country boobies o'er their ale,
 Is such a kind of wand'ring folly,
 Which though last night you were so
 jolly,

Ought now to make you melancholy.
 —The turns that, in its pleasure,
 Heav'n

Has to my life and fortune giv'n,
 Have fashion'd me in various ways,
 Which some may blame and some may
 praise,

And, as it happens, may provoke
 The friendly smile, the pleasant joke,
 But still I hope that I've preferr'd
 To go where wisdom's voice is heard ;
 And that the scene which last night
 pass'd,

Will of my follies be the last."

Here did his pond'ring lecture close,
 Which seem'd to give his mind repose,
 And in calm silence on he rode
 Until he reach'd his night's abode :
 For Patience, fearing a jobation,
 Said nought to forward conversation.

CANTO XXXII.

OF transient evils we endure
 Sleep is a kind and frequent cure;
 And the vexations over-night
 Will sometimes fly at morning's light.
 We know it will not always ease
 The pangs that wait upon disease:
 The fever's watchful, burning heat,
 When th' impetuous pulses beat,
 May ask the wish'd-for boon in vain,
 The eyes to close and banish pain:
 But still the gout, the racking stone,
 Its calming influence grateful own,
 When, aided by the opiate power,
 They steal but one appeasing hour.
 —The mind is not indebted less
 For short cessations of distress,
 When it puts off the ev'ning sorrow
 Till the wakeful hour to-morrow,
 While fancy on its powers may call
 To amuse th' oblivious interval.

Syntax, 'tis true, there's no concealing,
 Had in his mind a certain feeling,
 When moral sense and clerical pride
 Would wounded be and mortified.
 Besides, if that known, chattering
 dame,
 Who flies about, entitled Fame,
 Should his late evening's history take
 To amuse his friends around the Lake,
 To him or them, in any measure,
 It would not prove a source of pleasure.
 —But whatsoever harm was done,
 He felt 'twas to himself alone;
 And what his folly did impart,
 Arose but from a warmth of heart.
 Reason had bent to the control
 Of what was the mere flow of soul;
 While conscience set the matter even,
 And thus he felt himself forgiven.

—His pipe he smok'd, the wine was good, [died,
 Becalm'd his thoughts, by sleep sub-
 Without a hint from aching head,
 At early hour he sought his bed.
 What dreams by fancy were begot,
 Or did he dream, or did he not,
 The Muse would think it vain to pry
 Into the fruitless mystery:
 But when his eyes op'd on the morrow,
 Kind sleep had eas'd him of his sorrow,
 And the vexation over-night
 Had left him at the morning's light.

Charm'd with the beauty of the day,
 And the surrounding scene so gay,
 Where nature in her loveliest hue
 Display'd the animating view
 Of woods above, of meads below,
 Where 'mid the green the flow'rets
 blow,

And crystal waters softly flow;
 While active rural life combin'd,
 To fit the landscape for the mind,
 As it invites reflection's eye
 To the earth's rich variety.—
 With such a scene to gaze upon
 Th' enraptur'd Doctor travell'd on.
 —Within the winding of a vale,
 'Mid blended charm of hill and dale,
 And shaded by a spreading grove,
 Where Dryads might be feign'd to
 rove,

A stately, ancient mansion rose
 Which titled ancestors had chose
 In former times to be the seat
 Where rural grandeur found retreat,
 And now might seem to travel's eye
 Beaming with hospitality.
 'Twas here that Syntax chanc'd to see
 A woman spinning 'neath a tree

Whose boughs o'erspread a straw-
roof'd cot,

Which was some lab'ring peasant's lot.
"Tell me," he said, "my honest dame,
The state, the character, and name,
Of him or her, who, by Heav'n's grace,
Possess that noble, charming place."

"'Tis Lady Bounty," she replied,
"Who does in that fine house reside:
All that you see, Sir, is her own;
But she has long been better known
For the good deeds which do resound
From grateful tongues the country
round.

To bless us all it doth appear
That Heaven has plac'd this lady here.
It seems to be her only joy,
Her time, her fortune, to employ
In doing what is real good.

—My tears express my gratitude;
For in that cot my husband lies,
With useless limbs, and sightless eyes;
Whom the lightning's piercing flame
Has render'd senseless, blind and
lame,

But all the comfort he can know,
Her care, her kindness do bestow:
Nor does she loiter at home at ease;
She watches o'er her charities:
E'en as she comes, assent by Heaven,
To see that what she gives is given.

—Nay, while the poor she doth supply,
A splendid hospitality
The rich, who visit her, receive
With the proud welcome she can give."

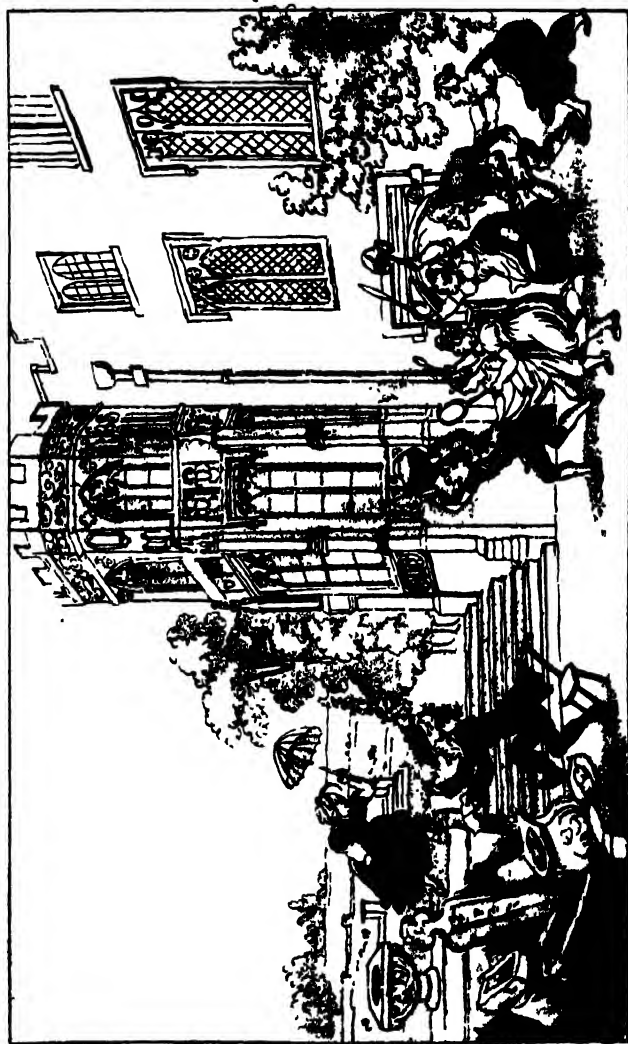
Syntax, with all this story charm'd,
And his benignant bosom warm'd;
Wish'd to view these proud domains
Where so much native beauty reigns,
And ply his skill to sketch the scenes
Where so much virtue intervenes.
—Near an abbey he took his seat
In view of this superb retreat;

Then in his sketch-book 'gan to trace
The leading features of the place:
And with a practis'd eye, combine
The picturesque of his design.
—A gard'ner soon to Patrick came
To know his master's rank and name;
When Pat ran all his virtues o'er;
Told what he was—and somewhat
more.

The pencil now employ'd its pow'r;
Nor had the Doctor pass'd an hour
In tracing, with his utmost care,
A scene, at once so grand, so fair,
When Lady Bounty came to know,
What for his ease she could bestow,
And with an hospitable grace,
The well-known feature of the place,
To dine he kindly was invited,
Nor was the smiling goodness slighted:
When with this welcome she address'd
Her rev'rend and delighted guest:
—"Since Doctor Syntax here is come,
He must believe himself at home,
And all that can his wishes crown
He will consider as his own:

For while he sojourns he will be
The object of all courtesy;
And to a yet far distant day
'Tis hop'd he will prolong his stay."
—The dinner o'er, the blessing given
For ev'ry bounteous grace of Heaven,
The Doctor, who would never balk
A certain love he had to talk,
And which we know is least with-
stood

When wine is plenty and is good,
Had in a strain of modest glee
Told all his curious history.
Not that the Muse doth mean to hint
He here would go beyond the stint
Of learned sages' due decorum,
When the full bottles smile before
'em.



D^R SYNTAX AND THE BEES

Rowlandson

—The interesting story done,
With many a fond attention won,
The mansion's mistress silence broke,
And thus in pleasing accents spoke.

LADY BOUNTY.

"It doth, indeed, my spirits cheer,
To see the Rev'rend Doctor here,
Whose many virtues, nay whose taste,
Appear by none to be surpass'd;
Nay, that same chance I happy call
Which turn'd his face tow'rd's Bounty
Hall;

And while his conversation gives
That pleasure which with knowledge
lives,

I trust he will employ a day
His graphic talents to display
On the rich, charming scenes which
bound

My range of ornamental ground:
And that by his superior taste
My antique sculptures may be placed,
(Too long the victims of neglect,)
In proper site, with due effect:
It is a favour I shall ask

That he would undertake the task;
Nay, such assistance to impart
Is a free boon he owes to ART,
Which, for these trophies' sake, de-
mands

The labour of his head and hands."

The Doctor, highly flatter'd, bow'd,
And marks of due obedience shew'd,
Then promis'd, with to-morrow's sun,
The curious work should be begun,
Nor would he go till it were done.
The morning came, with utmost care
The Rev'rend Artist did prepare,
With all his pencil's skill to trace
The beauties of this favour'd place,
When Lady Bounty to beguile
His labours with approving smiles,

Stood on the terrace-wall to view
The Doctor's progress as he drew:
When, at once furious and alarm'd,
And, with most uncouth weapons
arm'd,

Led on by Pat, a noisy crew
Did a wild swarm of bees pursue,
And, with a loud and tinkling sound
Of rustie cymbals, chasing round
The flying rovers, eager strive
To tempt them to the offer'd hive:
But all these sounds were made in
vain;

[tain,
They did their humming flight main-
And spite of pan and pot and kettle,
Chose on the Doctor's head to settle.

—It must be thought indeed most
strange,

That this wing'd populace, who range
In search of sweets, should hope to
The liquid nectar in a wig; [swig
And there, though learning might be
crown'd,

That food ambrosial would be found:
But still it seems the Royal Bee
Would thither lead his colony.

—The Doctor felt no small alarm
As he beheld th' approaching swarm;
And when their buzzing threats sur-
round him,

The fears of such a foe confound him,
Who with a thousand stings might
wound him.

—The screaming Lady did entreat
That he would not forsake his seat,
But by all means avoid a riot,
And let them take their course in
quiet;

As then, she from experience knew,
No harm, no evil would ensue.

The Doctor said, "While I have
breath,
I'll run and not be stung to death."

Then off his hat and wig he threw,
And up the terrace-steps he flew.
Patrick, with impetuous tread,
Flung the hive tow'rd's his Master's
head

To save his bald pate from the chace
Of this same flying stinging race.
They then hurried down the slope,
Which was so steep they could not
stop;

Syntax went first and Patrick after,
But both plung'd headlong in the
water,

Which in a sweeping, close meander,
Beneath the terrace chose to wander:
Though no harm did this fall bestow,
But being wet from top to toe:
And that was small, when ev'ry care
Of the kind Lady would prepare
What the good Doctor's state requir'd:
All he could ask for or desir'd,
Was ready to obey his call;
And ev'ry soul in Bounty-Hall
Did all their proud attention ply,
So that he soon was warm and dry,
Talk'd o'er in terms of frolic ease
His curious battle with the bees,
And made his tumble in the water
A source of fun and gen'ral laughter.
His hat and wig the honied race
Had not found a fit resting place,
Or as retir'd and snug retreats
Where they might lodge ambrosial
sweets:

So that unspoil'd they did remain
When to their owner brought again.
—His troubled toil he soon renew'd,
And with such eager zeal pursued
Th' allotted task,—that e'er the sun
Had gone its round, his work was
done.

—Syntax had made the chaste design
With equal space and measur'd line

Which would each pleasing form admit
Where'er the spot best suited it.
The statues, now in order plac'd,
The niches on the terrace grac'd,
And sculptur'd vases were display'd
To range along the balustrade:
While the willow's pendant bough
Hangs o'er the solemn urn below,
And the sarcophagus is seen
Amid the cypress' darksome green.
But it appears, this was not all
That Syntax did at Bounty-Hall:
His pencil promis'd to impart
The utmost power of its art,
That Madam's Boudoir might abound
With Drawings of the scenes around.
The Lady, in no common measure,
Thus made known her grateful plea-
sure.

LADY BOUNTY.

“How to express my just regard
And how to shape a due reward,
For all the service you have shown,
For what you're doing and have done,
I cannot to my mind declare,
Though that shall be my future care:
But still there is another call,
Upon your art at Bounty-Hall,
For much I wish that you would trace
The features of my homely face:
It would please me and others too
To have my portrait done by you;
And you, my Rev'rend Sir, shall
know
The reasons why my wishes flow
That you this favour would bestow.
Expanded on the stuccoed wall
Of my old mansion's stately hall,
You see my form at large appear,
When in my three-and-twentieth year
And deck'd in all the proud array
Which gaudy fashion could display,

But then, I trust, my conduct prov'd
 That I was worthy to be loved
 By virtue's image, who was then
 My husband, and the best of men.
 To wealth and station full allied,
 My ev'ry wish was gratified,
 And I my splendid course pursued,
 A star of no small magnitude,
 And one bright track I did maintain,
 With love and honour in my train.
 Thus fifteen years of life I pass'd
 In happiness, too great to last, [then
 When Death at length appear'd, and
 I lost, alas! that best of men.
 He left no heirs to stamp his name
 With perpetuity of fame,
 But it appears as Heav'n's decree,
 That duty should devolve on me;
 And, from the moment when he died,
 Here have I liv'd and have applied
 My wealth and time and thoughts
 alone
 In doing what he would have done,
 And, as he on his death-bed lay,
 His last instructions to obey.
 But though some form my state re-
 quires,
 Some outward show, yet my desires,
 Heav'n knows, impel me to prefer
 The form of his just almoner.
 Then to the canvas pray impart
 With touch of unassuming art,
 Not Lady Bounty, of the world,
 With all her glitt'ring robes unfurl'd;
 But as my present form you see
 In dignified simplicity,
 Such, as if a year you stay,
 You'll see her, Doctor, every day."—

SYNTAX.

"Madam, you know, you may com-
 mand
 The work of my inferior hand,

But my poor pencil is confin'd
 To labours of an humble kind;
 Nor have I ventur'd on the toil
 That dares consume the painter's oil.
 But if you please to send to town
 And order proper colours down,
 With canvas, pallet, and the rest
 Which I may want,—I'll do my best."

LADY BOUNTY.

"It shall be done, without delay;—
 But some short time must pass away,
 Ere your most friendly pencil ~~comes~~
 My grateful looks and fading ~~eyes~~
 And I have still a boon to ask
 To you, I trust, a pleasing task;
 You, whose peculiar virtue knows
 To act the part which I impose:
 You, who can well discharge your duty
 To female youth and female beauty,
 By fixing in the early mind
 Those principles by truth design'd,
 To guard them from the heart's deceit,
 Which to our sex is more replete
 With dangers than it is to man,
 As your experience well can scan.
 —You must know then: our schemes
 to vary,

That I protect a seminary
 For female youth at no great distance,
 To which I ask your kind assistance,
 Its style and manners to review,
 And there to pass a day or two,
 'Till the arts' implements recall
 Your presence back to Bounty Hall."

The Doctor, with his task content,
 Gave a most ready, grave assent;
 And, under Lady Bounty's care,
 He, the next morn, was usher'd there.
 From sight at least to fourteen years,
 The troop of female youth appears:
 With heartfelt pleasure Syntax view'd
 The interesting Sisterhood;

Some were the rosebuds of the day,
 Some did their op'ning leaves display;
 But all did the fair promise give,
 That they were fitted to receive
 The counsels which the sage inclin'd
 To pour into their early mind.—
 The evening came, the scene was gay,
 All clad in summer's best array,
 When the fair youthful band were seen
 Arrang'd upon the shaven green.—
 Beneath an oak's wide-spreading
 shade, [play'd,
 While through its boughs the zephyr
 The sage with reverential pride,
 Plac'd the preceptress by his side.
 He threw a genial smile around
 Upon the animated ground;
 Then upward look'd, as if was given,
 A silent orison to Heaven;
 And soon a mute attention hung
 Upon the wisdom of his tongue.

Syntax.

"Ye virgins fair, ye lovely flowers,
 The blooming pride of vernal hours!
 Chase, while I speak, O chase away
 Whate'er is frolic, lively, gay,
 And all your calm attention lend
 To the fond counsels of a friend;
 Which, in many a future hour,
 May infuse their wholesome power,
 As it may be your lot to stray
 Through life's uncertain, devious way.
 O listen then, while I discourse
 Of passion's folly, reason's force,
 And the ne'er-failing strength that's
 given
 By laws which were receiv'd from
 Heaven.—
 Think not that you will hear from me
 The honied words of flattery;
 For nought is more the real bane
 Of happiness, than to be vain:

All that in this world we command
 Does on no certain basis stand:
 Things fall and rise, and rise and fall;
 This is the common lot of all.
 Young as you are, you must have seen
 What disappointments intervene
 To check the hopes of life's career
 Between the cradle and the bier.
 Instruction too doth daily give
 Those lessons which your minds re-
 ceive,
 Where from examples you may learn
 Fair truth from falsehood to discern,
 And your young opening minds pre-
 pare
 Against the threats of future care:
 Hence this high doctrine you will know
 That virtues real joys bestow,
 And vice conducts to certain woe.
 Nay, from my tongue accept a truth,
 So fitted to the ear of youth,
 That, in this world, you may believe
 The wicked will not fail to grieve;
 And, though in pomp and glory clad,
 How oft their brightest hours are sad.
 Whatever be the state we know,
 Virtue is happiness below;
 Whate'er the worldly station given
 Virtue alone is sure of Heaven;
 If then through life to virtue prone,
 The joys of both worlds are your own.
 "Life is the path to mortals given
 That leads the good from Earth to
 Heaven,
 And death the dark and gloomy way,
 That ope's upon eternal day.
 These are grave thoughts I well may
 own,
 But cannot be too early known.
 'Tis not by reasoning refin'd,
 I shall attract the tender mind;
 That must be left till riper age.
 Doth the experience'd thought engage



DR SYNTAX VISITS A BOARDING SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES

Illustration

To take within a larger scope
 The various views of fear and hope,
 Which may mature reflection bond
 To life's due progress and its end,
 —What is error, what is vice,
 What the temptations which entice
 The early mind to what is wrong,
 As in your youth you dance along,
 And what the joy which they deserve,
 Nay will possess, who never swerve
 From virtue's path, and the decree
 Of Heav'n-born, heartfelt piety.
 This knowledge I shall hope to teach
 Not by thoughts beyond your reach,
 But by plain maxims fix'd in truth
 And suited to the minds of youth.

"The virtue with which I commence
 Is unreserved obedience
 To your earthly parents, who
 Stand in the place of God to you :
 And next, your kind instructors claim
 The honours of a parent's name,
 To whom in your life's early hour
 They delegate parental power.

"Such is earliest thought impress'd
 By reason on the human breast ;
 The first fond sense that nature gives,
 And the first warmth the heart receives.

You're of an age to know it well ;
 And feel the tender truth I tell,
 I shall not, therefore, more enlarge
 Upon this subject of my charge,
 But on other points infer
 My views of female character ;
 And such as to my mind appears
 Best suited to your sex and years.

"Beauty displays a two-fold kind,
 That of the body and the mind ;
 Both are allow'd their various arms,
 Each conquers by its several charms.
 Let's try by rules of common sense
 What is their genuine excellence,

And then compare the solid good
 With which they both may be endued,
 And what the powers that they possess,
 To foster human happiness.—
 The form requires exterior grace,
 While the attractions of the face
 Demand the soft or piercing eye,
 With a connected harmony
 Of features, in right order plac'd,
 And in due shape by nature trac'd :
 These, heighten'd by carnation dye
 Of roseate bloom's variety,
 With flowing locks display'd to view,
 Of black or brown or auburn hue,
 And well combin'd in various ways
 A certain admiration raise,
 Which beauty of whatever name
 Will never hesitate to claim.
 But on this fond, delusive theme,
 Do not indulge the idle dream
 That, by the fav'ring grace of Heaven,
 As a decided good 'tis given :
 For oft 'tis found in your possessing
 More as a trial than a blessing :
 Nay, beauty oft neglected mourns,
 And even wrecks whom it adorns.
 Its charms, in all their brightness gay,
 To the admiring eye to-day
 May their soft, rosy bloom display ;
 But from the inroad of disease
 To-morrow it may cease to please ;
 And the late glowing eye may see
 The figure of deformity.

—Besides, we know, uncourtous
 Time,

When once you've pass'd life's early
 prime,

Will soon begin, with rankling teeth,
 To prey on what remains of youth ;
 Unmindful of each yielding grace,
 To plant the wrinkle on the face,
 And, as advancing age draws nigh
 To dim the glances of the eye :

While on the brow no longer play
 The auburn tresses once so gay,
 But now proclaim that brow so grey.
 Nor is this all,—as all must know
 Death is of life the common foe
 That doth on nature's will attend
 And bring us to one certain end;—
 Nor will his fatal arrow spare
 The youthful form because 'tis fair,
 But in its glowing strength and bloom
 May point it to the silent tomb.
 Such then the form's attractive grace,
 Such then the beauty of the face;
 Let us compare them as combin'd
 With the rich graces of the mind.
 —Here rests the beauty of the whole,
 The mortal form, th' immortal soul.
 The one that on time's pinions flies,
 The other this world's power defies,
 And looks to where it never dies.
 The one may smile away its hour
 In youth's exhilarating bower,
 But 'tis not made to live and last
 When that so cheerful season's past:—
 Know, that the other may engage
 The stride of time from youth to age,
 And passing on to life's last doom,
 Will look with hope beyond the tomb.
 Beauty may make you angels here,
 But virtue makes you angels there.

“By time, by chance, by fortune's
 frown,
 The proudest fabric tumbles down,
 And wealth is lost we often see,
 In desolating penury.
 In such a change of human lot
 From the proud mansion to the cot,
 It is the mind that must prepare
 The disappointing hour to bear,
 And mortifying load of care. [sustain'd
 Though you, young friends, have not
 The power by reason's strength sus-
 tain'd,

But thus instructed, as you feel,
 By such enlarg'd enlighten'd zeal,
 These truths the teacher's words
 And, with superior energy [supply,
 Present them to the mental eye.
 —All this is right and just and good:
 The mind with moral sense endued,
 Doth those well-wrought foundations
 Which are not subject to decay, [lay
 And form the base on which to rest,
 Of this world's cheering good the best.
 By that you're well-prepar'd to know
 What to the Gospel 'tis you owe.
 Yes, my young audience, you've been
 taught [fraught:

Those rules with perfect wisdom
 For when they first to man were given
 As the immortal boon of Heaven;
 Our fallen nature was renew'd
 With that full, universal good,
 Which did the glorious scheme supply
 Of universal charity,
 That all distinctions did remove,
 In one grand scene of social love;
 The blessing promis'd from above.

“I have another wish to tell
 On which my serious wishes dwell,
 And call you gravely to attend
 Both to the preacher and the friend.
 'Tis that I'm anxious to relate
 What is the real, social state
 Of woman, since the awful date
 Of that auspicious era, when
 The Heav'nly choir to wond'ring men,
 By their immortal song made known,
 The mercies of the eternal throne.

“History on its page will show,
 Which from instruction you may
 know,

That ere the Christian scheme began
 Women were but the slaves of MAN.
 States and nations I could name
 Where they could no distinction claim,

Nay, where your sex did scarce confer
Ought of a reas'ning character ;
Without a choice but to pursue
The functions custom made them do :
Whose active powers did ne'er appear,
But to obey from abject fear :
While others did to hope deny
A claim to immortality ;
And like the beasts that perish, they
Look'd to compose one common clay.
Nor did they equal rights possess,
That source of female happiness,
(To which enlighten'd nations know,
And loud proclaim how much they
owe,)

Till Heathen modes and Pagan power
Melted before the beaming hour,
When that Divine Lawgiver came,
A new Religion to proclaim,
That in the mind such comfort pours,
And which, my darling friends, is
yours ;

Where Women did their station find,
So suited to the human mind ;
With all those views of social life
Both as the mother and the wife,
Which justified their equal sway,
When to command, and when obey.
To men He left the arduous care
Of ruling policy and war ;
To bear arms in their country's cause,
To frame the code of wholesome laws,
And with a bold sagacious zeal,
To overlook the common weal :
While women, far from public strife,
Adorn the realm of private life ;
Nor, from th' allotted circle roam,
But sway the sceptre of their home :
There, by each fond and virtuous art,
To soften and chastise the heart ;
And all man's ruder thoughts im-
prove

By the chaste warmth of wedded love,

"Such was the change, which you
must see,

Was made in man's society ;
Such was the glory of that hour,
When woman shar'd domestic pow'r ;
And this distinction, woman owes,
As ev'ry Christian reader knows,
To that high Cov'nant which began,
When Heav'n renew'd its will to man,
And sanctified the nuptial bands
By purer laws and new commands :
If therefore it is well explain'd
What the female sex have gain'd
By the religion you profess :

What virtues pure, what happiness,
What honour and superior power,
To clothe with good the passing hour ;
Say can your hearts be e'er endued
With a full tide of gratitude, [flow'd,
For all which from Heav'n's fount has
And Revelation has bestow'd !—
O do not your young bosoms burn,
To make the warmest, best return ?
And how can that return be made,
But by its sacred laws obey'd ?
And while you grow up into life,
As friend, as parent, and as wife,
By action and example too,
Keep this great object in your view
And never check the homage due.

—To aid the cause, what pow'rful arms
Are female virtues, female charms !
For all the good you may enjoy
Take care that yours you well employ :
These are commanding powers given ;
Make them the instruments of Heaven,
In circles more or less confin'd,
Where your life's duties are enjoin'd,
Where worldly cares your steps may
lead,

And fond affection bids you tread,
There all your shining virtues shew'd,
There use your influencing power :

Nor cease, 'mong all you love or know,
As far as nature will allow
To make them good, and keep them so.
Here then, I close, my darling friends!
And my e'erflowing heart commends
The kind preceptress to explain
(Which she will ne'er attempt in
vain.)

What of this subject doth remain;
And bring the whole before your view,
To prove my solemn doctrine true.
She on your mem'ry will impress
Those duties which your lives will
bless,
With all life gives of happiness.—
—So now farewell,—remember me,—
And what I've taught beneath the
tree."

The Doctor rose, the blessing given
With waving hand and looks to
Heaven,
He calmly left the leafy bow'r
And sought the contemplative hour.
The evening pass'd and much he
thought [taught;
Of the young train whom he had
Then went to rest, but e'er he slept,
Review'd th' affecting scene, and wept.

What active cause his slumbers
broke,
Or why at early hour he woke,
It would be needless to inquire;
But e'er the neighb'ring parish spire
Receiv'd the sun's first golden ray
And told the bright approach of day,
Syntax had left his downy rest;
When, all bewigg'd and fully drest,
He to the window turn'd his eye
And view'd with sudden ecstasy,
A scene of nature that combin'd
Whatever could fill the painter's mind.
—Through a deep, verdant vale below,
A crystal stream was seen to flow,

While swelling hills with forests
crown'd,

Did all the nearer prospect bound,
And mountains clad in airy blue
Clos'd with their tops the distant view;
Nor did there want the mantled tower
Or pointed spire or village bower,
Besides the morning's moisture threw
O'er woody dells a misty hue,
That form'd a dusky base below,
To heighten the ascending glow
Which the horizon's golden ray
Did on the summit's peak display.
Struck with the beauty of the view,
He brush'd away the morning dew,
To make a hasty sketch or two.
Pat follow'd quick, when, having seen
His master seated on the green,
And with attentive care employ'd
On the gay work he so enjoy'd.
He rov'd about, now here, now there,
He scarce knew why, he scarce knew
where:

When, as beside a hedge he stray'd,
From the sweet voice of village maid,
He heard a simple strain prolong
From tender heart this piteous song.

"Tho' the rain it did pour, and the
winds they did blow,
When we were borne over the Ferry,
Though the rain it did pour, yea,
Henry, you know
That my heart it was blithesome
and merry.

"But ah! tho' the sun so sweetly
did shine
As I did return o'er the Ferry,
I wept,—for then Henry no longer
was mine,
And my heart knew not how to be
merry.



Rembrandt

D^r SYNTAX MAKING A DISCOVERY

"The sun now will shine and the
winds blow in vain,
For I've bid adieu to the Ferry;—
[ne'er with dear Henry shall pass it
again, [merry."
And my heart has forgot to be

Pat listen'd, and soon made reply
In his own native minstrelsy.

"My dear Meg liv'd with her
mother,
I on one side and she on t'other,
For a deep river ran between
Me and the Beauty of the Green.
But the banks were steep and the
river wide, [ride,
And I had no horse and I could not
So I wish'd myself a pretty little
boat,
To take me o'er to t'other side.

"And many a month and many a
day
And half a year had pass'd away;
And still the river flood was seen
'Twixt me and Marg'ry of the Green.
But the banks were steep, &c.

"At length she did a youth prefer,
Who liv'd on the same bank with her.
So now the river may flow on:
My hope is fled, my love is gone.
I care not though the banks are wide,
That I have no horse and cannot ride;
And I wish no more to be a little
boat,
To take me o'er to t'other side."

He clos'd his strain, and through
the screen, [green,
Form'd of wild flowers and branches
A lane, slow passing on was seen.
A russet gown the maiden wore,
And on her arm a basket bore;

The rosy blush was on her cheek,
And dark brown locks hung o'er her
neck,
While eyes of blue seem'd to impart
The symptoms of a melting heart.
—Pat took a peep, and quite delighted,
Thought that the time should not be
alighted,

And that the means he might improve
To try and make a little love.
Though, thought he, I'm not so clever
To leap across a flowing river,
I think at least I have the sense
To get me o'er a quickset fence:
No sooner said than done; the rover
Took a long run and soon was over:
The damsel started at the sight,
But soon recover'd from her fright:
While he, with smile and gentle talk,
Begg'd to attend her on her walk,
To bear her eggs, and while the thrush
Sung sweetly from the neighb'ring
bush,

In pleasing courtesy confer,
And mention all he thought of her.—
Susan, poor girl, at first was coy,
But there's a certain am'rous boy,
Who cares not how he wastes his darts,
Nor whether high or vulgar hearts
Receive their points, so he can play
And thus amuse his time away.—
Thus ere Pat's tongue for half-an-hour
Had exercis'd its flatt'ring power,
She had withdrawn her look severe,
And seem'd to give a list'ning ear.

While this love-talk was going on,
Syntax his morning task had done,
And was returning stout and able,
To prey upon the breakfast table,
Thus, passing on, he chanced to see,
Beneath an overshadowing tree,
Patrick engag'd in am'rous guise
Devouring Susan with his eyes,

While she, with half averted look,
The kind discrimination took.

—The Doctor, sitting on a stile,
Resolv'd that he would pass awhile,
And please his fancy with the view
Of how this curious courtship grew.
—Sometimes their jogging elbows
Half in earnest, half in joke: [spoke
Then their join'd hands appear'd in
view, [drew,

And then the nymph her hand with-
Tapping the lover on the shoulder;
At which he bolder grew and bolder;
When his arm gently clasp'd her waist,
Nor did she think the grasp misplac'd;
For, though she made attempt to shove
The feeble act did not remove it. [it,
—And now the smiling Doctor thought
'Twas time to set it all at nought,
To interfere in the debate,
And spoil, at once, the tête-à-tête.
He then appear'd, poor Pat was
hush'd, [blush'd,
The nymph at first look'd down and
Then tript away on all her legs,
To better market with her eggs.

SYNTAX.

"What fancy has your folly led
To stuff with trash that poor girl's
head:

To trump up a long list of lies
About her ears, her nose and eyes,
That though you've been all Europe
o'er,
You ne'er saw such a wench before;
And while your nonsense you were
plying, [lying."
You knew, you fool, that you were

PATRICK.

"An' please your Reverence, 'twas
but sporting
What a man says when he's a courting.

Believe me, Sir, no ill was meant,
And all was done with kind intent.
I met the maid, and could not balk
My fancy for a little talk: [best;
She seem'd well pleas'd,—I did my
'Twas only making love in jest:
'Tis what I've heard that great folks
do,

Whenever they are pleased to woo.
When I serv'd Col'nel Debonnair,
I've heard him to a lady swear,
Though brown as chestnut, she was
fair.

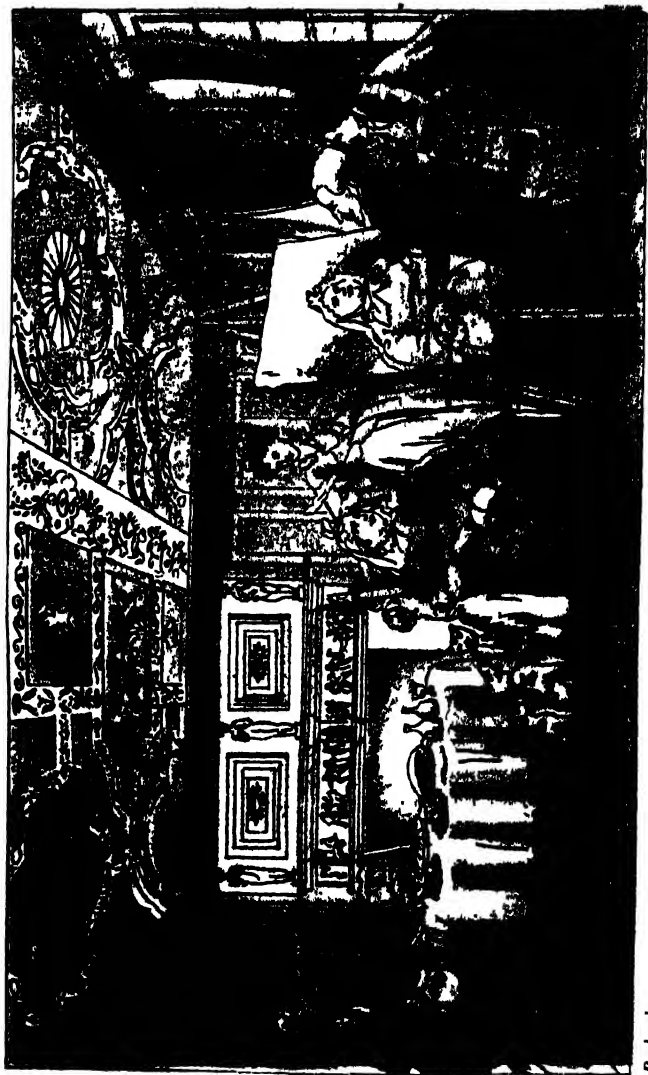
And faith, Sir, I have heard him tell
A shrieking miss she sang so well,
That her sweet accents did inspire
A notion of the Heav'nly quire.
I've heard him too, and not in fun,
Tell a fat widow, like a tun,
That she was as a Venus made,
A pattern for the Sculptor's trade;
He meant it true,—for she believ'd it,
And, with a thousand thanks receiv'd
it.

But all these fancies are forgiv'n;
If e'er man went, he's gone to Heaven:
He was the best of men, all said
Who knew him, whether live or dead;
For on one hard and well-fought day,
He on the cold stone lifeless lay."

SYNTAX.

"This is not the time or season
For me on serious points to reason:
But he who says what is not true,
Whether he be a fool like you,
Or has th' acknowledg'd reputation
Of being wisest in the nation,
Will have committed an offence
'Gainst virtue, reason, common-
sense;—"

For on the heart a Lie's a blot,
Whether in palace or in cot."



DR SYNTAX PAINTING A PORTRAIT

Rowlandson

Here this unsought-for converse
ended,
The ladies on the sage attended,
And at the sound of breakfast bell,
Took 'special care to feed him well:
Nor did they want an equal zeal
At ev'ry stated, plenteous meal:
While to the charming female college,
He well return'd the food of knowledge.
—On the next day a friendly call
Re-summon'd him to Bounty Hall.
The messenger arriv'd from town,
Had brought the apparatus down,
By which the Doctor was to ply
His fav'rite art with novelty;
To see what his unpractis'd toil
Could do with canvas and with oil.
The pallet set, with colours grac'd,
The easel in due posture plac'd,
The curtain'd window's soften'd glare,
Of fav'ring light th' admitted share,
The Lady seated and full-drest,
Call'd up those looks she thought the
best,—

When Syntax, with uplifted eye,
And somewhat of a doubting sigh
Whisper'd a soft soliloquy;
Or, with hesitation fraught,
Rather indulg'd a doubtful thought.

"How oft my pencil has prepar'd
To trace the guests of farmer's yard,
How often has it brought to view
With nice design and likeness true,
The horse, the ass, the goat, the cow,
All shelter'd by a barley-mow:
While here I'm puzzled at the feature
Of a human Christian creature:
But patience calls me to the test,
And I must strive to do my best."

He wav'd his pencil, form'd the line
That shapes the human face divine,
Gave all the features their due places,
And hop'd to finish with the graces.

Puffing and painting, on he went,
Sometimes displeas'd, sometimes content,

Until it was too plainly seen,
One eye was blue, the other green;
Whereas, on a correct survey,
Her Ladyship's bright eyes were grey.

The Lady, when she took a view,
Declar'd the gen'ral likeness true,
But still she thought it might be
stronger:

He took the hint, and made it younger.
By daubing out, and laying in
The tints alternate thick and thin,
He kept within a mod'rate line;
But made the drap'ry wondrous fine.
—She thought 'twould have a pretty
look

If in her hand she held a book,
Which with a demi-serious mood,
Might much improve her attitude:
But it so happ'd, he cast an eye
Upon a cake and currant-pie,
Which an adjoining table grac'd
With other articles of taste;
And thus the Doctor, while proceed-
ing, {ing:
Thought more of eating than of read-
For here attention felt a break,
Out went the book,—What a mistake!
And in her hand he plac'd the cake.

The laugh was loud, they sought
the board,
The cake was eat, the book restor'd,
The pencil mov'd, the flounces twirl
And round the robe impetuous curl.
—Syntax now thought, "I've done
my best;

At least my Lady is well drest,
And as my art can go no further,
I hope, without committing murder,
I have, at length, just made an end
Of my kind, hospitable friend."

—The work, 'tis true, had no pretence
To that superior excellence
Which some could to the canvas give,
Whereon the figures seem to live;
And though this picture cannot vie
With aught 'bove mediocrity,
Yet those to whom my Lady's known
Did all the gen'ral likeness own;
And she herself, above the rest,
Her warm and grateful praise express'd.

—When, 'twas presented to the eye,
In a room hung with tapestry,
Of ancient work, with figures grim,
Of monstrous shape and threat'ning
limb, [vading,
Whose colours, the whole room per-
had for a century been fading;
The contrast gave a glowing grace,
Both to the air, the form, the face,
Which to the Rev'rend Limner's art
Did those apparent powers impart,
That, to his eye, he scarce could tell
The wonder it was done so well.

But ere he quitted Bounty-Hall
Syntax receiv'd a serious call,
With strong expressions, to attend
The wish of Doctor Dicky Bend:
And much he did anticipate
The comforts which would on him wait,
In the recesses of a college, [ledge,
Scenes of good living and of know-
Which to the mind and body give
The solid means for both to live.

The Doctor thought to steal away,
As he was wont, by break of day;
But Lady Bounty's rank and station,
Had check'd the vulgar inclination,
And he determin'd to regret,
With all due form and etiquette,
In looks that mourn and words that
grieve,
That he was forc'd to take his leave.

—The morning came, the breakfast
o'er,

Phillis and Punch were at the door:
When Syntax in respectful tone,
Made all his grateful wishes known,
While ev'ry hope words could express
For health, long life, and happiness,
Follow'd in due and stated course,
With solemn, modulated force.
Then her right hand he gently drew,
Kiss'd it, and bow'd, and said "Adieu."
—Affected by this tender grace,
A tear stole gently down her face;
And wiping her be-moisten'd eye,
She offer'd this sincere reply.

—"Doctor, your virtues I revere,
And wish your stay were longer here:
Doctor, your learning I admire,
And much I grieve that you retire:
Your piety involves my heart,
And I lament that you depart.
But still I thank the happy chance
That did your wand'ring steps advance
To where I pass my tranquil days
In striving humble worth to raise,
And in the circuit of my pow'r,
To cheer the poor man's toilsome hour:
In youthful minds the seeds to sow
Of virtue, and where thistles grow
To pluck them that they may not
spoil

The fruits produc'd by honest toil:
Nay, I am proud that my great view
Has been approv'd and prais'd by you,
And while I wish you ev'ry good,
I thus my kind farewell conclude.

—Here, whensoever you wish to come,
This house will prove a real home:
Come when you will, bring whom you
may,

And, as you please, prolong your stay:
You'll have the welcome of my heart;
Nor go, till I pronounce, depart."

—She now presented to his hand
A cover rich with velvet band,
Where taste must have been proud to
Its needle in embroidery. [ply.
A clasp, enrich'd with gold, confin'd
The memoranda of the mind,
Which on the inmost page so white,
The ready pencil might indite.

"Take this," she said, "and when
your thought

Is with a sudden image fraught,
—Inscribe it here, and let it live

Nor be a hasty fugitive :

It thence may gain a passage free
To dwell within your memory ;

And at those moments do not spare,
For your warm friend, a transient
prayer."

The Doctor here made no reply,
But a warm tear in either eye,
And quietly pursued his way
In thoughtful mood from day to day,
'Till he attain'd his journey's end
And shook the hand of Dicky Bend.
It was not long ere they were seated,
And had each other kindly greeted ;
Talk'd o'er the college news, and told,
Who lately died, and who grew old,
Or look'd for tardy time to pay
The hopes of the impatient day :
What the preferment in their giving,
And who had got the last good living.
Then they both div'd in classic lore,
And did the various toil explore
Of learning and of learned elves ;
At length they talk'd about them-
selves. [Bend

When, looking downwards, Dicky
Call'd on the Doctor to attend.

D— BEND.

"My invitation gave a hint
As if that something more was in't,

Than a mere gen'ral kind request
To come and eat and drink the best,
Which my known hospitable board
Does to a valued friend afford.
In short, 'tis sometime since I found
How dull the solitary round
Of a continued single life ;
I therefore look'd out for a wife :
And soon the widow of a friend
Did by her qualities command
A fitness for the married state,
And suited just to such a mate ;
As I, at length, am like to prove,
Now past the warmer age of love.
Indeed, I'm told the gen'ral voice
Of all my friends approves my choice.
We are not strangers to each other ;
I knew her husband and her mother :
Known a good wife to Johnny Free,
Why then, I ask you, may not she
Be just as good a wife to me ?
Beauty indeed she does not boast ;
She never was a college toast :
But manners sweet with winning
smile,
That do the feeling heart beguile ;
All these she surely doth possess,
And more than I can well express ;
Nay somewhat of a sleepy eye,—
But you will see her bye and bye."

SYNTAX.

"Let now, I pray, the subject cease,
It wakes those thoughts which wound
my peace :

No more of wives before we dine,
You know that I'm depriv'd of mine ;
So leave that topic to the wine."

The dinner o'er, the Lady came,
Who look'd so soon to change her
name,

And did with graceful care attend
To say kind things to Dicky's friend,

By whom the office would be done
To make her and her Dickie one.

—'Twas with discretion well arrang'd,
That his old state should not be
chang'd

With the well, long-known Mrs. Free
Within the University ;

For should it hap to reach the know-
ledge [lege,

Of the young gowmsmen in the col-
The gen'ral quiz, the frolic tale,
Would through its cloister'd haunts
prevail : [sprawl

The grey-beard Cupid's wings would
On many a disfigur'd wall,
And Hymen's well-known saffron
shirt

Would be well sprinkled o'er with
port.

The Provost had a Rect'ry neat
Which serv'd him as a country seat,
Retired from all public noise,
And fit for Hymeneal joys.

The coppice did his meadows bound,
The purling riv'let flow'd around,
And fruits and fragrant flow'rs were
seen [green.

To deck the smooth-fac'd bowling-
Full many a leaf of various hue
Did its neat snow-white front bestrew,
While o'er the porch the branches
twine

Of the sweet-smelling jessamine.

—What did it want t'increase the
measure

Of calm repose and rural pleasure,
But to advance domestic life ;

That Dickie Bend should get a wife :
And such he was about to prove,

The gift of reason and of love.
For this he left his stately college,
And the more deep research of know-
ledge.

To pass his annual vacation

In ease and rural recreation.

From his o'er-ruling cares releas'd,

Here he became a Parish Priest ;

And Syntax here perform'd the rite

Which did his worthy friend unite,

In the indissoluble tie

Which hallow'd altars sanctify.

The merry peal awak'd the day,

The flow'rets strew'd the churchyard
way,

And all the village folk were gay.

—The benediction then was given,

With prayers of all the poor to Heaven,

For it was known, that Dickie Bend

Had ever been the poor man's friend.

—The hours were pass'd in tranquil
joy,

No sick'ning cup, no feast to cloy ;

Nought struck the ear, or met the
eye,

But friendship, love and harmony :

A scene that might give ample scope

To furnish out a solid hope,

That Dickie Bend, with such a wife,

Would find the rarest good of life.

Syntax th' important deed had done,

And now no longer would postpone,

The last great point he had in view,

In town to pass a week or two.

He on the wedding's joyful eve,

Of Bride and Bridegroom took his
leave,

To gain some neighb'ring inn's abode

Where, seated on a turnpike road,

He might a quick conveyance find.

—Phillis and Punch were left behind,

Their time in idleness to pass,

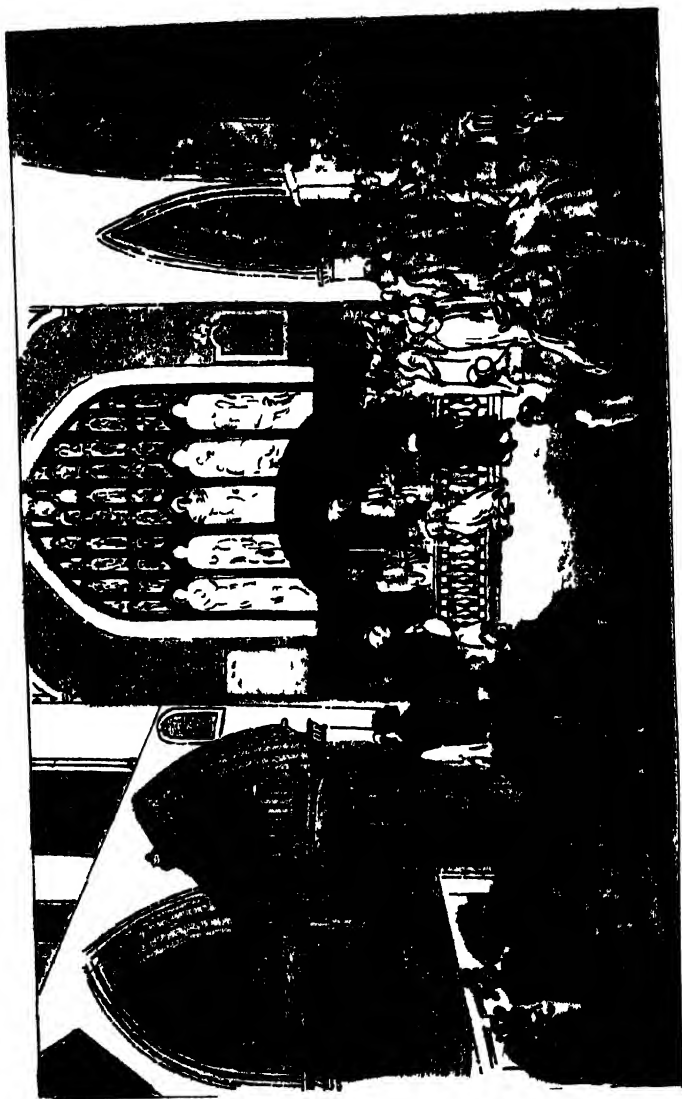
And fatten on the Provost's grass.

—The Doctor had not long to wait,

A stage-coach stopp'd before the gate :

He a convenient sitting shad'd ;

Pat took his place beside the grand



How the story

MARRIAGE OF DR. DICKY BEND

And, having safe arriv'd in town,
At Hatchet's Hotel were set down.

Nor had the busy following day
In vain research been pass'd away,
For free from the street's rattling din,
He found repose in THAVIES INN,
Where from the town's unceasing riot,
He could enjoy his time in quiet;
If he should choose his pen to wield
In learning's wide polemic field;
Or let his lively fancy play
With reigning subjects of the day,

Or sport away his leisure time,
In lighter works of prose or rhyme:
This place appear'd a calm retreat
For learning or the Muses' seat,
Such as he thought could scarce be
found

Within the City's ample bound:
—Whether he thus the scene employs,
Or how its comforts he enjoys;
What pleasure seeks, what cares dis-
pel,
Perhaps a future page may tell.

CANTO XXXIII.

THE Doctor in warm lodging
seated,

And hope of being kindly treated,
With solace both of bed and board
Which smiling promise could afford,
His busy cogitation ran
Upon some pleasant gen'ral plan
Which might be prudent he should
take

For int'rest or diversion sake,
Or, his intention nothing loth,
As he might gratify them both.
Free from restraint, with purse well-
lin'd,

And by no serious claim confin'd,
With no one call upon his time,
From sober prose or sprightly rhyme,
The breakfast o'er, he pac'd the room,
And thus laid out the days to come,
Which were allotted him to stay
In this grand scene of grave and gay;
What he should first begin to do,
And which inviting way pursue.

—Thus, he in contemplative mood
The carpet's gaudy surface tread,
And, with hand lifted to his eye,
Burst into this soliloquy.

"I shall not count each fleeting
year,

Since fav'ring fortune call'd me here,
And gave me more than humble claim
To a fair literary name;
Which though it seems I should not
boast,

I must preserve from being lost;
And as I've heard that various arts
Which a base servile press imparts,
Do their delusive tricks employ
And give the name which I enjoy
To pettifogging works which I
Must view, as from a critic's eye,
With contempt and contumely.

—It is a duty which I owe
To all the readers who bestow
Their kind smiles on my rhyming tell
And well repay my midnight ell,
Who patronise my labours past,
And may protect me to the last:
Nay, well I know it is not long,
They'll have to cheer my evening song;
The wintry note must soon be o'er,
That's faintly warbled at fourscore.
But 'tis my duty, I repeat,
Thus to unfold the foul deceit,

Nor let a spurious Syntax claim
 Their favour to a pilfer'd name;
 To set as his, their works afloat,
 Which real Syntax never wrote;
 Nay, such as in ill-fortune's spite,
 The real Syntax could not write.—
 These scribes I'll fail not to expose,
 Who, foes to truth and learning's foes,
 Do in one artifice agree
 To father their poor works on me.
 To speak out, there is no concealing,
 This is downright dishonest dealing,
 And honest tradesmen will condemn
 The foul, audacious stratagem."

The Doctor ceas'd, then seized his
 pen,
 To tell his friends at Sommerden
 Of all his hist'ry that was past
 Since he had written to them last;
 That a calm settlement in town,
 Did his long ling'ring journey crown,
 And that in fourteen days to come,
 He would address his face t'wards
 home.

This brief, domestic business o'er
 He took his hat and pass'd the door:
 With the umbrella 'neath his arm
 To guard him from all show'ry harm:
 He walk'd the streets with wand'ring
 And busy curiosity, [eye
 To see what pow'r and wealth had
 done

While all those tranquil years had
 flown,
 Since he by fortune's guidance came
 And gain'd that share of honest fame
 Which talents such as his could claim;
 And while bene'er from virtues swerves,
 Virtue may own that he deserves.

—He stroll'd about, nor could he pass
 A street, where in some pane of glass,
 He did not calmly smile to see
 His own delightful visage.

All this he thought look'd wondrous
 well

Had he another work to sell:
 For though he now was quite at ease,
 And calls for cash no longer tease:
 Yet still he thought his idle time,
 Might have enlarg'd by prose or rhyme,
 If with due care and thought pursued,
 The faculty of doing good.

And as the great historian tells,
 Whose pen's delightful style excoels
 The writers of the present age,
 Who have fill'd up th' historic page;
 That while he 'mid the arches stray'd
 Of Rome's proud fane in ruins laid,
 His glowing, comprehensive mind,
 That great presiding work design'd,
 Which in each future age's eye
 Will give him immortality.*

—Thus, if in this capricious state,
 Small things may be compared with
 great,

Syntax amid th' o'erwhelming noise
 Of rattling wheels, of men and boys,
 With the rude hurry of the street
 Which did his various senses greet,
 Thought on a work, whatever it be,
 Which is a secret yet to see;
 But if he lives, the world will see.

—Nothing, indeed, escap'd his view,
 He saw St. Dunstan's men strike two,
 And walking on he look'd around
 To see what more was to be found;
 When on a door was fix'd a book,
 In which he felt dispos'd to look,
 And saw, amidst the noisy din,
 There was a sale of books within.
 This he presum'd would fetch a treat,
 So in he went and took a seat.
 As far as he could judge or see,
 There was a curious company;

* Mr. Gimson.

NOTICE OF FORTHCOMING



Authors, booksellers, and what not,
 Had in the place together got;
 Though here and there he seem'd to
 A little lot of gentlemen, [ken
 Who sometimes gave a book a run
 As it appear'd from vexing fun,
 And rais'd a work above its price,
 To tease a tradesman's avarice,
 While those same worthies of the Row,
 Would pay the gents a quid pro quo.
 The sale went on, and books knock'd
 down

From fifty pounds to half a crown.

Syntax in musing silence thought
 On what was sold and what was bought;
 And let his keen reflection trace
 How solid learning chang'd its place.
 —Some Authors by the hammer's fiat,
 Were sent away to sleep in quiet,
 While others, who with leaves un-
 clos'd,

Had for full half a century doz'd,
 Were doom'd to pass their dog's ear'd
 As ever-moving fugitives. [lives,
 Thus from their titles, looks and dates,
 He doom'd them to their sev'ral fates;
 Though, as he sat with watchful eye,
 He sometimes even long'd to buy;
 But sage discretion held his hand,
 And did his longing tongue command.

At length the solemn auctioneer
 Did in his hand a tome uprear,
 All gilt, and in morocco green,
 Fit for the boudoir of a queen;
 I know not why so very fine,
 Thought Syntax, for the work is mine:
 But now I shall most surely know
 What to think truth the work doth owe,
 And public fancy may bestow;
 For here its value I shall see,
 Without a spice of flattery.
 Its value was most warmly stated,
 Its Author's talents celebrated, &

Its humour, verse, and moral powers
 Suited to grave and laughing hours,
 And deck'd by nature and by fun,
 With the gay skill of ROWLANDSON.
 Syntax delighted beyond measure
 Nodded to express his pleasure,
 But started when the auctioneer
 Told him he was the purchaser.

AUCTIONEER.

"The book's knock'd down at two
 pounds two,
 The money to be paid by you."

SYNTAX.

"This sure is reas'ning most absurd,
 Why, Sir, I never spoke a word.
 I might have nodded twice or thrice,
 To see the book fetch such a price:
 With secret pride I was complying,
 But that had nought to do with buy-
 ing."

AUCTIONEER.

"Nodding is bidding, Sir, well
 known
 In every auction-room in town,
 And now the book, Sir, is your own."

SYNTAX.

"I know 'tis mine—because I wrote
 it,
 But you will never say I bought it.
 Nay that would be a scurvy trick,
 Enough to make the Author sick.
 If my nods bought it, as you say,
 Why nods should be the coin to pay.
 For this same book I could not bid,
 A fool I must be if I did.
 Besides I safely may express,
 That he who doth the work possess,
 Wants it at any time to try
 His honest liberality,

Would give me copies half a score,
Did I demand them, aye and more."

The Doctor now engross'd the eye
Of the surrounding company,
Nor was his person sooner known
Than ev'ry mark'd respect was shown:
Nay, as he did the case explain,
The Volume was put up again;
While on its page 'twas made a claim,
That he would just inscribe his name,
When this same autograph was found
To raise the price another pound,
And Syntax felt an added glee
When 'twas knock'd down for three
pounds three.

The hammer's daily business done,
The Doctor prov'd a source of fun;
And then, discarding all restraint,
In humorous guise and language
quaint,

Talk'd o'er his blunder frank and free,
To aid the circle's pleasantry.
He now assum'd a critic look,
And as he turn'd from book to book,
Proved by his words, that, great and
small,

He knew, as he had read, them all:
And show'd his learning was profound,
To the attentive list'ners round.

—A book-worm Knight the Sage ad-
dress'd,

And thus his invitation press'd.
"Doctor, I speak it *à la lettre*,
I should be glad to know you better;
And if you'll come with me and dine,
I'll give you ven'son, give you wine,
And for dessert, we will compare
My rich shelves of editions rare,
Such as when you have look'd them
o'er,

You'll say you never saw before."

The Doctor, tho' in gen'ral bent
On intellectual nourishment,

Thought a good dinner thus premis'd
Was not a thing to be despis'd;
And thus in rather lively tone,
He made his grateful feelings known.
"Your dinner I'll partake with plea-
sure,

And view your literary treasure;
For whatsoe'er ~~some~~ Sophs maintain
About the spirits and the brain,
As Prior tells, a clever poet,
And had a certain way to show it,
That they their forces must augment
With some ethereal nutriment:
But any simple Tom will tell ye,
The source of life is in the belly, [plies,
From whence are sent out those sup-
Without whose propiariate sympathies
We should be neither strong nor wise:
For the main strength of ev'ry member
Depends upon the stomach timber;
And if we would improve our thought
We must be fed as well as taught.
E'en Horace boasts his power to shine,
When aided by Falernian wine,
And other bards, if bards speak true,
When they could get it, drank it too."

Syntax was now well pleas'd to find
A treat for body as for mind;
While with all his gen'ral knowledge,
Or of the world or of the college,
The book-worm knight was quite de-
lighted,

And thought how it might be requited;
When he in welcome words declar'd,
"I know not how, Sir, to reward
The real pleasure which occurs
From such society as yours:
You know the hour at which I dine;
And if my table and my wine,
Should, as I hope, Sir, suit your taste,
Let not a day, I beg, be past ~~pleasure~~,
While you're in town and have the
To me 'twill be a real pleasure,

Without your coming here to share,
Such as it is, my daily fare.
But still I must myself explain,
That you may not call here in vain.
—Thursday, the next that is to come,
I have engag'd to be from home,
To dinner at Freemasons' Hall,
A charitable festival.
And now I think on't, you, my friend,
Must thither on my steps attend.
You, Doctor, shall my shadow be
At this self-same solemnity;
Whose grand design is to impart
Help to the wretched sons of art, [grief,
To raise their hopes, to soothe their
And give their weeping wants relief.
Besides, my friend, as I am told,
You do with skill the pencil hold;
And therefore I've a two-fold claim
Upon your heart and on your name.
I here present you with a book,
And ask you o'er its leaves to look,
Nor do I fear you will deny
Your presence at this charity."

SYNTAX.

"I've known, good Sir, what 'tis to
want;
I've felt the time when cash was scant;
Nor am I backward to relieve
Those who feel want and such as grieve,
And look about, with sadden'd eye,
On their surrounding penury.
I would from my example teach
By all the means within my reach
The Hagar taught doctrines which I
practise.
—Devoutly I have lov'd the arts,
And mine's among the grateful hearts,
Which own the pleasures they bestow,
Though I myself but little know:
And far as my poor means extend,
I will not fail to be their friend:

To this same feast I will repair;
Syntax, be sure, will meet you there."
—Thus arts and artists were be-
friended,

And here the conversation ended.
The Doctor sought a welcome hack,
That to his lodgings bore him back.

The following morn, in thoughtful
mood,

He either saunter'd, sat or stood,
Doubtful what course he should pursue,
And to what point direct his view.
His noble friend to whom he ow'd
What fav'ring fortune had bestow'd,
Had some time since deserted town,
And to his country seat gone down,
So he determin'd to repeat,
At the due hour the friendly treat,
So kindly offer'd, nor be shy
Of Bookworm's hospitality.
But the nice blunder of our sage,
As mention'd in a former page,
Had of the auction form'd a tale,
Which 'mong the book-tribe did pre-
vail;

And by this story it was known
That Syntax had arriv'd in town.
—Thus as the bells rang out for pray'r,
He heard some footsteps on the stairs,
When Patrick stiffly usher'd in,
Two persons, who with civil grin
And rather vulgar salutation
Began th' unlook'd-for conversation.
"It was with pleasure, Sir, we heard,
That you in London had appear'd,
And as your prudence may prepare
To cover your expenses there;
We who well know your reputation,
Would be first cars on the occasion.
'Tis a fine time, Sir, to let loose
Such parts as yours, or to amuse,
Or to instruct in ev'ry way,
Wherein you can your pen display.

A hint to you, Sir, may suffice;
 You must not then be over nice;
 And take care that your active mind
 Does not approach too near the wind:
 Thus, if my long experien'd nob
 Has not forget to form a job
 Which has been, in such various way,
 The object of my busy day,
 Since I was in the quick employ
 Of a bookseller's errand-boy,
 And rose from the inferior guise
 Of telling, to the printing lies,
 Which, work'd up by such men as you,
 One half the world will think them
 true,

We may, I say, create a mint,
 Work'd up of manuscript and print,
 Which, by our secret arts, may join
 To stamp the necessary coin.

—We only ask, if the intent
 Can 'scape an act of Parliament;
 We've but to think, and with good
 reason,

What misdemeanour is and treason:
 Nay, we know better than the Bible,
 What is, and what is not a libel.
 Thus in each scribbling act and deed
 In safety we may sure proceed."

SYNTAX.

"What in my writings has appear'd,

What of me have you ever heard,
 What in my visage do you see
 To show the lines of infamy,
 As to suppose, I would disgrace
 My name, my character, my race,
 And thus degrade by basest arts,
 What ~~as~~ they be, my mind and parts,
 The housewifely gifts of God and nature,
 And thus blaspheme a kind Creator?
 For thus Heav'n's gifts to misapply
 Is little short of blasphemy.

—Listen, I bid you, to that bell,
 I understand its language well.
 It speaks of death, it is a knell
 Which has just call'd some spirit home,
 To quit this life for worlds to come,—
 And in the course of some few hours
 The awful summons may be yours:
 And where the devil, do you see,
 Will then your ill-got treasure be."
 —"Doctor," the other man replied,
 "By preaching, we're not satisfied.
 We have another plan in view
 Which has been freely told to you.—
 You'll let it work within your brain;
 To-morrow we will call again,
 And more at large the scheme explain."

SYNTAX.

"Nay, I at present have a scheme
 Of which you neither of you dream,
 That you shall down those stairs be-
 take you,
 As fast as my man Pat can make you."

The hint was given, and his strong
 arm

Fill'd these associates with alarm;
 Headlong and sidelong down they
 went,

Till they completed their descent:
 While Betty with her mop and pail
 On the mid-staircase did not fail
 With well applied and furious dashing
 To give these pamphleteers a washing.
 Vellum who was waiting there
 Came in for his allotted share:
 He had the auction story heard,
 And brought his hopes to be prefer'd,
 As printer, publisher, what not,
 By which some profits might be got,
 If Syntax had to London brought
 Any new work by fancy taught,
 Which might his character maintain
 And promise a return of gain.



D^r SYNTAX AND BOOKSELLER

Rowlandson

Vellum arriv'd, all calm and quiet,
Just at the moment of the riot.
When, with squalling, rattling, rum-
bling,
These pettifoggers came down tum-
bling

Upon him, full with all their weight,
So that he harmless shar'd their fate,
And, coming with a fair intent,
Could not conceive what all this meant.
The noise itself may be conceiv'd
When a close passage-floor receiv'd
Three booksellers together found
Sprawling upon the hollow ground :
While without hat, wig, or umbrella,
They kick'd, and each abus'd his fel-
low,

With horrid oaths and daring threats
Of constables and magistrates,
And calls on Syntax to prepare
For grave reproaches of the Mayor :
While Pat stood on the landing-place
With vict'ry smiling in his face.

This strange and blust'ring bustle
ended,

Vellum upon the Sage attended ;
And had receiv'd no other hurt
Than might be caus'd by sav'ry dirt.
"Knew you those men," the Doctor
said,

"By whom I have just been betray'd
Into a violence of wrath
That did not quite become my cloth?"

VELLUM.

"O I was glad to see them bang'd,
Nor should I weep if they were hang'd ;
For I suspect they are the same
Who pilfer'd your respected name ;
And 'tis apparent with a view
No lib'ral tradesman would pursue,
Though it appears the knavish trick,
Has made at length the public sick."

SYNTAX.

"Ne'er mind, whatever their intent,
I take it as a compliment :
And calmly let the matter pass,—
For this I know, a knave's an ass.—
But what brings Vellum to my view?"

VELLUM.

"To pay my best respects to you :—
And as perhaps, Sir, you have brought
A Manuscript with learning fraught ;
Or some nice, pretty little skit
Upon the times, and full of wit,
A dealing I should hope to drive
By which our mutual gains might
thrive,

And keep our friendly terms alive.
Perhaps, Sir, in your country fancies,
You have composed some other dances.
Your Dance of Life and Dance of
Death,
Have added foliage to the wreath
That binds your brow. But I could
tell

That which would answer full as well.
What think you of the Doctor's Dance,
To make the tricks of physio prance
With clysters, bolusses, and pills,
And all those cures for mortal ills,
Where morbid fancy takes the rule,
And leads the wise to play the fool ;
While stores of hypochondriac wealth,
Are wasted in vain search of health,
Your fiddle might, in solemn sport,
Make the law trip through every
court,

And modernise the ancient brags
Of Serjeants in the Temple Halls.*
—But Matrimony ! what supply
Of infinite variety,

* One of the merry topics of antiquarian knowledge.

Does it not to the Muse present
Of misery and merriment,
Of happy harmony and strife
Too often seen through ling'ring life,
And give new pictures in each stage,
From smiling youth to snarling age.
O this would do, excuse the hint,
With all your wit and sketches in't!
I will risk paper, plates and print;
I'll take the trouble and the care,
And equal profits we will share."

SYNTAX.

"The change is curious I must own:
—When I, my friend, was last in town,
You thought me poor and friendless
too,
And look'd for homage you think due
From coinless bards to men like you:
Then all your purse-proud spirit woke,
Till a great friend that spirit broke.
But now, good Vellum, now I see
Your purse-proud pride will bow to me.
And let me say, my friend, beside,
I've somewhat of an author's pride,
Nay, am dispos'd to bear me high
With your inferiority:
For know the difference is as great
Between our real, genuine state,
As regions where the planets glow,
And, those you tread, with well-shod
The realms of Paternoster-Row. [toe,
The life of genius will extend
To passing time's remotest end,
While yours with all your golden crop
Will not outlast your grooming shop.
—Wealth is the work of worldly art,
While ~~Heaven's~~ dispensing powers
impart

Those gifts with which inspired nature
Re-animates the human creature,
And bids his native spirit soar
To heights of thought unknown before.

Kings may make Lords, and tricks
may thrive,
But Heav'n alone can Genius give!
—Now if your brain and mine were
sifted,

How would our several skulls be
gifted?

Yours would be full of golden schemes,
And stuff'd with money-getting
dreams; [prove

While I should hope that mine might
The seat of visions form'd by love,
For ev'ry sordid notion free,
And warm with Heav'n-born Charity.

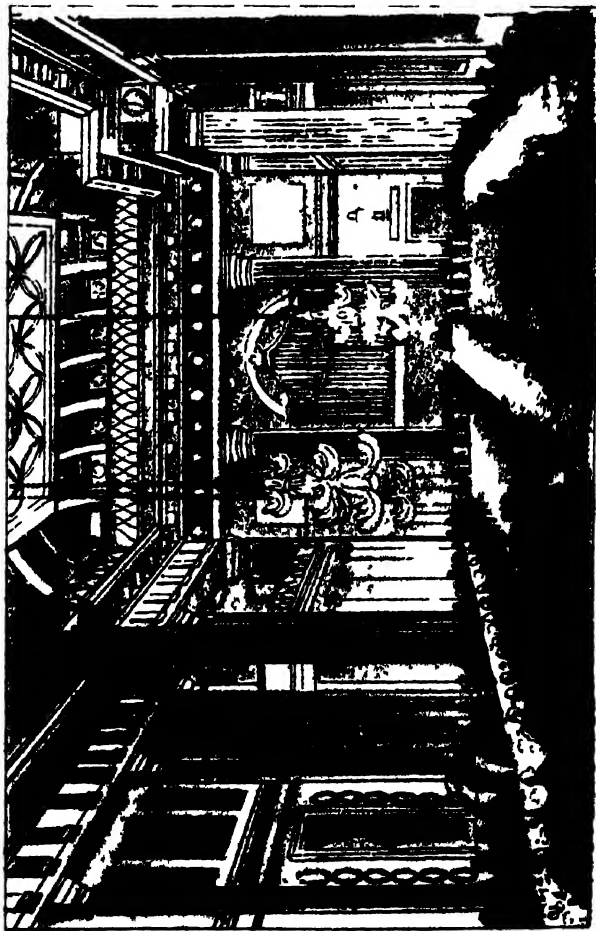
Hence 'tis that I should not submit
To all that Vellum thinks is wit;
What I shall do 'tis mine to tell;—
I'm born to write, he's made to sell.
But this I say as my award
When any future work's prepar'd,
He shall its honest fortune guard.
Such is the promise you receive."—
Vellum bow'd low and took his leave.

The day soon came when Book-
worm's call

Summon'd him to Freemasons' Hall.
A num'rous company appear'd,
The several toasts were loudly cheer'd;
And after he had calmly heard
Displays of various eloquence,
Replete with warm and manly sense,
From royal lips and noble mind;
In gen'ral praises Syntax join'd:
At length he felt his bosom fir'd,
And with the love of art inspir'd,
He rose, his modest silence broke;
And thus the zealous Doctor spoke.

SYNTAX.

"I, who am seldom call'd to stray
From life's retir'd and secret way;
I, who presume not to impart
The progress or the rules of art;



D' SYNTAX AT FREEMASONS HALL

Revised 1911

I, who with weak and erring hand
The pencil's humblest powers command ;

I, who, with timid mind expose,
My undigested thoughts to those,
Whose elevated genius sways
The rising arts of modern days,
Have but one object to pursue,
In thus addressing me to you.
'Tis not improving art to teach,
A subject far beyond my reach ;
But suited to my rank and state
On those high powers to dilate,
Which the ingenious arts possess,
In fav'ring human happiness ;
In strengthening the moral sense
By their impressive influence,
While they the improving power impart

To quicken and to mend the heart.
To personate, by powers combin'd,
Pictures of virtue in the mind.
And soften, when well understood,
Manners, till then unform'd and rude.*
Horace has said, well known in story,
Who liv'd in height of Roman glory,
And was at once the bard and sage
Of the renown'd Augustan Age,
When the fine arts in radiance shone,
As Rome Imperial had not known,
And ere the Vandal bade them cease,
Were rising up to rival Greece :
To this bright wit it did appear
That what alone we list'ning hear,
Does not so soon affect the heart,
As does the eye, by works of art.†

* ——— Ingenues didicisse fideliter artes,
Exacit moris nec sinit esse ferocem.
OVID.

† *Regibus instant antibus dominis per agros,
Quam que sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.
HOM. ANTI. FOM.*

"I shall not strive to state the measure

Of the secure refining pleasure,
Which the productive arts can give,
And we may ev'ry day receive ;—
'Tis not for my weak voice to stray
Into that boundless, glowing way
Where arts of the remotest age
May on the canvas charm the sage,
Present in figure, form and fashion,
The grand events of ev'ry nation,
And show each hero known in story,
Amid the blaze of mortal glory ;
Can 'neath the dreary realms of frost,
Give to the eye the sunny coast,
And the most distant scenes display
Of ev'ry country's various day :
Can decorate the plaster'd wall
Of my embower'd, humble hall,
With Alpine heights and icy vales,
Where the fierce snowy blast prevails,
While the big mountain torrent's
course

Falling with impetuous force,
Does the astonish'd channel fill,
Making a river of a rill.
Nay more, the scenes of human strife,
Of transient variegated life,
The ocean's or the tainted view
Of Trafalgar and Waterloo.
Nor these alone, the poet's fire
Does the bold artist's hand inspire,
And shows, as we the thought pursue,
The painter and the poet too.
But I must leave these powers of art
To those who can their charms impart ;

Who can, with truth and nature tell
The secrets which they know so well.

"If then the arts are thus endued
With such a power of doing good,
What have they not a right to claim
Of smiling ease and honest fame ;

And much it doth my heart delight
To view th' exhilarating sight
Of numbers, who, in art's proud
growth,

I bless just Heav'n, enjoy them both.
They with their pow'rful pencil
teach,

And to the eye their doctrines preach,
When, from the eye, the moral art
Steals into and improves the heart.

—Thus do their generous minds em-
brace,

Without reserve, Art's pining race ;
Whether the victim of disease,
Or fortune's eccentricities ;
Or weaken'd by the slow decay
That wastes the mind and form
away.

—O 'tis enough,—an artist grieves !
And straight the warm relief receives.
Are Art's young offspring in distress ?
Here is a power prepar'd to bless.
No narrow, cold exception's made,
No stated limits that invade
Th' expansive wishes, to apply
The cheering aids of charity.
For YOU direct its noble aim
To ALL, 'mid Fortune's frowns, who
claim,

From weeping Art, a well known
name.

—The tott'ring easel naked stands,
No eye the pallet's tints commands,
The pencil's fallen from the hands
Whose nerves have felt the palsied
stroke,

While paucity reviews the shoak
With tearful eye, that doth not know
A termination to its woe.

Ye wretched come, and dry the tear,
Behold the termination here !

And O may Heaven, with ray divine,
Illuminate the work benign ;

And, year to year, may be renew'd,
The added power of doing good !
—Thus may the arts of Britain's Isle,
Beneath a nation's bounty smile !
Thus we may hope, when all protect,
When talent need not fear neglect,
That native genius will increase,
And British arts may rival Greece.
—Thus I presume to bland at least,
The Artist and the Christian Priest :
And with a two-fold zeal, prefer,
In this united character,
My prayers to the Almighty power,
To bless this righteous, festal hour !
And, having thus my blessing given,
I leave the rest to fav'ring Heaven."

Thus Syntax pleaded Mercy's
cause :

While the Hall echoed with applause.

The few days Syntax pass'd in
town

He seldom was an hour alone.
He had a pleasing neighbour found,
Indeed, he might have look'd around,
And made a long, enquiring pother,
Before he found out such another.
Here he the social evening felt,
Where beauty smil'd, and goodness
dwelt.

Here he met all things to his mind,
With constant kindness over-kind.

—Wherever he is doom'd to go,
In this meand'ring scene below,
In the world's busy to and fro,
He never will, in all its din,
Forget the good of Thavies Inn.

At length, howe'er, the time was
come,

When he engag'd to be at home ;
Besides a letter from the Lake
Did on his town amusements break.
It seems, a worthy, wealthy Knight,
Sir William Constant he was hight ;



Gentle yet brave, humane and free,
 Who might have shone in chivalry,
 If he had liv'd in those fine gay days;
 When champions tilted for the ladies;
 Disdainful of each flatt'ring art,
 Had made the offer of his heart
 To the fair Heiress of the place,
 Adorn'd with ev'ry female grace;
 And soon the secret was made known,
 That she, sweet girl, return'd her
 own.

The Doctor, as she upward grew,
 Had fill'd her mind with all it knew:
 Her filial love was scarcely more,
 Than that she to her master bore:
 Nor would she tie the holy bands,
 Till he return'd to join their hands.
 He suffer'd not the least delay,
 But quitted town that very day,
 And, at its hasty journey's end
 He pass'd the night with Dickie Bend.
 For his return he then prepar'd,
 And Punch and Phillis were not spar'd.
 He thought and rode, and rode and
 thought,

Till a few days the travellers brought
 To where was offer'd to their view
 Keswick's broad Lake and waters
 blue;

While the old tower, with many a
 bell,

Did loudly their arrival tell:
 And on the hill and in the glen,
 Gladness enliven'd Sommerden.
 Smiles beaming on each lively face,
 The fond salute, the warm embrace,
 Did ev'ry pleasing thought recall,
 And all was joy at Worthy Hall.

—Pat found his dame with ruddy
 cheek;

His laughing babes were fat and sleek;
 While through the following curious
 week,

He daily did attention draw,
 To what he'd seen or never saw:
 With truth or tales or merry blunder
 Lie fill'd the gaping folk with won-
 der:

And Pat, no more a pavior, he
 Now wore the Doctor's livery.

At length arriv'd the happy day,
 For all was joy, and all were gay,
 'Twas Hymen's glorious holiday:
 When was prepar'd within the grove,
 The feast of Hymeneal love.

—In all due form the knot was tied;
 Th' exulting bridegroom and the
 bride

In nuptial figure soon appear'd,
 The assembled village loudly cheer'd,
 And as the plenteous feast began,
 The board was crown'd, the vessels
 ran,

From whence the foaming cups o'er-
 flow'd;

And ev'ry breast with pleasure glow'd.
 —The happy-Syntax took the chair,

Beside him were the wedded pair,
 While near him all in smiling state
 The 'Squire and his Maria sate,
 Who never had such pleasure known
 Since such a day had been their own.

The dinner o'er, the Doctor rose,
 And did the heart-felt toast propose:
 "Health to the bridegroom and the
 bride,

And ev'ry other good beside:
 O may they live from life till death,
 As they have liv'd who gave them
 breath!

And now we leave you to be gay,
 To pass your time in sport and play,
 For this is Hymen's holiday!"

The days pass'd on, which pass'd
 too soon,
 And form'd the happy honeymoon;

But, when that joyous time was o'er, Things went on as they'd done before. Syntax resum'd his former station, With all his native animation.	Again the Rect'ry he enjoy'd, Again the studious hours employ'd; Look'd on for pleasures yet to come, And felt again that—HOME WAS HOME.
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THE
THIRD TOUR
OF
DOCTOR SYNTAX,
IN SEARCH OF A WIFE,
A POEM.



*Ut Pictura Poësis erit quæ si propius stes,
Te capiet magis, et quadam si longius abstes
Hæc amat obscurum volet hæc sub luce videri,
Indicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen;
Hæc placuit semel, hæc decies repetita placebit*
Horat Ars Poët.

DOCTOR SYNTAX'S TOUR
IN
SEARCH OF A WIFE.



The Londoner

**DOCTOR SYNTAX SETTING OUT
IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.**

DOCTOR SYNTAX'S TOUR
IN
SEARCH OF A WIFE.

CANTO XXXIV.

HOW is it none contented lives
With the fair lot which reason
gives,

Or chance presents or labour gains !
Why in our pleasures or our pains
Does want disturb or envy wound
And calm enjoyment's rarely found ?
—May not this answer meet the ear,
That life is not th' appointed sphere,
Where, by the wise design of Heaven,
A cloudless joy is ever given ?
For that e'en virtue's self must wait
Till death has clos'd our mortal state ;
And then our virtue's promis'd meed
Of endless pleasure will succeed.

'Tis true experience sage has said,
And as a real truth portray'd,
That happy hours may be our own,
But happy days are never known.
The morn may smile, the noon may
weep,

While pain at night may banish sleep ;
Our own or some dear friend's distress
May check a smiling happiness ;
E'en while it mantles on the brow
The heart may feel a sense of woe.

Thus throughout life 'tis man's frail
nature

To be a discontented creature.
Indeed, we must the truth confess,
How oft we look for happiness
From what we never may possess ;
But ask, in life's continued chase
For change of things and change of
place,

And as our real good pursue,
What we behold in distant view,
Beyond possession's present hour ;—
'Tis that we wish within our power,
And o'er a something seem to brood,
Contrasted with our present good.

If you ask where doth dwell con-
tent

'Neath cot or lofty battlement,
Whether in car of state it ride,
Or by the humble peasant's side,
Or in the court of kings doth dwell.
Or in the hermit's lonely cell ?
Say, does it dance in lover's bower,
Or pass in smiles the rural hour ?
Do laurel wreaths entwine it round,
Or is it at the banquet found ?

Say, does it crouch 'neath Cupid's
wing,

Or play upon the minstrel's string?

No—this is the keen mind's reply,

Such is the world's philosophy.

—When in the car of state you ride

Content is by the peasant's side:

Whene'er you gaze from mountain's
brow

You see him in the vale below;

And when you join the courtly train,

He doth appear a rustic swain.

Nay, when in splendid halls you're
seen,

He dances on the village green.

Thus in vain your time is spent

For never will you find content,

As you pursue, he flies for ever,

Ne'er will you overtake him, never,

Or high or low, whate'er our lot,

We view him on some envied spot,

But dimly seen, where we are not.

Broken with toils, with arms op-
prest,

The soldier thinks the merchant blest,

Who calmly sits at home at ease,

While fortune with her fav'ring breeze,

Wafts him her treasures o'er the seas.

And when the threat'ning tempests
rise

War is my choice the merchant cries;

For battle ends the hero's story,

Or brings him death or gives him glory.

—When the country 'squire is seen

At number six in Lincoln's Inn,

With healthy look and ruddy face

To give his fee and state his case,

The wearied lawyer midst his books,

With gaping yawn and pallid looks,

Longs to buy lands and country-seat

To give him health and calm retreat;

While as th' admiring client's eye

Beholds the vast variety

Of stately forms and the gay measure
Of each embroider'd scene of pleasure

Which the vast city's limits give,

He longs in Portland Place to live.*

As we pass life's uncertain day,

We may submit, but must obey;

And all that we are call'd to do,

Is to keep virtue in our view.

Not all the dignity of power

Can quicken life's sad, lagging hour;

Nor glutt'd avarice impart

A pleasure to the ^{aching} heart,

If fortune's gift you truly rate,

Then tell me what would mend your
state.

If real joy on wealth is built,

Villains might comfort find in guilt:

But when he sees th' increasing store

The miser's fears increase the more.

Is happiness the point in view?

I mean the real and the true;

She nor in camps nor courts resides,

Nor in the humble cottage bides:

Seek her alike in ev'ry sphere,

Where virtue is, for she is there.

'Tis to no rank of life confin'd,

But dwells in ev'ry honest mind,

As much, at least, as e'er is known

For mortal man to call his own.

To shine and glitter all in gold,

To be in words and science bold,

Wealth to enjoy and dainty fare,

The monarch's friend, the people's scare;

* O fortunati mercatores! gravis armis
Miles ait, multo jam fractus membra labore.
Contra Mercator, navim jactantibus Anstria,
Militia est potior. Quid enim? concurritur:
homo

Momento cita more venit, aut victoria lata.
Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus,
Sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat.
Ille, datis vadibus qui rure extractus in
urbem est,

Solus felices viventes clamat in urbe.

Hor. SAT. I. Lib. I.

To all that's gay and proud and great,
 Altho' such gifts may elevate,
 The groaning gout and racking stone
 May change the mirth to bitter moan.
 But e'en though sickness ne'er annoys,
 Riches and honours are but toys,
 If Conscience be not firm and free
 And wrapp'd in its fidelity.
 The peaceful conscience is the boon
 That keeps the jarring mind in tune:
 O 'tis the heart's so cheering guest,
 Which had—a rush for all the rest.

Thus Syntax, as he view'd the
 throng,
 Who sped the jovial hours along,
 And took a short-liv'd leave of care,
 Amid the gambols of a fair,
 From rect'ry porch indulg'd the hour
 In letting loose his well-known power,
 When, without any social friend,
 He did his studious mind unbend.
 Thus, with many a maxim fraught
 That play'd upon his busy thought,
 He from his easy chair arose,
 And did again his thoughts disclose,
 That bore the air, though 'twas not
 meant,
 Of calm but tender discontent.

"The Worthies now have left their
 home
 For many a week or month to come;
 And since their heirs has been tied
 In wedlock and become a bride,
 They with parental joy imprest
 Are now their daughter's welcome
 guest.

Thus since my much-lov'd friends are
 gone,
 I feel what 'tis to be alone.
 Nor do my classic shelves supply
 The cheerless dull vacuity:
 They help to pass an hour away,
 But cannot serve me through the day;

While sluggard time appears to crawl
 Through the unwelcome interval:
 Nor does my reason feel it good
 To lead this life of solitude.

With many a blessing I must own,
 I'm almost discontented grown,
 And if I check it not, ere long,
 I shall be thinking very wrong:
 Some foreign helpmates I must call
 To aid me ere this sense enthrall
 My spirits, 'gainst whose powers I
 preach

And prove the doctrines which I teach.
 —Besides when I am thus alone

I think upon my Dolly gone:
 I see her wheresoe'er I stray
 In open walk or woodland way.
 When I an ev'ning saunter take
 Beside the margin of the lake,
 I recollect the tender charm
 When she hung fondly on my arm,
 Where, when the day was almost done,
 We had talk'd down the ev'ning sun.
 Nay, I perceive my erring mind
 Is to her loss far less resign'd,
 Than when the power we must obey
 Consign'd her to her native clay;
 Nay, resignation, ev'ry hour
 Appears to lose its wholesome power.
 This is not as it ought to be,

Nor reason, nor philosophy,
 Nor pious duty can forbear
 To disapprove such worldly care.
 If then this lonely life appears
 To engender sighs and ask for tears,
 I must th' untoward system change,
 In wilder fields of converse range;
 Nor fear to mingle in the strife,
 As chance directs, that chequers life;
 And, by new, varying scenes restore
 My mind to what it was before.
 Though my earlier years have been
 Of study the laborious scene,

Yet social pleasure bore a part
To quicken sense and cheer the heart ;
Nor did my spirits ever feel
When at the foot of fortune's wheel,
And life scarce knew its due supply,
The tremors of despondency ;
Such as of late I'm doom'd to find
The jaundic'd temper of the mind.
What's to be done, how can I cure
This restless something I endure ?
A learn'd divine, it may be said,
Should know where to apply for aid,
And he who doth to others preach
Should have the means himself to
teach.

It is not that my mind's embued
With any act of turpitude ;
'Tis not an error deep and grave
That doth the virtuous wish enslave,
Which may awake the fear of Heaven,
And doubts it may not be forgiven ;
That doth for pale repentance call
To change the sorrowing prodigal ;
No, 'tis the feeling heart's vagary
Which chance may give and time may
vary

That from some nat'ral cause arises,
Which neither angers nor surprises :
But still it plagues while it doth last,
Nor must we let it hold us fast ;
For should we not its power oppose
At length it into habit grows,
And may become a rooted feature
T' increase the weaknesses of nature ;
While full enough, none will contest,
Are to be found among the best.
But is he not the weakest, who
Suffers his fancy to pursue
That train of thought which may ang-
ment

The source of idle discontent ?
And after all, 'tis this same folly
That serves to make me melancholy.

'Tis plain then, I have nought to do,
But these weak symptoms to subdue,
From this dull slumb'ring to awake,
From these disheart'ning thoughts to
break, [ing,
To form new schemes, to leave off talk-
And set my better mind a walking."

Here Syntax paus'd, and silent
stood,

In grave and contemplative mood,
When ancient Madge, who wound the
reel,

And gave the movement to her wheel,
Tow'rds Heaven appear'd to cast her
eye

And gave a deep and heart-felt sigh.

Old Marg'ret of a village race,
Was the sage gran'nam of the place,
The dame had pass'd her early day
In service of the great and gay ;
And was well-pleas'd to have it
known,

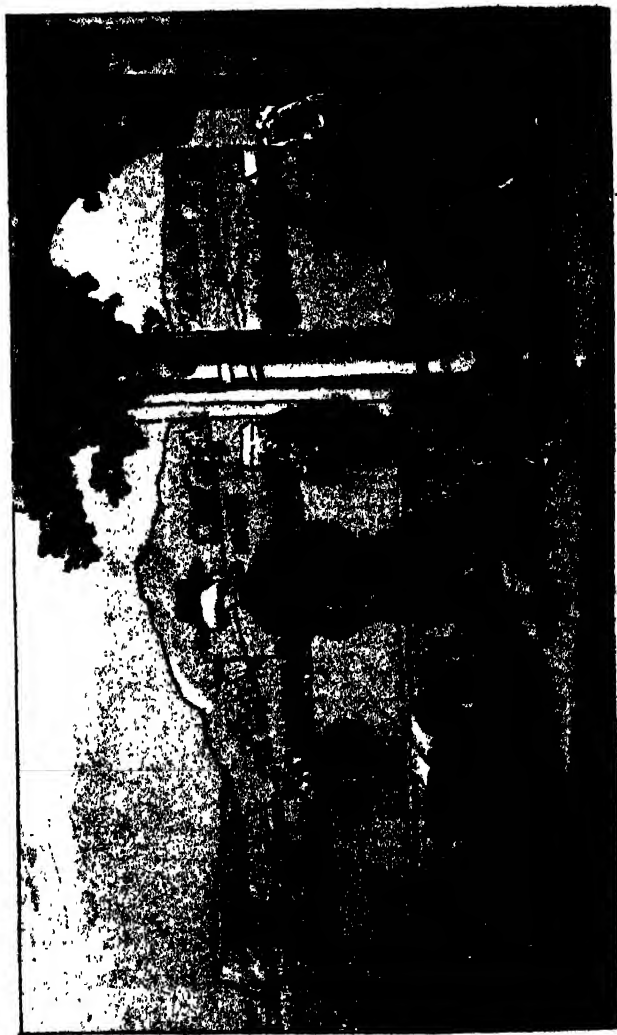
What stations she had held in town ;
Would gravely boast where she had
been,

And tell the fine things she had seen :
In short, at threescore years of age,
She was become a rural sage.

It is not needful to relate
What was her lot in married state ;
'Twas like what others feel, who try
Their chance in married lottery.
But time had pass'd full many a year
Since she first shed a widow's tear,
And now she rul'd, in due degree,
The household of the Rectory ;
Where she did all her duties tend
Less as a servant than a friend.

And now old Margaret sigh'd again
As if she suffer'd real pain ;
When Syntax thus the dame ad-
dress'd : [breast,

"What anxious thought disturbs your



DOCTOR SYNTAX SOLILOQUISING.

Reynolds

And wherefore do you lift your eye
As if commercing with the sky?"
Now Madge it seems had caught the
sense

Of all the Doctor's eloquence,
And, with kind feelings for her guide,
She thus, in measur'd speech, replied :
" It is not for myself I sue
To Heaven's mercy, 'tis for you.
I could well scold you if I dare,
And your whims almost make me
swear :

You may keep talking on for ever,
'Twill never do you good, no never.
What is your fending and your prov-
ing, [ing.
'Tis nonsense all—I say, keep mov-
Do you not hear what pleasures roign
Among the crowd on yonder plain ?
Quit, my sad Sir, that odious chair,
With your grave melancholy air,
And join the pastimes of the fair.
See 'midst the bustle what is done,
Look on the sports and view the fun:
Who knows but a good donkey race
May plant a smile upon your face.
Of this I'm sure that when you see
The scene of harmless revelry,
And from the happy people hear
The untaught joke, the merry jeer,
Their honest pleasures will impart
Smiles to your sympathising heart.
You know the joy your flock will share
To view their much-lov'd pastor there.
And when you see how they receive it,
You'll feel it two-fold, you who give
it.

Do as I say, you'll find it right,
'Twill prove a most enliv'ning sight,
And save you from a restless night.
Keep moving,—quit your studious
labours,
Set off and visit all your neighbours.

A change of scene, a change of place,
Will from your mind these whimsies
chase,
And soon I with delight shall see
My master from his meagrimms free."

SYNTAX.

"Thank you for that, my vet'ran
lady,
I'll go and try and get a gay day ;
'Twas rare sound common-sense that
brought

Such good advice into your thought.
To-morrow I'll clap spurs to horse,
And in good earnest, take my course
To Billy Bumpkin, who will greet me
With his loud laughs, and kindly
treat me :

Yes, with his broad face mirth he'll try
The power of hospitality."

On the next morn his breakfast done,
With not a cloud to hide the sun,
The Doctor did his way pursue,
And, in a trotting hour or two
Bumpkin's old hall appear'd in view,
When soon he saw his hearty host
Leaning most idly 'gainst a post,
And letting loose loud fits of laughter
To see boys bathing in the water ;
Who with their splash of mud and mire
Amus'd the humour of the 'Squire.

Syntax, in sober, solemn state,
With Pat behind, drew near the gate:
And when he their approach espied,
Bill Bumpkin clapp'd his hands and
cried :

"My worthy Parson, is it you ?
The same i'fackins, I've in view.
Six months, I think, are gone and past
And more since I beheld you last !
Whate'er I knew I left at college,
And you like none but men of know-
ledge :

Yet, in plain English I declare
I do delight to see you here.
I have no learn'd or Latin lingo,
But a fresh tap of foaming stingo,
Which will make you to jabber Greek,
As nat'rally as pigs can squeak.
And, if your heart is out of tune,
Will make you long to stide the
moon."

[friend,
"—Not quite so high as that my
But something which doth that way
tend :

Not quite so high," the Doctor said,
"But yet some choice enliv'ning aid
My slacken'd spirits have in view
When I pay my respects to you ;
For here, I'm sure, that humour gay
And the frank smile will crown the
day,

You, my good-hearted friend, must
know

The cause of my domestic woe.
Of my friends too, I am bereft,
The WORTHIES have the country left,
And when they may return to cheer
My drooping heart doth not appear.
Thus dulness now is found to reign
Within the verge of Sommerden,
And doth a full possession take
Of the fair borders of the Lake ;
Thus 'tis my joyless fate to roam
For comfort that's not found at home."

"—Then find it here," replied the
'Squire,

"New scenes will other thoughts in-
spire.

My means of pleasure you shall share :
I'll teach you how to banish care."

Though Syntax did not trust the
skill

That such a promise would fulfil,
He gave assent with nodding head,
And follow'd where his leader led.

He took the Doctor through his
grounds,
Display'd his kennel and his hounds,
Their diff'rent ages, old and young,
Their speed, their noses and their
tongue ;

Then order'd forth his hunting stud,
Dwelt on their merits and their blood ;
While to their diff'rent feats and more
The green-clad huntsman stoutly
swore.

He then describ'd some arduous chase
That did his Nimrod annals grace ;
Show'd many a brush that cover'd o'er
The purlieus of the kennel door :
Nor did a hero ever prize
The trophies gain'd in victories,
Whose flut'ring ensigns might display
The pride of many a well-fought day,
With more exulting sense of fame,
Than Bumpkin told the boasted name,
Which his equestrian powers command
Among the woods of Westmoreland.

The Doctor heard and made pretence
To listen to his eloquence ;
But though with certain science
fraught,

It could not charm his serious thought ;
Nor did it seem to chase away
The gloomy humour of the day.

"Why still so grave, my worthy
friend," [this end ?
The 'Squire exclaim'd, "where will
I prithee, why make all this pother ;
You've lost one wife,—then get ano-
ther ;

And sure in all this country round
Another may be quickly found.
From different motives people grieve,
For wives that die and wives that live.
—That scare-crow Death is oft a sad
one, [bad one,
Takes the good wife and leaves the

As sure as that bright sun doth shine,
 I wish that he had taken mine.
 Not that I suffer such disaster
 As to let madam play the master,
 Nor yet, to let the lady boast
 That o'er her lord she rules the roast.
 I learn'd not, where I went to school,
 In such a way to play the fool
 'Tis true from harshness I refrain,
 But then I always hold the rein
 For he who ventures on a wife,
 To be the comfort of his life,
 Should never this advice refuse, —
 Take her down in her wedding shoes ”
 —Syntax, his fancy to beguile,
 Here sunk his laughter in a smile.
 For it was known to great and small
 How things went on at Bumpkin-Hall
 Nay, 'twas a well-known standing joke
 Among the neighb'ring country folk,
 That when the lady's in the way
 The 'Squire would ne'er say yea or nay,
 But as her ruling spirit told him,
 Or with a certain look control'd him
 Though now his tongue ne'er seem'd
 to rest,
 And thus his invitation press'd
 “ Doctor, come here next hunting sea-
 son, [reason
 And faith, my friend, I'll show you
 You shall mount on my Yorkshire grey,
 And gallop all your cares away ”
 “ I doubt not,” Syntax smiling said,
 “ Your recipe if 'twere obey'd,
 It would afford a speedy cure
 For ev'ry evil I endure '
 But for my kind physician's sake,
 I do not wish my neck to break.”

They talk'd, when soon the bell's
 shrill chime
 Declar'd it to be dinner time,
 Nor was it an unwelcome call
 That bade their footsteps seek the hall,

For though the Doctor's whims pre-
 vail'd,
 His appetite had never fail'd.
 By madam he was kindly greeted,
 As, “ How d'ye do?” and, “ Pray be
 seated.”

“ It doth a perfect age appear
 Since we enjoy'd your presence here ;
 I feel it always as a treasure,
 And wish I oft'ner felt the pleasure.

Bumpkin, I pray you move the dish,
 And help the Doctor to some fish.
 Indeed, I hope 'tis in your view
 To pass with us a day or two.

Nay I could wish it might be more,
 And lengthen'd out unto a score.

Bumpkin, you think not as we dine,
 That some folks love a glass of wine
 I have not seen you for an hour,
 Since you have made your charming
 Tour,

And I shall ask you to display
 Its hist'ry in your rapid way.

Husband, I'll bet my life upon it,
 Our kind guest's plate has nothing
 on it,

Make haste and give it a supply
 Of that well-looking pigeon pie.

'Tis a fine match Miss Worthy made
 A charming girl, I always said,
 And does those qualities possess
 That claim the promis'd happiness
 Some may think one thing, some ano-
 ther ;

But is she handsome as her mother ?
 Her mamma's auburn locks, I own,
 Are better than her daughter's
 brown,

Although the latter you may see,
 Dame Nature has bestow'd on me.

'Squire Bumpkin, were it not my
 care

To see how all about me fare,

Our rev'rend friend would have
good luck,

To get a wing of that fine duck.
Since, Doctor, you were here before,
I've added to my floral store,
And some fine specimens have got
Which are not ev'ry florist's lot,
They're in the happiest state to view,
And will be much admir'd by you.
As some folk do not seem to think
That when we eat, we want to drink,
I ask you, Doctor, if you'll join
Your hostess in a glass of wine?
Your better taste, Sir, will prevail,
Nor share in vulgar cups of ale.
My new piano has a tone
Which your judicious ear will own,
At least to me it so appears,
Such as one very seldom hears.
I too of late have practis'd much,
And am improv'd in time and touch;
Thus with your fiddle's well-known
power,

We shall delight an evening hour."

The Doctor made his frequent bow,
And yes replied, or answer'd no,
Just as the lady's words requir'd,
Or as his empty plate inspir'd.
Indeed, it clearly must appear,
He'd nought to do but eat and hear;
While the calm husband's sharpen'd
knife

Obe'y'd the orders of his wife.

Thus Madam, with habitual art,
Continued her presiding part;
Did with her smiles the Doctor crown,
Or silence Billy with a frown;
And, in a well-adapted measure,
Alternately display'd her pleasure;
Her tongue was never at a stand,
But play'd at question and command:
She could affirm and could deny
With mild impetuosity,

And scarce her question could be
heard,

Ere she an answer had preferr'd:
Thus, till the absence of the cloth,
She to and fro employ'd them both;
At once th' attention to delight
And give a grace to appetite.

The dinner pass'd as dinners do;
Ma'am's health was drunk and she
withdrew;

But, as the lady left the chair,
With solemn smile but gracious air,
"Doctor," she said, "I know your
taste

Is not your time and thoughts to
waste

In that intemp'rance which gives birth
To boist'rous noise and vulgar mirth,
Which, with its loud and clam'rous
brawls,

Too oft has echoed in these walls;
But, if I can such feasts restrain,
Shall seldom echo here again.

Pray let not that good man prevail
To swill yourself with sluggard ale:
But when you've sipp'd a glass or so
Of wine that makes the bosom glow,
Let him go booze his fav'rite liquor
With the exciseman and the vicar,
While I expect my rev'rend friend
Will, in the drawing-room attend."
The rev'rend friend bow'd his assent,
And with a flirt the lady went.
The 'Squire who scarce had spoke a
word

While dinner smok'd upon the board,
No sooner was the fair one gone
But he assum'd a lofty tone.

BUMPKIN.

"Doctor, I hope you know me
better
Than to suppose that I can better

My sports and pleasures to the will
Of that same tongue that ne'er lies
still :

You saw what pretty airs she gave,
As if I were a very slave :

But, my good friend, as you were by
I did not choose to look awry.

Nor would I wound your rev'rend
cloth,

By rapping out a swinging oath,
Which, but from my respect to you,
I was full well inclin'd to do,
And would at once have brought her
to.

[tor,
Yes, she may toss her head and hee-
But she shall have a curtain lecture :
I'll make the saucy madam weep,
Believe me, ere she goes to sleep.

I married Mary for her beauty,
And faith I'll make her do her duty.
Pray tell me, friend, what means you
took,

When a pert speech or haughty look
Was darted at you from your wife,
And threaten'd matrimonial strife ?"

SYNTAX.

"She never spoke a saucy word,
She ne'er an angry look prefer'd :
Affection dwelt within her eye
And all her speech was harmony :
But let, I pray, that subject rest,
Nor wake the sorrows of my breast :
For here I came on pleasure bent,
To share your well known merriment,
And find good humour and content ;
My gloomy fancies to beguile,
And learn from you a cordial smile.
Come, come, a foaming bumper quaff,
And let me hear you loudly laugh."

This counsel given in solemn measure
[pleasure ;
Appear'd to check the Squire's dis-

But, though his spirit ceas'd to flutter,
His pouting lips were seen to mutter.

At length the coffee was announc'd :
Again he swell'd, look'd big and
bounc'd.

But when the bell was made to ring.
For well he knew who pull'd the string,
Another song he chose to sing.

"My worthy friend, as you are here,
I in good humour will appear,
And since the meagre slip-slop's
made,

I think the call should be obey'd.
But one glass more I must engage,
My present feelings to assuage,
Though, to speak truth, I'm always
dry [eye."

When this same bev'rage meets my
Now, led by fragrance and perfume,
They pass'd into the drawing-room,
Which, from its bright display of
flowers,

Might pass for one of Flora's bowers.
—Syntax, enchanted at the sight,
Broke forth in language of delight :
—"When the Creator's work I view
And, wond'ring, the bright course
pursue,

And from sublimest objects range
To most minute in endless change ;
If in those works that meet the eye,
From sky to earth, from earth to sky,
He in the greatest stands confest,
Still is no greater in the least."

Thus as he spoke, with ardent glow,
Of all the various tribes that grow
On in the garden or the field,
Or which the rock or mountain yield,
From the wide spreading cedar tall
To the low hyacinth on the wall,

* Si l'Amour de la Nature est grand
dans les grandes choses, est très grand
dans les petites. J. J. Rousseau.

The yawning 'Squire, devoid of
thought,

With lazy stride the sofa sought,
The cushions cuff'd with all his
strength,

And then laid down his listless length
Madam grew red, and then grew white,
And gave her rosy lips a bite,

Which might denote an inclination
To gratify a rising passion:

When the divine, to turn aside

The rising burst of wounded pride,

Continued, with increasing force,

The fervour of his sage discourse;

But as the lady lent her ear

To what she was so charm'd to hear,

Poor Bumpkin, with a snort and snore.

Roll'd from the sofa on the floor.

The servants did their master shake,

But he was not dispos'd to wake:

"There leave him," did their mistress

"To pass another hour away. [say,

Oh Doctor! ought I not to bless

My share of married happiness!

Is not this scene enough to shame me?

Nay, can you for my anger blame me?

Excuse me, but I scarce should weep

If this were his eternal sleep.

—Where tastes and tempers so much
vary,

O what a folly 'tis to marry!

The greatest fortune will not suit

The gentle spirit with the brute;

Nor the fond, tender inclination,

With a mere coarse instinctive pas-

Nor the affection of the soul [sion,

With the rude mind that claims the
whole,

And will not share the kind controul.

—'Tis true, I have a coach-and-four,

Whene'er I call it, at my door;

Or, as I please to take the air

Command the ponies to a chair;

And when I ride, I also see

The Beauty mare reserv'd for me.

I decorate my drawing-room,

With earliest flowers to breathe per-
fume,

And if I choose, I have the power

Winter to clothe with vernal bower:

And, if it should my fancy suit,

To taste in spring the summer fruit;

While my gay pride may to excess

Enjoy the toilette's happiness.

I can make this old mansion gay

With song or dance, in any way,

That my fond vanity may choose,

The neighb'ring circle to amuse.

All this you know, perhaps, but still

It does not my fond wish fulfil.

You, Sir, may ask, the question's fair,

What 'tis I want I do not share?

What is it I do not receive

Which a fond husband's bound to give?

That secret, Doctor, I'll impart:

I want what he has not, a heart:

Yes, one where tender feeling rules,

And warm affection never cools.

I want a character refin'd

Grac'd by a cultivated mind,

Where taste and science are enshrin'd,

With manners that from kindness flow

Speech that is chaste, and thoughts
that glow.

Failings e'en in the best must be,

But love would ne'er those errors see,

When it th' enraptur'd power possess

To nestle in a noble breast.

—On shaggy mountain's lofty brow,

Or in the woody vale below,

Or by the ocean's craggy side,

Believe me, I would rather hide,

With such a being by my side,

Than with stupidity to live

And all the show which wealth can
give;

Though that show tempted me to join
A booby's lasting lot with mine :
Such is my fate, for you must see
To whom false Fortune coupled me."

The slumb'ring 'Squire now op'd
his eyes,
Look'd round the room with dull sur-
prise,
Then slowly rose and shook his head,
Call'd for a light and went to bed.

MRS. BUMPKIN.

"Since, my good Sir, what has ap-
pear'd,
Which you have seen, as well as heard,
You must acknowledge my complaint
Doth ask the patience of a saint."

SYNTAX.

"Excuse the liberty I take
When thus I most sincerely speak ;
But that same virtue would confer
Perfection on your character.
O let me beg you to attend
To the kind counsels of a friend !
The die is cast, the deed is done,
The cord is fast that makes you one ;
Though, if well order'd, I confess
I see no bar to happiness.
When I perceive the nat'ral state
Of reason in your married mate,
I would consent, in word and deed,
That you, fair dame, should take the
lead ;
But then employ your better powers
To rule by sweets and not by sour.
Madam, the ancient proverb says,
Which words can never duly praise,
That one rich drop of honey sweet,
As an alluring, luscious treat,
Is known to tempt more flies, by far,
Than a whole tun of vinegar.

—Ask—with kind words he'll ne'er
deny,
Give winning looks and he'll comply,
With waken'd sensibility.
If you but smile and never frown
He'll shape his wishes to your own :
Nay, symptoms of obedience show
Whether yourself obey or no. [ray,
Thus, blest with temper's cloudless
Your morrow will be like to-day.
O let him not perceive you rule,
Nor ever treat him like a fool :
Do not, at least, to others show,
If it be such, you think him so ;
And ne'er again delight to tease him,
But look as if you wish to please him.
Check notions, that so idle prove,
Of shepherds and Arcadian love :
Your active, well instructed mind,
To such vagaries should be blind.
Let not your fancy e'er refine
Beyond calm reason's fair design,
But leave to Misses of eighteen
The raptures they from novels glean.
You surely have the means to bless
Your life with social happiness ;
And O beware, you do not spoil
Your comforts with domestic broil !"

MRS. BUMPKIN.

"Doctor, I do admire your plan,
And I'll pursue it,—if I can :—
But as so learn'd you seem to be
In all domestic policy,
'Tis pity you do not again
Assume the matrimonial chain."

SYNTAX.

"Madam you've touched a tender
string,
That doth to my remembrance bring
The heavy loss I have sustain'd
Of virtues ne'er to be regain'd.

My dearest Dolly was to me
 What I wish ev'ry wife to be ;
 And since the darling saint is gone,
 I feel it sad to be alone ;
 But still my doubts I cannot smother,
 Of ever getting such another."

MRS. BUMPKIN.

"You have my happiness in view,
 And I must feel the same for you.
 I have a very pleasing friend
 Whom to your thoughts I shall com-
 mend ;

And, if my judgment does not err,
 In form and age and character,
 Dear Mrs. Hyacinth will prove
 An object fit for you to love.
 She in retirement's peaceful doll
 Doth in a widow'd cottage dwell,
 Though, if her thoughts to me are
 She wishes to live less alone. [known,
 Her mind employs the quiet hours
 In study and in nursing flowers,
 For, as I hope, you soon will see,
 She has a taste for botany ;
 And her delight as well as glory
 Is in her gay conservatory.

Nor is this all,—for you will find,
 That with chaste manners is combin'd
 A well-form'd and accomplish'd mind.
 At all events my friend will call
 To make his bow at Tulip Hall ;
 For by that name the place is known
 Which she is proud to call her own.
 And I its mistress will prepare
 To give you a kind welcome there :
 While much I wish that Heaven may
 bless

My friends with mutual happiness ;
 That flowers which sweetest fragrance
 May form a hymeneal wreath, [breathe
 With fairest hopes your life to crown,
 When this fair dame may be your own."

—The Doctor promis'd to obey,
 And, in high spirits more than gay,
 He joyous kiss'd the lady's hand,
 And bade her all his soul command.
 —Brief was the evening's calm repast:
 The time of rest arriv'd at last,
 When the sage pass'd its balmy hours
 In dreams of Hymen crown'd with
 flowers.

The morning came, when a smart
 stroke

At chamber-door the Doctor woke ;
 And straight, in rather serious mood,
 By the bed-side 'Squire Bumpkin
 stood.

Syntax now rubb'd his eyes, amaz'd,
 And on the intruding figure gaz'd ;
 Who, lolling in his elbow-chair,
 Began his errand to declare.

—"To wake you thus may be dis-
 tressing, [ing."
 But let me speak while you are dress-
 Syntax soon shook off his alarms,
 Yawn'd wide, and stretching out his
 arms, [friend,
 "Speak on," he said, "my worthy
 And I will to your words attend."

BUMPKIN.

"You must have seen with half an
 The kind of animosity, [eye
 In greater or in less degree,
 That reigns between my wife and me :
 And as you are a man of science,
 On whom I have profound reliance,
 Tell me the track I should pursue,
 What to avoid and what to do,
 When to control it would be fit,
 And when 'twere better to submit :
 In short, that this great house may be
 A scene of greater harmony.
 I do not such a polish wear
 As doth the exterior form prepare

To rank among the dandy fools,
Who are gay Fashion's fribbling tools:
But what I do should not provoke
Her saucy wit's sarcastic joke,
And, showing off her lively sense,
Make others laugh at my expence,
Of which she's sometimes too profuse,
But I think worse than rank abuse ;
For if in that she chose to stir
I fancy I could equal her.

But, to my friend I here declare it,
I've sometimes said I will not bear it."

Syntax, as he his garters tied,
Thus with half-open'd eyes replied :
"You have, all know, a generous
heart [art ;

That spurns the unmanly tricks of
Nor are you wanting to pursue
What common sense holds forth to
view,

And these short precepts you will find
The best directors of the mind ;
Nay be assur'd, they will succeed
To set you right in word and deed.

A sportsman knows 'tis to his cost
Who takes the wrong side of the post :
As on the course, so in life's stake,
You must agree to give and take :

To bear and forbear is a rule,
A lesson prime, in reason's school.
Try, as you can, your best to please,
And, when she that endeavour sees,
I'm sure she will no longer tease."—
"This is good preaching," Bumpkin
said,

"For you well understand your trade ;
That it is true must be confess,
And, faith, I'll try to do my best."

—He kept his word, and so did she ;
At breakfast all was pleasantry :
And thus the gloomy season past,
'Twas hop'd the halcyon time might
last.

When Syntax rose to take his leave,
He said, "This counsel kind receive :
I do prefer it nothing loth,
And mind—I give it to you both.
—For trifles ne'er dispute the field,
But contend rather who shall yield.
Let but affection bear the sway,
And you will struggle to obey :
That feeling ever checks the strife
Which tends to poison wedded life.
Call but affection to your aid,
And the tongue never will upbraid :
The heart is then a kind of heaven,
Where ev'ry failing is forgiven.
Without it, sad is Hymen's reign,
And Fortune's smiles are shed in vain :
O let but that the union bless,
And the sure boon is happiness !"

The Doctor now his way pursued
Through verdantdale and shadywood,
While he reflected on the scene
Of Hymen's joys, where he had been,
And rather doubted if again
He should put on the marriage chain.
"Patrik," he said, "how did you find
The place which we have left behind ?
Had you kind hospitable fare,
In the domestic regions there ?
And were you free and joyous all,
In butler's room and servants' hall ?"
"Oh, as for those things," Pat replied,
"Plenty and joy do there reside :
But though I've travell'd kingdoms
o'er,

I never heard such things before.
The lady doth a form display
But seldom seen in summer's day :
Nor, than 'Squire Bumpkin, doth she
A finer figure shine upon ; [sun
And, in some way, I understood
From morn to night they're doing
The poor are never seen to wait [good.
In vain attendance at their gate :

Nor pain nor sickness ever feel
The want of means to soothe and heal ;
While children, ere they run along,
Are taught to know the right from
wrong.

[bother,
—But there, and please you, Sir, 's the
They're kind to all but one another ;
And scarce there passes on a day,
But they're engag'd in angry fray,
When, by her woman I was told,
He's heard to growl and she to scold,
Though, as she said, things might be
worse,

For the grey mare's the better horse.
You may explain, Sir, if you please,
Such uncouth odds and ends as these :
But, faith, to me it doth belong
To shut my eyes and hold my tongue,
Unless you do the fancy take,
By way of joke to hear Pat speak."

Thus as they went, a coming storm
Did the sky's azure face deform,
Whose menace bade them look around
To where a shelter might be found ;
And soon a pleasing cot was seen
Amid the hamlet on the green :
The honeysuckle flaunted o'er
The porch that stood before the door,
Nor did the ivy fail to crawl,
In spreading verdure, o'er the wall ;
Away from the world's noisy din,
It look'd the seat of peace within.
Thither they did in haste repair,
And found a smiling welcome there,
All look'd so nice, so clean and warm,
Within the comfortable farm,
When she appear'd the way to show,
Whose household care had made it so.
The dame with smiles the Doctor
greeted,

Desir'd his reverence would be seated,
And did, with courtying grace, prepare
The comforts of an easy chair ;

Hasten'd his gaiters to untie,
And hung them at the fire to dry.
Then humbly hop'd he would receive
The entertainment she could give.

"There is a pipe in oven baking,
There are hog's puddings of my
making, [vale
And no rich 'squire throughout the
Can give a better cup of ale." [purse.
Nay, Syntax, c'em with well-lin'd
Might have gone farther and far'd
worse.

"I here," he said, "see children four,
Pray, Goody, have you any more ?"
"Not yet, Sir, but, as I'm their mother,
I hope in time to give another ;
Which I, it seems, begin to show,
As all who use their eyes may know."

"Well, my good Woman," Syntax
said,

"I see one great command obey'd ;
With that you piously comply :—
I mean,—INCREASE AND MULTIPLY."
Himself and the good dame to please,
He took the children on his knees ;
Then dano'd the urchins to and fro,
And sung as nurses often do.

SONG.

Lullaby baby, where shall we go,
Lullaby baby, up in the tree,
There we shall find a pretty bird's nest,
For lullaby baby, for Charley and me.
For Charley and me, for Charley and
me,
Lullaby baby, for Charley and me.

Lullaby baby, when the birds sing,
Lullaby baby, the cuckoo and all ;
Then we shall smell all the sweets of
the spring,
With lullaby baby, and Charley
and all.
Charley and all, &c. &c.



D^r SYNTAX TURNED NURSE

Redden

Lullaby baby in cradle doth sleep,
 Lullaby baby, the joy of its mother,
 Who will soon, if she doth a right
 reckoning keep,
 Give to lullaby baby a sister or
 brother,
 A sister or brother, a sister or
 brother,
 Give to lullaby baby, a sister or
 brother.

"O Sir," she said, "you are too good
 Thus to delight my pretty brood:
 Not one of whom I e'er would give
 Though the King's crown I should
 receive.

But, as you have a foot to spare,
 Will you just rock the cradle there."

The Doctor was in full content,
 When he perceiv'd a certain scent,
 Which was not like the sweets of
 Spring

That he had just been pleas'd to sing:
 But the Muses' dainty noses
 Are so used to pinks and roses,
 That they know not how to tell
 The nature of a vulgar smell.

"What mischief," Goody cried,
 "is brewing!

God bless the child, what is he doing!
 And now, indeed, I do perceive,
 As I must tell you by your leave,
 The worm-pills which he takes, good
 Sir,

Have just begun to make a stir:
 But still, I hope, no harm is done,
 Come, sweetest babe, beneath the
 sun!"

And with the child away she ran.

Into such a laugh the Doctor broke
 That made him look as he would choke.
 And still, with ridicule at heart,
 He sung and play'd the nurse's part.

Then he lift up his eyes to Heaven,
 As if some blessing had been given.
 "'Tis thus," he said, "affection
 grows,

And thus the fond deceit bestows:
 See what a mother will not do,
 What will she not, when, to her view,
 The fondling in her arms doth rest,
 Or seeks the fluid from her breast.
 'Tis the same glowing sense that
 burns

In father's breast, as he returns
 From hardy toil, and doth repay
 The labour of each passing day,
 When on his knees an infant pair,
 Ask by their looks the kiss to share."

To give that kiss, to feel that glow,
 JOHN enter'd with submissive bow,
 Nor did he want the smiling grace
 Of welcome on his ruddy face.

FARMER JOHN.

"An' please your Rev'rence, here we
 Attending to our daily care: [are
 I through my little fields must roam
 While Mary governs things at home;
 She is a kind industrious wife,
 The blessing of a husband's life;
 And she, I doubt not, would agree,
 To speak with some content of me.
 We, it is true, must have our eares,
 Which mortal man in common shares.
 The storm will sometimes blast the
 field,

And fruit-trees will refuse to yield;
 While some incurable disease
 Does on our flocks and cattle seize:
 And then fair plenty comes again,
 And flocks and herds adorn the plain.
 Though whether it be good or ill,
 We patient bear our Maker's will,
 Conscious we ought not to repine:
 At least that's Mary's way and mine.

Thus time our chequer'd way beguiles,
I never frown, she always smiles;
For Heaven is kind, and, as you see,
Gives us both health and industry:

While it will be our constant care
These little bantlings here to rear,
In what our humble state demands,
The honest labour of their hands;
That they, when our old course is run,
May toil and thrive as we have done.
—And now, I hope you will think fit
Of what we've got to pick a bit.
The oven does a pie afford,
The ale looks bright upon the board,
The liquor's good and briak and hum-
ming,

And soon the puddings will be coming.
Here is not much to cut and carve,
But still I hope we shall not starve:
While I a grateful welcome give
To what your kindness may receive."

"No," Syntax said, "no, never fear,
I stand a hungry figure here,
And thank you for your friendly cheer.
Besides your welcome gives that zest
Which turns a morsel to a feast;
That feast, my friend, I now enjoy,
Which satisfies, but does not cloy:
I'm as well-pleas'd with your bestowing
As I shall be where I am going.

To that point where the sun does rise,
From hence my present journey lies:
To-night Sir Stately Stirrup's guest,
I hope at Stirrup Hall to rest;
For his grave worship condescends
To number me among his friends."

"He may be proud," said John, "of
But what I tell you, Sir, is true, [you,
His flock of friends is very few."

The Farmer now a pipe propos'd,
The Doctor on the offer clos'd;
And John, who was not prone to balk
The fancy which he had to talk,

Continued with his rustic force
To paint the knight in his discourse.

FARMER JOHN.

"He's a rum codger, you must
know;

At least we poor folk find him so.
By his grand politics and law
He keeps the country round in awe;
He thinks he knows, puff'd up with
pride, ★

Far more than all the world beside:
But when did any body hear,
He for distress e'er shed a tear?
Or when did he a shilling give
A wife in labour to relieve?

Or when were seen the hungry poor
Receiving scraps before his door?
Nor does he think an orphan's blessing
To be a treasure worth possessing;
But warrants, staves and mastiffs wait
To guard the approaches to his gate.
Yes, all his acts a tyrant show him
To all degrees that are below him:
But let a man of rank go by,
He's ready in the dust to lie.

From me the laws ne'er find a breach,
I therefore keep without his reach;
Though if the hills which rise be-
tween us

Could from his paws for ever screen
us,

O it would be a blessing found
By all the grumbling country round!
—You did not know his former wife;
She led the Knight a precious life:
That over-bearing, haughty spirit,
Which he from nature does inherit,
She, whene'er she pleas'd, kept under,
With look of flame and voice of thun-
der,

He went abroad, 'tis true to rule,
But return'd home so calm and cool,

That, except in his form and name,
None would believe the man the same.
Nor has he ever yet denied
He bless'd the day on which she died,
And that he thought her fun'ral rite
Was not a very mournful sight.

But you must know, as I suppose,
For 'tis what all the country knows,
Ere a few months had pass'd away,
Old Stirrup Hall again was gay
With marriage feast, and a young
bride

Was seen to grace Sir Statel's side.
She, foolish thing, thought it a gay
day

When golden ring made her a Lady;
But though she now precedence takes
Of 'Squire's wives around the Lakes;
And though she doth a rank display,
Which time itself can't take away,
Yet she now finds, as 'tis well known,
She scarce can call her soul her own:
And as for gaiety or pleasure
'Tis dealt to her in grudging measure:
Nay, it is thought as some folks say,
Who see and hear her ev'ry day,
That she oft wishes, though in vain,
She were Miss Biddiken again."

SYNTAX.

"I find, my friend, that you know
more

Than I have ever heard before:
'Tis strange to me a swain like you
Can such a scene as this review;
And how is it you thus can pry
Into domestic history?"

FARMER JOHN.

"On market days, our bus'ness done,
We sit and chat and have our fun;
And while we handle pipe and pot,
Our betters, Sir, are not forgot.

We hear the bad as well as good
In ev'ry farmer's neighbourhood,
And broach the news with equal
bounty,
From ev'ry corner of the County."

SYNTAX.

"Well, honest John, I ask you then,
What do you say of Sommerden?"

FARMER JOHN.

"Another cup before I speak,
And then I will the freedom take
To say what's in the country said,
Both of your heart and of your head,
Nor fear offence though I speak true;
For good alone is said of you. [ing,
—You're call'd a man of deep discern-
Fit for a Bishop by your learning;
Pious and good, yet very gay,
And that you on the fiddle play:
That in the pulpit you're a rare one,
And lay it on, and never spare one:
As for the bad you ne'er defend 'em,
But headlong to the devil send 'em:
Though as the truth you wish to hear,
And what you preach you need not fear,
Folks say that you are rather queer."

SYNTAX.

"Give me your hand, my honest
friend,

To more than this I'll ne'er pretend:
If it be true, I'm well content
Or for my life or monument.
I ask, indeed, no higher praise,
While Heaven may lengthen out my
days;

Nor do I wish a better fame,
When nought is left me but a name.
Farewell, for the declining sun
Tells me, at length, I must be gone."
—After repeated kind caressing,
The Doctor gave the babes a blessing,

And having kiss'd the mother too,
 "I feel," he said, "my thanks are due
 For all I have receiv'd from you;
 But keep in mind our village Fair,
 And who expects to see you there."

He trotted off, and ere the ray
 Of parting Phœbus clos'd the day,
 He had arriv'd in clerical state,
 At Stirrup Hall's old-fashioned gate.
 Pat quickly made the bell resound,
 That echoed all the court around:
 Nor was it long before the Knight,
 In all due form, appear'd in sight,
 With "Glad to see you, how d'ye do?
 I take this very kind of you:
 And all within my friendly power,
 You may command at any hour.
 —'Tis well known what my life has

been,
 What my experienc'd mind has seen;
 I've wrought my policy so nice,
 That all come here to ask advice,
 And, if your wish is to receive it,
 You know who is prepar'd to give it."
 They enter'd—when the talk began,
 And the long conversation ran,
 How the superior, leading powers
 Employ'd or misemploy'd their hours;
 Who at the nation's helm preside;
 What policy our statesmen guide:
 That gross corruption sways mankind,
 And int'rest base perverts the mind:
 How bribes have blinded common
 sense,

Foild reason, truth and eloquence:
 That industry the state maintains;
 The honest toil and honest gains
 Our fathers rais'd to power and fame;
 That virtue boldly scoffs at shame,
 And all, in selfish ends pursuing,
 But scramble for the public ruin.
 —At length Sir Stately condescends
 To talk of neighbours and of friends;

The history of the County Quorum,
 And what nice cases come before 'em;
 While from his known superior skill,
 They all submit them to his will.
 "I've heard," he added, "what has
 past

Since I beheld your Rev'rence last:
 I'm told that you have lost your wife
 Who gave such comfort to your life:
 And here, perhaps, you're come to
 know

My thoughts of what you ought to do;
 Whether your griefs at once to smother,
 [other.

You should look round and get another.
 Or on one pillow lay your head,
 And rest you in a widow'd bed:
 On that important point I pray,
 Hear what Sir Stately has to say.
 You well may take my sage advice,
 For, Doctor, I've been married TWICE;
 And, though to own it I am loth,
 I've had but bad success with both.

"My first wife—'tis not very civil,
 But, faith, she was a very devil.
 She brought me money, brought me
 beauty,

But not a grain of nuptial duty;
 For all she at the altar swore,
 Did not remain the daylight o'er,
 Old Stirrup Hall she call'd her throne,
 And here no master would she own:
 Whether with tongue or threatening
 fist,

In vain I found it to resist:
 At length, indeed, I thought it best
 If on my pillow I would rest,
 To let fierce Madam have her way
 And wield at home the sov'reign sway.
 Thus I, who daily dealt out law,
 And kept the neighbourhood in awe,
 Though potent I abroad could roam,
 Return'd to be a slave at home.

In short, to check the daily storm,
I to her humours did conform ;
And, to close all domestic riot,
I held my tongue and liv'd in quiet :
But she contriv'd with such keen art,
To play the matrimonial part,
That all the country did agree
To throw the real blame on me.

—Nay, I must own, the truth to tell,
Domestic things she manag'd well.

—Were she displeas'd and we alone,
She would, but in a soften'd tone,
Sharply and glibly lay it on.

Yes, would hiss forth in viper's phrase,
Fool, upstart, and et cetera ;

But if a creature did appear
That could her observations hear,
'Twas then my love, my knight, my
dear. [rings

Though 'tis long past, my ear still
With her confounded whisperings :

And every fierce and taunting look
Are character'd in mem'ry's book.—

Five years and upwards I have been
Beneath this iron-scepter'd queen

When fate most kindly set me free
From her domestic tyranny.

Though I a downcast visage bore,
As I my sable trappings wore :

Yet I must honestly confess,
So far from feelings of distress,

'Twas with a smiling heart I trod,
Behind her bier, the churchyard sod ;

And silent thought, with tearless eye,
This was an happy obsequy.

But still I've prev'd without disguise,
Experience has not made me wise ;

For ere another year was flown,
The Church made me and Lucy one,

Whom shortly my good friend will see
The mirror of stupidity.

The one so wise was, she must rule,
The other is almost a fool,

She, such a cold, unmeaning elf,
Thinks not for me, nor for herself,
While I am always on the spur
To think both for myself and her."

"Yes," Syntax said, "to me it
seems

You've run into the two extremes ;
Your mind, I think, had lost its force,
Or you'd have sought the middle
course. [prove,

Your conduct, Knight, but seems to
Reason has nought to do with Love.

Philosophers have said, 'tis true,
And it may be apply'd to you ;

That Reason fails whene'er the dart
Of am'rous passion bars the heart,"

Or when its secret pulses move
To beat time to the tune of love.

'Tis whim, 'tis fancy, or 'tis chance,
That joins us in the wedding dance ;

Though some have thought a wayward
fate

Commands or shapes the nuptial state :
By others an opinion's given

That marriages are made in Heaven ;
Though much I fear you'll not agree

In that sublime Philosophy :

But 'tis a diff'rent case with me,

Who, from my sense of love's dominion,
Declare I join in the opinion,

That wives are known who do combine
Some little spice of the divine ;

At least that was the case with mine.
Normy fond hope shall I now smother,

That Syntax self may get another,
Who does those qualities possess

Which promise married happiness ;
And as I do with candour view,

(I do not say 'tis so with you,)

The various causes which perplex
The marriage state and Hymen vex,

I think the husband frames the strife
In full proportion with the wife."

"You men of learning," said the Knight,

"Who in your closets strike a light,
On life's so sombre mysteries,
And shape and paint them as you please;—

You classic men, whose fancy gives
A colour to whatever lives,
To all our sorrows or our joys,
To what delights or what annoys.
Your fine-drawn, your high-flying
sense,

Disdains our dull experience,
Which measures all things by the square,

And sees things as they clearly are;—
If you my first grand wife had known,
Who, I thank Heaven, is dead and gone,

That she was fit, you would have said,
E'en to have shar'd the Thund'rer's
A Juno she, and it appears [bed,
She would have box'd the Thund'rer's
ears;—

While, as I speak, you may divine,
She had the courage to box mine.
Nor will you think I do deplore
That she's box'd up to box no more.
And when you see the gentler grace
That now supplies Ma'am Barbara's
place,

With flowers from your poetic tree
You'll deem her insipidity,
But still in vain, I think you'll strive
To make her tell you she's alive."

Thus as they talk'd the supper came,
And with it the insipid Dame.

"Insipid?" to himself exclaim'd
The rev'rend Sage, how falsely nam'd!
If ever he beheld an eye
That beam'd with kindred sympathy;

If e'er a smile on features play'd,
That a benignant heart betray'd;
If ever rightly understood,
He saw a being fair and good, [trace
He could those charming symptoms
In Lucy's manners, Lucy's face.
But amid this superior merit,
Which he believ'd she did inherit,
He saw at once an humble spirit.
Nay, now he felt that he must own,
What he had heard from Farmer John;
While in Sir Stately's voice and mien,
Ungracious speech or look of spleen,
Was but too plainly heard and seen.

The Doctor, with good-humour'd
chat,

And briak remark on this or that,
Strove from the fair to get a speech,
But that was not within his reach;
While all the thoughts he did display,
Could only draw a yea or nay,
With humble bend and silent grace
By which he could no pleasure trace,
With sometimes an uplifted eye,
A hectic blush, or gentle sigh.

—The Doctor felt what all would feel
Who could another's thoughts reveal
And saw that care's corroding dart
Was rankling in the virtuous heart;
While over-bearing power sat by,
Nor pitied patient misery.

The supper o'er, the Lady gone,
(More than content to be alone,)
The Knight began, with bloated pride,
Both love and lovers to deride,
And in his warmth, declar'd a wif
Seldom improv'd the lot of life:
At least Miss Fortune, in her whim,
Had fully prov'd it so to him.

"I've told you, that my former choice
Gave me no reason to rejoice,
And the last gift of transi'rous Cupid
Is pretty, but she's very stupid.

—O Doctor, Doctor, ne'er again
Bind yourself round in marriage chain.
If in love's lottery you have tried
And gain'd a prize, be satisfied,
Nor hope that fickle Fortune e'er
Will make you twice her favourite care.

—Ask not for beauty, it doth lay
Its nets of roses in our way,
When we are led by tint and shape,
Like Zeuxis' birds to peck the grape;
And 'stead of chaste affection's glow,
We find, alas, a painted show.

But if you are resolv'd to try
Once more a nuptial destiny,
Which my experience bids me say,
Is placing you in danger's way,
Think not I beg about the charms
That waken passion's soft alarms;
But let a fortune and sound sense
Determine the pre-eminence.

I know, my friend, that you inherit
A portion large of manly spirit,
That you would ne'er be brought to
speak

In humble tone of Jerry Sneak;
And so attach'd to learned lore,
Of which you have a treasure'd store,
That you would thus describe a wife:
One who had such a view of life,
Between the vulgar and refin'd,
As suits the tenor of your mind;
With manners too of that degree
Which blends with clerical dignity:
And such a partner could you find,
You to your fate might be resign'd.

"Nay, now I think, that I know
one,
Our friend the Widow Omicron,
Who may, if I conjecture right,
Give to your life a new delight.
She's known for that superior know-
ledge,

Which would do honour to a college:

Nay, in a college she was bred,
Of which her father was the Head:
By a learn'd Dean she then was lov'd,
Who a fond, short-lived Husband
prov'd;

But left her, as she haply found,
His books with twice six thousand
And, as her fortune I review, [pound;
Her house and household chattels too;
By letter I will recommend
The Doctor to this female friend.

—Think not, my Sage, that I am
prating;

Ovid's Epistles she's translating;
And that pursuit may seem to prove
The Lady somehow thinks of love.
Attack her, win her, wear her then,
And give new life to *SOMMERDEN*!"

Thus did the lengthen'd evening
Enliven'd by the social glass: [pass,
But, as the Sage retir'd to rest,
Fair Lucy's silent charms possess
The fine warm feelings of his breast.
Whether th' inspired Doctor thought
Exactly as a Doctor ought,
Or whether fancy 'gan to play,
It is not for the Muse to say;
But PAR declares his Master said,
As he was stepping into bed,
"If but that loitering fellow Death,
Would just now stop Sir Stately's
breath,

And set the charming woman free,
I'd ask her if she'd marry me.
No, never would I make a stir
To rule the house and govern her,
But should rejoice, throughout my
life,

To yield me up to such a wife:
A crowing cock I should be then,
Though daily peck'd by such a hen."
Thinking on her he heav'd a sigh
In sad and pitying sympathy;

And seem'd as if about to weep,
Had he not fallen fast asleep.

At early hour the following day
Syntax proceeded on his way,
Until they reach'd a shady isle
Where all the gen'rous virtues smile,
Those virtues which had long possess'd
A mansion in NED EASY's breast;
Who here enjoy'd his tranquil lot,
By the gay, busy world forgot.
—NED in his early life was known
Through all the purlieus of the town,
And took, 'tissaid, no common measure,
Of what the laughing world calls
pleasure.

He also had a warrior been,
And many a bloody field had seen;
Had pass'd the salt wave o'er and o'er,
And swelter'd on the sultry shore;
Had bravely sought his country's foe
In vales of ice, on hills of snow;
True to his country, which he serv'd,
He ne'er from rigid honour swerv'd,
That honour was his brightest aim,
Nor has his life e'er lost the name,
But when peace gave the joyous word
To sheath the sharp and blood-stain'd
sword,

The soldier laid his trappings by
To enjoy a life of privacy,
And sought the tranquil, calm retreat
Of his retir'd, paternal seat,
Where, in sweet peace and rural pride,
The 'Squire, his father, liv'd and died.
Here NED, with good, sound common-
sense,

Health, mirth, and ample competence,
Laughs at the busy world and all
That fashion's votaries pleasure call;
Here all his various wand'rings cease,
Here all his labours rest in peace.
His mirth is pure, with harmless wit,
Nor is he shy of using it;

And though not bred in learned col-
lege,

He has a useful store of knowledge;
While cheerful, bounteous, frank and
He beams with hospitality. [free,
Good-humour ever seems to cheer him,
And makes all happy who come near
His very name will oft beguile [him:
A cheerless thought, and cause a smile.
Nay it is true that since he married,
Not one fond hope of his miscarried,
And that is rare you must agree,
For wives, 'Squire NED has married
three:—

Nor has as yet the growing train
Of boys and girls e'er caused him pain.
'Twas nine, as the clock struck the
hour, [door.

When Syntax reach'd the mansion
The swelling hills that rose around,
Appear'd with sylvan beauty crown'd;
The lawns display'd a charming
scene

Of waving surface cloth'd with green,
While the lake spread its waters clear
With glitt'ring sun-beams here and
there;

And many a white, expanding sail,
Receiv'd the impulse of the gale.

SYNTAX.

"O Nature bright! how can it be,
When man beholdst thy charms, that he
Can be insensible to thee?
Whene'er he casts his upward eye
To the vast, blue ethereal sky,
Or turns it to the wond'rous robe
That clothes the surface of the globe,
With all th' expanse that man can see
In boundless rich variety
Of hill and dale, of plain and flood;
What by the mind is understood!
'Tis NATURE tells of NATURE'S GOD!

—But still that animated thrush,
Which warbles in the hawthorn bush,
Though by instinct it is he sings,
Advances in the scale of things,
Till reason doth the system close,
For which the world from Chaos rose.
Nay, there's NED EASY in his way,
Teaching his growing boys to play,
To strike the ball, to guard the wicket,
In all the mystery of cricket:
Nor can I gravely blame the plan
At times to lay aside the man,
To seize the frolic, lively joy,
That turns the man into the boy!"

'SQUIRE EASY soon the Doctor spied,
When he approach'd and smiling
cried,

"You are a learned man, I know,
Yes, you can tell me where and who;
But surely as my name is Ned,
In some old history I have read,
Of a wise people, where the rule,
Whether they were at home or school,
Ne'er did permit their youth to eat
Till by some grave or active feat
Of mind or body they had won
The privilege to pick their bone.
Whoused to place the bread and cheese
On topmost boughs of lofty trees,
Nor ever suffer them to eat it,
Till down their bows and arrows beat it;
Nor did they get a steak or tart,
Till it was struck by aling or dart.
Nor will these boys their breakfast see,
Till by some briak activity,
Or studied lesson, they're prepar'd
To fix their teeth in their reward.
Hunger, by you know whom 'tis said,
Will break through walls to get its
bread,

And here my notion may be right,
That this same hunger may incite,
Of learning's loaf to get a bite.

—I, my dear Sir, make no pretence
To more than gen'ral common-sense,
Which, as fam'd Pope, the Poet, says,
A genius bright of former days,
Is 'mong the kindest gifts of Heaven,
And fairly worth the other seven.
When fine folks smile, I never mind it;
I take the world just as I find it;
Yes, yes, with all its odds and ends,
I know no foes and love my friends;
And among them, it is most true,
Doctor, I'm proud to number you.
I'm an odd fish, but, to be free,
I'm not the only oddity:
Others there are, or I mistake,
Who make folks laugh about the Lake;
Where I remain, all tight and steady:—
But the bell rings and breakfast's
ready;

And sure I am Kate will rejoice,
From her good heart to hear your voice.
—Indeed her heart is well endured
With feelings that must make it good;
While she is sprightly, gay and free,
The flower of warm civility."

"So long," she said, "the time
has been,

Since I beheld your precious chin,
That if I had the heart to scold you,
The house would be too hot to hold you.
But you, my friend, are wont to praise
My Edward's cot and all its ways,
And though some stiff-rump folk
bespew it,

You'll find it as you always knew it."
—Thus lively pleasantry prevail'd,
The Doctor's stomach never fail'd;
And though grave thoughts might in-
tervene

At sight of this domestic scene;
Though his remembrance might be
crow'd

By thoughts of her whom he had lost;

Yet the mild mirth that persever'd
His unresisting spirits cheer'd.

"At present," EASY said, "my
Kate

Must on her house and children wait:
But in a busy hour or two,
She will reserve herself for you,
And try her best to make you stay,
Which we request, for many a day,
A pleasant scene of grave and gay;
While we will have a friendly talk
Beneath the well-known filbertwalk."
—Within that undisturb'd retreat
They sought a solitary seat,
When EASY the discourse began,
And thus the conversation ran:

NED EASY.

"I have not hinted it before,
But truly I your loss deplore;
For though I'm not by nature taught,
To court grave airs or solemn thought,
But rather mirth am prone to deal in,
Yet still, I trust, I have the feeling,
In tales of real woe to join,
And make the ills of others mine:
Nay, that I'm anxious to relieve
All such as want, and those who grieve:
Though, to my friend, I freely own
Instead of answer'ing moan for moan,
I rather strive to laugh away
The thoughts that on his bosom prey.
—To loss of friends we must submit,
'Tis a wise power that orders it,
And when our joys He takes away,
His sov'reign will we must obey:
But who like you these truths can
tell,

Who all our duties preach so well.
—If weeping would relieve you, why
Let tears flow fast from either eye,
But to prevent a friend from dying,
Sure laughing is as good as crying.

—You've lost your wife,—what's to
be done?

Why, you may try to live alone:
If that won't do,—what doth remain
To bring past comforts back again,
But without any fuss or pother,
To look about and get another;
And, e'er a reasoning hour is past,
To that same plan I'll nail you fast."

SYNTAX.

"But if Sir Stately tells me true,
'Tis the worst thing that I can do,
And now, Friend Easy, what say you?
Full well you know the Lordly Knight
Is fond to think that he is right,
Though from his matrimonial song,
He has been sometimes in the wrong."

NED EASY.

"Wrong do you say? I hate the
brute:

He does not with my nature suit.
A brute he must be who commands
Such softness with such iron hands.
Though, as I may suppose you know,
His first wife touch'd him up or so,
A woman of transcendent merit,
Who would not bend her lofty spirit
To a vain coxcomb's tyrant whim,
Which is so prevalent in him:
For all or nought he made a clatter,
So justice gave the fool the latter:
His boasting counsel throw aside,
And take Ned Easy for your guide.
He cannot be compar'd to me,
With his two wives, when I've had
three;

Nor shall I the base story smother,
Hen-peak'd by one, he flouts the other:
I do not mean to say he beats her;
But like a baby always treats her,
While I, though I have married been
So many years, at least sixteen;

Yes, I, with honest heart and hand,
Can now the Dunmow Flitch demand."

SYNTAX.

"Three wives you've had, and, as
you state,
Have chosen well in ev'ry mate;
Then tell me, friend, how you have
done,
That Syntax may choose such a one:
Whether it be from common-sense,
Or fruits of sound experience,
Or chance, or happy accident,
Your lot is one of such content;
That I may, lest the dames should
flout me, [me."
Know how, at least, to look about

NED EASY.

"Well then, believe me, I will tell
My honest, nuptial chronicle:
How all my different courtships
thriv'd,
How I made love, and when I wiv'd;
'Tis a request I can't refuse you:—
At all events, it will amuse you."

The Nuptial Chronicle.

"When I first sheath'd the shining
blade,
And thought no more of my sockade,
Having escap'd Bellona's rattle,
And all the risks of bloody battle,
With limbs all sound, nor yet a scar
Which sometimes spoils a face in war;
Tho' dangers I ne'er fail'd to dare,
My eye-brows had not lost a hair,
And as the broad-sword work and
lancing,
Had not cut short my grace in dancing,
I 'gan to think what I should prove
If Cupid drill'd me into love;

What guard I had against the dart
With which he might attempt my
heart;

What store I had of vows and sighs,
And all those soft idolatries,
Which wake kind looks in ladies' eyes.
But, while I these attentions paid,
MARG'RET appear'd, a blooming maid,
Who seem'd, I thought, well pleas'd
to hear

All that I whisper'd in her ear.
Egad, I ran at Miss full tilt,
But, in a week, she prov'd a jilt:
I courted with a chaise and pair,
Which seem'd at first to please the
fair,

But soon the changeling gave me o'er,
For courtship in a coach and four.
Then CHARLOTTE came, a perfect
grace

In outward form, but, on her face
Too oft was seen a scowling look
Which my calm temper did not brook:
Nay, I had heard her scold her mother,
And seen her cuff her little brother.
She knew how to show off a charm,
In a most fine turn'd hand and arm,
Which a known sculptor of renown
By modelling had made his own,
And us'd to show it as a piece,
That rival'd the best works of Greece:
But then her fingers she could twist
Into a firm and fearful fist,
And much I fear'd, when married, she
Might lay that fine form'd fist on me.

"MARIA next my bosom fir'd,
And fix'd the love which she inspir'd.
Her auburn locks were seen to break
In native ringlets on her neck;
Her smiles did to her face impart
The goodness of a tender heart:
In all her steps a grace was seen,
With winning words and gentle mien,

Oh, while she liv'd she lovely prov'd,
And never ceas'd to be belov'd!

—No, she ne'er left me in the lurch,
No, all she promis'd in the church,
She did with fondest truth fulfil:
She studied and obey'd my will;
While her ne'er-failing kindness, I
Return'd with grateful sympathy.

—Those rosy hours, as thus they past,
Were far too blooming, long to last:
Too soon she died, — and jealous
Heaven

Took back the Angel it had given.

“Two years pass'd on, when my
fond grief

Began from time to find relief:

Indeed I never thought again

To wear the Hymeneal chain,

Till lovely ISABEL appear'd,

Whose pleasant wit my bosom cheer'd,

And there inspir'd a subtle flame,

While her black eyes confirm'd the

But as our intimacy grew [same.

And I the Lady better knew,

The gewgaws and the show of dress

Seem'd all her wishes to possess;

Nor could I happiness foresee

In her expensive gaiety:

So as I would not be outwitted,

I quietly the Lady quitted.

She threw about her lively flames,

And scatter'd round her epigrams,

Because Ned Easy would not waste

His rents to suit her tonish taste,

But left the Miss, as I'm afraid,

To be an antiquated maid,

And to lead apes, O what a shame!

Where I, indeed, should blush to name.

“I next became the favour'd swain

Of sober and of gentle JANE,

Whom, with ten thousand pounds, I

led [bed,

Well pleas'd to share my marriage

She could not boast the pride of
beauty,

But then she felt the housewife's duty:

She was, indeed, a darling honey,

Who lov'd me well and sav'd my
money:

In ev'ry useful, household care,

She bore a more than equal share:—

To scold the servants she was free,

But then she never scolded me.

Though she was careful, she was good,

And lov'd by all the neighbourhood:

Though foe to every vain expence,

She nourish'd a benevolence

Which aided the industrious poor,

And fed the hungry at her door.

At length she bore me children twain:

But, which I still relate with pain,

When procreative nature stirr'd

Its innate pow'rs to give a third,

She, with the child, her new-born pride

At morning's dawn, ere evening died.

“Now discontent for once possess'd

The interregnum of my breast,

And sorrows, scarcely known, increase

To trouble my domestic peace:

Hence calm reflection bids me try

In Hymen's cord another tie,

To soothe a widow'd father's care

And ease the toil which he must bear,

The widow HARLEY now I sought,

Who was an object, as I thought,

Most fit, if not the only one,

To fill her place so lately gone;

Who would a tender mother prove

To babes whom I so fondly love,

And, with a warm affection, be

A kind and faithful wife to me.

Nay, as she had a little pride,

Whose wants her fortune ill-supplied,

I thought, when I my hand should

proffer,

She'd jump transported at the offer:

But, instead of grateful graces,
Smiling looks and warm embraces,
She, on venal interest bent,
A rascally attorney sent
To claim an hungry settlement,
With such conditions at the close,
That up in arms my passions rose;
When, to return his saucy airs,
I sent him, spite of all his prayers,
Four steps at once adown the stairs.
Thus the vile lawyer's head I broke,
And cast away the widow's yoke.

"At length the best of girls I
chose, [knows,
Whom my good friend the Doctor
And knows, I'm certain, to admire
As all a husband can desire.
Two more fine bairns my KATE has
given,

The finest offspring under Heaven :
While she a parent is as good
To all the other growing brood,
As their own mother would have been,
Had she remain'd upon the scene.
Nor does she anything to tease me,
But always, always what will please
Whate'er I wish or do prefer, [me.
Becomes an instant law to her.
By Jove I swear, it is no joke,
To please me she has learn'd to smoke,
And after dinner you will see
A smoking trio we shall be
Beneath a spreading beechen-tree;
Where we our mod'rate cups will quaff,
There hear your pleasant tales and
laugh,—
And o'er the philosophic bowl,
Let loose the language of the soul."

SYNTAX.

"Squire Ned, your hist'ry makes
me feel,
As I must own, an added zeal,

Once more to try my future fate
In vent'ring on the married state.
Two widows I have on my list,
And cannot you contrive to twist
Into the roll, some female friend,
My hopes to feed, my chance to mend."

Thus, as he spoke, the welcome bell
The dining hour was heard to tell :
Mirth and good eating there prevail'd ;
No stomach round the table fail'd ;
And when with grateful pious zeal,
The Grace had sanctified the meal,
The smoking trio soon was seen
Beneath the tree upon the green.

Ned Easy and the Doctor sat
With pipe in hand in usual state ;
Thoughtless one look'd, the other wise,
With sleepy or with twinkling eyes,
While Ma'am the aromatics blended,
To gain the scent which she intended,
As she would not her taste disturb
With plain Virginia's common herb :
She thought it would be vulgar joking,
To stinkify herself by smoking.
—An iv'ry pipe with silver tip
She took within her rosy lip,
And, as she whiff'd, her sweet lips
moving
Set the exhaling vapour roving ;
While o'er her brow it seem'd to
wander

In a slow, curling, calm meander,
And 'mid the branches of the tree,
Display'd a misty canopy.

For a short time they silent sat,
Reflecting on they knew not what ;
When 'Squire Ned a glass propos'd,
And thus his friendly thoughts dis-
clos'd.

"His Rev'rence does our counsel crave,
And our best counsel he shall have.
We know that he has lost his wife ;
And, to renew the happy life

Which his connubial state enjoy'd,
 His present wishes are employ'd ;
 And how his loss may be supplied,
 By finding him another bride,
 Whose equal virtues may restore,
 The comforts he enjoys no more.
 —Among the unmarried fair we know,
 And they may be a score or so,
 Miss Mary Crotchet strikes my view ;
 And now, my Cath'rine, what say you ?
 In all the fine, delightful art
 Whose sounds can raise or melt the
 heart,
 We know full well the Doctor's skill,
 And that may win her to his will."

MRS. EASY.

"We all admire his manly sense,
 His learning and his eloquence ;
 His pleasant manners and his wit,
 With such a way of using it ;
 And I should wish to recommend
 So rare a husband to my friend :
 But all these virtues will not do,
 'Tis with his music he must woo ;
 I know his fiddle will do more
 Than all his Greek and Latin lore :
 No, no, he must make love in score ;
 Nay, whoe'er wins her, it must be
 By his deep skill in harmony,
 And by the power he has to prove
 That music is the food of love.

"There's not an instrument they
 say,

On which Miss Crotchet cannot play,
 From the low bag-pipe's dismal hum,
 To the all-martial kettle-drum ;
 Nay, in every branch of sound,
 'Tis said her knowledge is profound.
 For any thing that she may want,
 She asks in a cathedral chaunt ;
 She suits her voice to ev'ry key,
 And can discharge her nose in C.

Though when she lays her music by
 To mix with gay society,
 She's clever, elegant and easy,
 With manners that are form'd to
 please ye. [prove
 Now if this scheme you should ap-
 To forward your designs in love,
 Believe me, Sir, I'll not neglect
 To tell her who she may expect :
 And in the warmest terms commend
 The virtues of our valued friend :
 Though, on reflection, I must own
 They cannot be to her unknown ;
 I'm certain, Doctor, there's no danger
 That she will treat you as a stranger."

SYNTAX.

"Well, if I do not gain my ends,
 It will not be for want of friends,
 And I must be completely stupid
 If I do not find a Cupid
 To aid me in the various views
 Which now my pleasing hopes amuse :
 For he's an urchin that escapes
 From Cyprian form to other shapes ;
 Who, Proteus like, his ends to gain,
 Can diff'rent characters sustain.
 For youth he has the poison'd arrow
 That makes a bustle in the marrow,
 And to the blood conveys the heat
 That makes the am'rous pulses beat ;
 Which, with soft languor clothes the
 eyes,
 The tongue with vows, the breast with
 sighs :
 But for Miss Crotchet I must find
 A Cherub of another kind,
 Who, when he to his call engages
 The grave philosophers and sages,
 His garlands are not made of roses,
 Nor does he scatter fragrant posies ;
 Their beauties with the season's past,
 Their fragrance is not made to last,

But on his sober brow is seen
The lasting wreaths of evergreen,
Nay, when he wantons in the gay
days

Of matrons and of learned ladies,
Another character he bears,
And other emblems then he wears,
For stockings blue resigns his bow
And slumbers on a folio.

But in that near approaching hour
When I behold Miss Crotchet's bower,
I must call Cupid, as he chooses
To wanton with the Lady Muses,
To dip his cup and take his fill
Of the clear Heliconian rill ;
And, to possess himself of hearts,
Play on the dulcimer with darts,
Or inflict all his secret wounds
By the soul soothing power of sounds ;
But I've my doubts I e'en must own
Whether the lady may be won
By any int'rest I may prove
With this same treach'rous god of love.
But should sage Syntax act the fool
And feel the shafts of ridicule,
He will, at least, have done no more
Than wiser men have done before ;
And when no ill is thought or meant,
He'll join the laugh—and be content.
—To-morrow I shall see again
The bow'ry scenes of Sommerden.
To pass a grave, reflecting week,
Before I my adventures seek ;
Re-tune my voice with far-a-diddle,
And practise on my welcome fiddle :
I then with spirit shall engage
In matrimonial pilgrimage."

As Syntax finish'd his discourse,
A friend was seen to quit his horse,
And soon BOB SINGLE made his bows
First to the lady of the house,
Who, as she did those bows receive,
Curtsied in form and took her leave,

Then Easy's hand he warmly squeeze'd,
And Syntax by both elbows seize'd ;
Nor did the smiling neighbour fail
To claim the jug that foam'd with ale
—In lands and woods this 'Squire
had clear

At least twelve hundred pounds a
year.

And, in a sober state or mellow,
Was a good-humour'd jovial fellow :
Nor had he an unsocial name
But in the article of game ;
And if he prov'd a vengeful foe,
It was the poachers found him so ;
For by foul means to catch a hare,
To ply a net or lay a snare
Was, by this rigid sportsman's reason,
Deem'd a dire act of country treason,
Which he with more than vengeance
due,

Call'd the law's rigour to pursue,
And punish'd in his legal rage,
With cat-o'-nine-tails and the cage.
—In all those noisy loyal greetings
Which are well known at public
meetings,

He oft was heard to take the lead,
Was steady too, in thought and deed,
Nor did reflection ever balk
A fancy for stentorian talk :
In politics was always hearty,
Nor for a moment chang'd his party ;
All private, petty views disdain'd,
And boldly Freedom's cause main-
tain'd.

Bob, to the middle age of life,
Had made his way without a wife ;
Nor ever fail'd, with hackney'd gibe,
To rail against the married tribe ;
And in warm language to prefer
The happier state of Bachelor.
Thus when he found the nuptial state
Had been the subject of debate,

With blunt remark and oft told story,
 Bob Single soon was in his glory;
 And, with important look, begun
 To let his captious accents run.

BOB SINGLE.

"I thank my stars that I am free:
 I was not made for slavery!
 Pardon me, Doctor, but the Church,
 Has never got me in its lurch:
 I should prefer the hempen string
 To licence and a wedding ring:
 Quiet I love, and that word WIFE
 Is but another name for strife;
 —Our friend, Ned Easy, I allow
 Is better for the marriage vow;
 For Fortune somehow as a whim
 Has work'd a miracle for him.
 I'm forc'd to own that prizes three,
 And rich ones too, I do agree,
 He's gain'd in Hymen's lottery.
 But this I think, or friend or foe,
 He is the bravest man I know;
 For when I heard what he was
 doing,
 I thought him running to his ruin;
 I cried, have mercy on him, Heaven,
 And may his folly be forgiv'n!
 For travel all the kingdom over,
 From the Isle of Skye to Dover,
 The curious journey will be vain,
 In hope to see the like again.
 —I know you'll argue that a nation
 Exists alone by population:
 That I'll acknowledge to be true,
 Though I could add a word or two
 To what is said by state physicians
 And middle-noddle politicians:
 I reason but from what I see,
 That more or less, the stern decree
 Of nuptial bonds, is misery.
 Exceptions, I was taught at school,
 Are found to rise from ev'ry rule;

But such exceptions, I could prove,
 Are rare in Grammar rules of Love.
 I'm sure that I could name a score,
 Aye, more than that, yes, twenty more,
 Who in their wives have so miscarried,
 They scarce have smil'd since they
 were married.—

There's BILLY HUMBLE, will not own
 That he detests his bouncing Joan:
 How oft that Jerry Sneak appears,
 With smiling face and well puff'd ears,
 When with soft words, and fondling
 kiss,

He talks of matrimonial bliss;
 While all, who know the coward, know
 He scarce dare look, or speak, or go,
 But as in form, or mode, or measure,
 She pleases to make known her plea—
 I saw the booby t'other day [sure.
 As he was pacing on his way
 To fetch a doctor for his wife,
 Whose illness might affect her life,
 Nay he insisted he should cry
 For a full week, if she should die;
 And on this errand full of love,
 He went as slow as foot could move.
 His long, lank face, by home-bred
 wars, [scars,
 Look'd red with scratches and with
 Which he with stamm'ring tongue
 complain'd

From his bad razors were sustain'd:
 I laugh'd to hear his barefaced tales:—
 The razors were his spousy's nails."

The Doctor now impatient grown,
 Of all he heard 'bout Jack and Joan,
 With grave looks and sarcastic twang,
 Thus put a stop to Bob's harangue.

SYNTAX.

"I've heard these stories o'er and
 o'er,
 You know it, Bob, and many more"

I wish you'd tell us something new,
 And what is better, something true:
 Not this poor cant, so stale, so dull,
 That may come forth from any skull.
 Excuse me, but it makes me sick,
 Because I think it is a trick;
 That men the marriage state deride
 Some folly of their own to hide,
 When in a wife they have miscarried,
 And some low, vulgar baggage married;
 Some black-ey'd Moll, or rosy Nan,
 Some priestess of the dripping-pan,
 To whom malicious Cupid gave,
 Such wondrous pow'rs to enslave,
 That e'en a 'Squire of good estate
 Could not resist his am'rous fate,
 But still afraid that fate to own,
 And bent to keep the rites unknown,
 He bears disguis'd the sturdy bride,
 To secret vale, or some moor-side,
 Where he may to his deary go,
 And none the am'rous parley know:
 Then to delude suspicion's eye
 From looking after mystery,
 His blust'ring censure does not fail
 Against the marriage state to rail;
 Laughs at all husbands, wives abuses,
 And no occasion e'er refuses
 To treat with scorn the wedded vow,
 As you, Bob, have been doing now;
 Talks all the scandal that he can,
 Then steals away to MOLL or NAN,
 In some sly corner to improve
 The unknown joys of wedded love.
 —Such is the zeal I've known to stir
 An unsuspected Bachelor,
 Till some unlook'd for, strange event,
 Or some neglect or accident,
 Or the keen, watchful prying eye,
 Of curious curiosity:
 Or the good dame's impatient pride
 To draw the cruel veil aside,
 Which hid her real station hide,

Display'd at length the hidden plan,
 And brought him forth a married man.
 A nine days' wonder, it is true,
 He then appear'd to public view,
 Join'd in the laugh, left off his prate
 Against the matrimonial state,
 And now of Benedicts is found
 The happiest all the country round.
 —Thus have I known a cunning hen
 Leave her domestic, noisy pen,
 And seek the covert of a bush
 Where all was quiet, all was hush,
 There lay her eggs, unheard, unseen,
 Beneath th' o'er-shadowing foliage
 green,
 Till in due time the bird appears
 Cackling aloud her hopes and fears,
 Around her chirping, flutt'ring, pick-
 A brood of unsuspected chicken; [ing,
 Thus to the oot, as 'twere by stealth,
 Bringing a troop of feather'd wealth.
 —And who can tell, but, some years
 hence,
 When time has broken down the fence
 Of your reluctant awkward shame,
 Forth from her covert the fair dame,
 Who dares not yet avow her name,
 If such an one by chance should be,
 Excuse my curiosity,
 May your long wedded mate appear,
 With little Singles in her rear.
 Then bells will ring and music play,
 And all your villagers be gay,
 To celebrate your wedding day,
 Full ten years since the deed was done,
 When Parson Slyboots made you one.
 How I should joy the day to see
 When our'd of your vain heresy,
 You should be Hymen's Devotee.
 I know, I've read, but when and where,
 Needs not at present be my care,
 And, I am ready to allow,
 Tricks may attend the nuptial vow,

That marriage as by some profess'd,
Is but a money job at best,
That cold compliance may be sold,
That wav'ring hearts may be con-
troll'd,—

But love's beyond the price of gold.
And now, my jovial, jeering friend,
Do to these wholesome truths attend!
How great the good were they impest
On early manhood's glowing breast;
And, spite of you gay noisy trampers,
Misses should work them on their
samplers.—

Those who true love have ever try'd,
(The common cares of life supply'd)
No wants endure, no wishes make,
But ev'ry real joy partake:
All comfort on themselves depends,
They want nor power, nor wealth, nor
friends:

Love then hath every bliss in store,
'Tis friendship, and 'tis something
more:

Each other ev'ry wish they give;—
Not to know love,—is not to live!"

Syntax, now smiling, fill'd his glass,
Then bid the bright decanter pass,
And on the ruby juice intent
Gave this congenial sentiment;
"May Hymen with fresh wreaths be
crown'd,

And fusty bachelors be drown'd!"—
Bob's visage gloom'd with discontent,
His colour came—His colour went:
Whether it was a fancied joke,
Or truth prophetic Syntax spoke,
Old faithful time would not forbear,
In its due season to declare;
But by Ned Easy it was thought
The net was spread, when Bob was
caught,

And that a picture had been shown
Which conscience told him was his own.

"Doctor," he said, "I must agree,
You much too learned are for me."
Then fill'd the cup with ample mea-
sure, [sure;

And gave a frown that mark'd displea-
Pull'd the bell-rope with all his force,
And bade the servant bring his horse:
But though invited much to stay,
He grumbled No, and went his way.
—Syntax exclaim'd, "O let him pout,
I think that we have found him out:
O what a bursting of the bubble
To see Bob Single carry double.

Though now in other views so zealous,
I warmly hope to hear him tell us,
That life no higher joys can prove,
Than those which flow from wedded
love."

In friendly chat the evening past,
Sleep's balmy season came at last;
When Easy said, "Here take my
hand, [mand:

My heart, you know, you may com-
Such as it is, it ne'er beguiles
With flattery's deceitful smiles.
If you return to Keswick's side,
With a kind, gracious, pleasing bride,
I shall, with truth unfeign'd rejoice
And loud congratulating voice;
But should your varying suits mis-
carry,

Should it not be your lot to marry,
And you sometimes might wish to roam
From your too solitary home, [Easy,
Here you will find your friend Ned
Ready to do his best to please you."

—Syntax return'd the grasping fist,
And, with due grace the lady kiss'd,
Then sought the pillow's welcome
powers, [hours.

And slept through night's refreshing
On the next morning, when the sun
His daily course began to run,

The Doctor took an early flight,
In hope to see his home at night,
Up to the hill he now ascends,
Then to the vale his way he bends,
Enjoys his meal at mid-day hour
Beneath a cot's inviting bower,
O'er-shaded by the mantling vine,
And sweet with flow'rs of eglantine.
Big with matrimonial dreams,
And flatt'ring fancy's thousand
schemes,

He had beguil'd his sultry way,
When, at the misty close of day,
He pass'd the door he call'd his own,
But sigh'd to find himself alone.

Old Marg'ret hop'd that he would
come

In health and better spirits home;
With kind attention did dispose,
Her glasses on her picked nose,
To see what signs his features bore,
Of calm contentment or of care,
But the good dame saw nothing there;
No cheerful aspect there was shown,
To call forth pleasure on her own.
—She told him all the village news,
As in his chair he chose to muse;

While he laid out where he had been,
What he had heard, whom he had
seen,

And wheresoe'er his face appear'd,
The welcomes which his bosom cheer'd.
But now the manor-house was left,
And for some months would be bereft
Of those warm friends who never fail'd
When his free spirits were assail'd,
Since Fate, with Happiness at strife,
Had robb'd him of his darling's life,
To pour, by ev'ry friendly art,
The balm of comfort in his heart.
Thus while Madge sought his night's
regale,

With soothing pipe and sparkling ale,
"O it will never do," he said,
"The social power must be obey'd;
Such joy to hear a female tone,
I'll marry,—I'll not live alone:
I'd sooner wed the first I see,
Though old and ugly she should be,
Than live in taciturnity.
Nay, e'er another week is o'er,
I will begin th' important tour,
Nor e'er return, if I have life,
Till I have found another wife!"

CANTO XXXV.

WHAT is a Coxcomb? 'tis a fellow,
A kind of dashing Punchinello,
That does his best attractions owe
To glitter and to outward show!
Nor is it to the form confin'd,
For there are Coxcombs of the mind,
And, perhaps, fairest ridicule
Rests with a better right and rule,
Where the young man, just come from
college [ledge,
With alight be-spatterings of know-

Does the grave attention claim,
That's due alone to learning's name;
Than where he in life's early vigour,
With glowing cheek and striking
figure,
And all those spirits that give wing
To the blooming hours of spring,
Ask of vain fashion's various art
Those gay attractions to impart;
Those trappings of exterior show,
Which catch the eye and form the
bean.

—The real worth, the sterling good,
Require, to be well understood,
Reason, reflection, piercing sense,
And, above all, experience :
While what the surface may display,
To gen'ral gaze, in open day,
Claim little but to see and hear,
A ready eye,—an open ear.

Syntax well knew that what give
birth

To knowledge and to inbred worth,
He could unfold with sure reliance,
And set all doubtings at defiance,
Nor did he fear a search to stir,
In quest of real character ;
But still he thought that something
more

Than moral charms and learned lore,
Something that's sprightly, gay, gal-
lant,

Must deck his journey militant :
For he exclaim'd, "In this same Tour
I do foresee, nay I am sure,
What obstacles I shall endure !
I almost tremble to recount them,
But then how glorious to surmount
them.

I must a diff'rent course pursue
From all that I've been us'd to do ;
My habits I must lay aside,
And cocker up my mind with pride ;
Feed my calm fancy with a treat
Of what the world may term conceit ;
For I shall never gain my ends,
With all the flattery of friends,
Unless I mend my awkward paces
And gain the favour of the Graces.
In common visits I could do,
But I'm to visit and to woo :
I may my flatt'ring uncton ply
To please a lady's vanity ;
But then do I possess the art
To play the humbug with the heart ?

"The Dame who midst the frag-
rance lives,

That her conservatory gives,
Will ne'er allow tobacco's fume
To vapour in her drawing-room ;
I fear Ma'am Tulip, whose fine eyes
Are us'd to nature's richest dyes ;
Which, from the morn to night, she
sees

[trees,
On flow'rs and plants, on shrubs and
May with a sudden shriek start back
When she beholds my dingy black :
My speech must then be rich with
flowers,

As her own aromatic bowers.
And I must bow and I must bend,
Ere to her favour I pretend ;
And I must tell her she's as fair
As any of her lilies are.

If I should dare to snatch a kiss,
While I taste th' ambrosial bliss,
The loves to which the plants are prone,
And Dr. Darwin's verse has shown,
I must implore to be her own :
I must implore to let me hope'
That I may be her Heliotrope,
And in return that she may be
A smiling Heliotrope to me.

But I must never say nor sing
That the fine season is the spring ;
Though, after all, I fear she'll find,
That I have left May-day behind ;
That I am what she does not want,
A stout, tho' but autumnal plant ;
And much I fear I shall not prove
That Autumn is the time for love :
However I will do my best
And to my stars must leave the rest.

"Still, on my way, new doubts ?
find,

Are ever springing in my mind :
Whether with comment or with text,
I feel how I shall be perplex'd,



THE BANS FORBIDDEN.

Reinhold

Whene'er the learned dame I see,
The mirror of philology.
She has just pass'd the spring of life;
So far she'll suit me for a wife:
But to my hopes, O what a blow!
If I should dare to tell her so;
For 'tis her wish, as it appears,
To sink at least some saucy years,
And therefore beautiful and young,
Must be familiar to my tongue!
For surely I've too much discerning,
If I should think mere praise for
learning

Would bribe her glowing heart's con-
sent

However deck'd with compliment:
If I could brush up to her door
With liv'ried train and coach-and-
four,

I then of love might truly speak,
And tell my Cyprian tales in Greek.—
But much I fear, my simple guise,
Will not attract the widow's eyes;
The way to favour I must find
By the exertions of the mind,
And by the sentimental art
Make out a passage to her heart.
And if I can the way discover
To be just smil'd on as a lover,
I'll treat this Lady Omicron,
With Ovid and Anacreon,
And by those am'rous poets' fire,
I may her classic warmth inspire:
Ill-fortune then alone will hinder,
My scatt'ring sparks upon her tinder;
And wake those feelings which may
move

Her bosom to contemplate love.

"As to Miss CROTCHET, I must try,
To work her into harmony.
The poet and historian tells
That music by its powerful spells,
Has been a source of miracles;

And I may hope without much stir,
To work a miracle on her,
If such it be, by music's art,
To tickle an old maiden's heart.
—At all events I'll be as fine
As doth become a sound divine.
New clad, newhatted and new wigg'd,
With all becoming order rigg'd,
In that due figure to appear
Which suits the views of this career,
Whose final hist'ry will display
The colour of my future day."

Thus did he reason, thus he thought,
Then into use his fiddle brought,
And all his tender melting airs
To win Miss Crotchet he prepares;
Then turns at times his curious eye
To scientific Botany,
Which might prepare him for his call
And welcome kind at Tulip Hall.

And thus by various means improve,
The ways he plann'd of making love.

In the mean time, he stroll'd about,
At farm or cot popp'd in and out,
And, with kind condescending glee,
Chatted with those he chanc'd to see.
One morn as in the churchyard
walking

And to himself was calmly talking;
While Mat, the Sexton, sung a stave,
Half in and half out of a grave;
He was saluted by a dame,
And Cath'rine Horner was her name;
On whom, long past her early youth,
Old time had work'd with rankling
tooth:

Her wrinkled cheeks so lank and dry,
Form'd channels for her wat'ry eye,
And on her chin a curling hair
Was thinly sprinkled here and there.
With age she was completely absent,
Her knees with tott'ring weakness bent,
And on a young man's arm she leant:

While thus she to the Doctor spoke,
In tones between a squeak and croak ;
"I hope my suit may not miscarry :
I am to ask you, Sir, to marry."
His Reverence then, with scornful eye,
Began this curious colloquy.

SYNTAX.

"To marry!—whom, you doting
fool?"

What's got into your brainless skull?"

Th' old woman, striving to display
A bashful look, begg'd leave to say,
"I meant not, Sir, to give offence
Unto your honour's reverence :
I mean no harm as I can see,
When I ask *you* to marry *me*."—
Now Syntax, had he seen a ghost,
Could not have look'd more terror-
crost.

[ing said,
"What means the witch," he stamp-
"Or has your old age turn'd your
head?" [latter season,

M. H. "I've reach'd, 'tis true, my
But still, I hope, I've kept my reason ;
I cannot be an idle prater
If I but seek to follow nature :
I only wish you'd marry me
To the young man whom here you see ;
And I declare, as I'm alive,
I was last week but sixty-five.
I know I ne'er was much a beauty,
But honest Jack will do his duty ;
And why should I withhold consent,
If I'm well pleased, and he's content.
I know that many silly folk
Will turn grave things into a joke,
But where's the joke in this connec-
tion?"

He gains support, I gain protection ;
And let them laugh when they shall
see,
That he has made a fool of me.

The girls may scoff, but they'd be glad
To have for sweethearts such a lad,
If I told all that I could tell."—

SYNTAX.

"If you were quiet, 'twere as well.
Sexton, I now must trust to you,
What with these people I'm to do."

SEXTON.

"An' please you, Sir, I know the
story

Of this same pair who stand before you ;
And though I feel I am but dull,—
One is a knave and one's a fool :
Her cottage, that's by yonder wall,
He wishes to be his,—that's all.
Besides, 'tis known that mother Horner
Has gold and notes in some sly corner,
But when that he has nosed them out,
The Raff will make them fly about :
Though young, he is a sorry sot,
Her little all will go to pot ;
If he's permitted to deceive her
He soon will to the parish leave her.
I know the boy from five years old,
Saucy and impudent and bold :
When than that stone he was not
higher,
He was a most notorious liar ;
And I must own I should be loath
To take his word upon his oath ;
This leg of mine 'gainst that dead bone,
I'll lay that he's not twenty-one.
Always so wicked, and so wild,
'Tis said he's Farmer Fatgut's child,
For he maintain'd him while he liv'd,
And his tricks oft the old man grieved.
He has been caught in laying snares
For catching 'Squire Worthy's hares,
And now with artful, am'rous fuss,
He's laid a snare for that old puss ;
And if not stopp'd in what he's doing,
He'll lead the old fool to her ruin :

For if he could, ne'er mind the sin,
He'd eat her flesh and sell her skin."

Again the old dame rais'd her voice:
"Pray," said the Doctor, "cease your
noise,

Or else, I fear, you'll wake the dead,
Beneath the ground whereon you
tread." [trade,

The Sexton once more stopp'd his
And spoke while resting on his spade.

"Your Rev'ence, please you, need
not fear,

She'll recollect who's sleeping here;
'Twas one who gave her many a
thwaacking,

To punish her foul tongue for clacking.
Persuade her that her tongue could
wake

Old Simon, and she ne'er would speak.
I knew old Simon Horner well,
I dug his grave, I rung his knell,

Nay, well I know this is the spot
Where his remains were left to rot;
And I do think, or I'm a fool,

That this is honest Simon's skull;
And while I'm shov'ling 'mong these
stones,

I bring to light his mould'ring bones.
Look, dame, and see how he is grin-
ning,

To keep his wanton rib from sinning."
"Have done," the Doctor said, "have
done,

Matthew this is too solemn fun:
If she will wed, why I must wed her.
I cannot marry them to-day,

So quickly send them both away."
— Jack made appearance to resist,
Clench'd both his hands and show'd

his fist, [meeting,
When the bold grave-man, at the
Gave the rude clown so sound a beat-
ing.

That he forsook his hop'd-for bride,
While with his spade the conqueror
plied

Stroke after stroke, the seat of shame,
Which blushing Muses never name,
And drove him bellowing as he fled,
From out the region of the dead.

The affrighted dame, pale and down-
hearted,

To find that she was thus deserted,
Mutt'ring revenge and swearing too,
Which she was sometimes apt to do,
While hobbling o'er sepulchral stones,
Was pelted by her husband's bones,
And Matthew chose to let her know
Whose bones they were at every
throw.

And thus she pass'd amid the jeer
Of all who were assembled there,
Till of her cot she turn'd the latch,
And sought the shelter of her thatch.

Syntax, half smiling, said, "This
tale

Will long be echoed through the vale:
And many here will lie and rot,
Before the story is forgot."

Time passes on, whate'er our
schemes,

Our waking or our sleeping dreams,
Whether life's pleasure or its pain
Join in her course or form the train.

And it run on until the hour
Call'd Syntax to th' appointed Tour
Nor had he ever yet been seen

As to outward form and mien,
In all that gives exterior show,
So near what might be styled a beam

As when he bade his home adieu
With one great object in his view,
And that for better or for worse,

Heaven's best gift or direct curse,
Which adds a smile or frown to life,
In the fix'd image of a WIFE.

All things were in fit style prepar'd,
 With his known valet and his guard;
 Well curried Punch the Doctor bore,
 Which Pat bestrode in former Tour;
 While he a farmer's gelding rode,
 Of strength to bear the mighty load:
 For Prancing Phillis now was gone
 To canter through a honey-moon;
 And Syntax hop'd to see the day [way.
 When Punch would trot the self-same
 —The journey's secret had been kept,
 And while each curious tattler slept,
 At early dawn, in tranquil state,
 The Doctor pass'd the village gate,
 Look'd cheerful, nay seem'd quite de-
 lighted,

In hopes his pains would be requited.

In our life's chase what various game
 Becomes the mortal huntsman's aim;
 And then, with what discordant views,
 He that variety pursues.

They who with independence bless'd,
 And by no pressing wants oppress'd,
 Who ~~are~~ at large and unconfin'd
 Free as the impulse of the wind,
 Are often driven to and fro
 By the various gusts that blow,
 Unless calm reason checks their force
 And keeps them in their steady course.
 The passions are of life the gales;
 Then keep the helm and watch the
 sails,

And with a clear and steady eye
 Look to the haven where you lie.

"Nay ought I not," thought our
 Divina,

"To look to that which may be mine?
 It seems, indeed, a pretty port,
 Where Cupid may, perhaps, resort,
 And learning, with the Graces three,
 Are said to live in harmony;
 And who knows it may be my fate
 To nestle there and change my state.

Its Mistress I've ne'er chanc'd to see,
 Nor have her eyes e'er look'd on me,
 Or my originality.

It is not that my form pretends,
 To dash at matrimonial ends;
 'Tis by my tongue I must succeed,
 'Tis that must do th' important deed.
 I must depend on classic vigour
 To give allurement to my figure;
 And watching her coquetish art,
 Make my way boldly to her heart.
 'Tis not by canting or by whining,
 Or a long course of undermining,
 That this fine fort can be obtain'd;
 By sudden storm it must be gain'd
 Throw out false colours to her eye,
 By weavings fine of flattery;
 That she those weaker parts may show
 Which will not stand a sudden blow.
 If thus my prowess should succeed
 'Twill be a more than glorious deed;
 And if I fail, 'twill be no more
 Than many a one has done before:
 E'en heroes of the first renown,
 Have had their hopes all tumbled down,
 But then they did not strive in vain,
 Bravely to build them up again,
 While persevering ardours bless
 Their final darings with success.
 Thus cheer'd by hope, my prospect's
 fair,

But while for struggles I prepare,
 I snap my fingers at despair.
 Of these so tempting fair ones three,
 One will be full enough for me;
 And my work must be idly done
 If I do not secure that one—
 And if dispos'd to be as kind
 As the old dame I left behind;
 If I could find a Widow Horner
 Wealthy and willing in a corner,
 Well-looking and dispos'd to cooing;
 O it will save a world of wooing!



And then I should revisit home
Without another wish to roam."

Thus, half in earnest, half in joke
He in soft, mutt'ring whispers spoke.
—Of saunt'ring folk he would enquire
The name of ev'ry village spire,
Who was the Parson, who the 'Squire
Whether the one his virtues prov'd
By such good deeds as made him lov'd,
And if the other did excel,
In the first art of preaching well.
Nor did he ever fail to speak
With those he chanc'd to overtake;
And even had they nought to say,
He was as well content, as they,
So that they did well pleas'd appear,
And gave his words a list'ning ear.
'Twas thus he fail'd not to beguile,
With pleasant chat the ling'ring mile.

Phœbus his course had almost run,
And soon would put his night-cap on,
Thus to prepare him for his nap
On the soft down of Thetis' lap,
When the embower'd spot was seen
On which Ma'am Omicron was Queen.
—A chance companion on the road,
Who liv'd not far from her abode,
And hap'd to know the Doctor well,
Propos'd her mode of life to tell.
The Doctor, too, was glad to hear,
And op'd an interested ear.

"In this fair lady are combin'd
The beauties of the form and mind;
Is rich withal, and has withstood
Five years of tempting widowhood,
When many a suitor, but in vain,
Has strove her favour to obtain.
The soldier bold, the dashing 'squire,
Have hop'd to wake the am'rous fire;
Beaux of various sorts and size
Have thought to bear away the prize;
But she, as it is said, has sworn,
She ne'er to Hymen would return,

Unless the saffron-mantled power
Would join her in his roseate bower,
To one with ancient learning fraught,
With all that modern science taught,
And in whose talents might be trac'd
The seeds of genius and of taste.
For one endued with such a mind,
She'd leave exterior grace behind:
A scholar and a virtuous sage,
Whate'er his shape, whate'er his age,
Would her discerning heart engage.
A witty, a deform'd Scarron,
She would prefer like Maintenon,*
To all that superficial race
Who know no charm beyond the face,
And are enchanted by the plume
That waves in fashion's drawing-room."

Syntax this question then preferr'd:
"Think you that she will keep her
word?"

When he was answer'd frank and free,
As such enquiries ought to be.

"My understanding's too confin'd,
To fathom a fine lady's mind.
I cannot know and do not care
What whimsies may be passing there,
For my best half doth never own
A thought that is to me unknown.
A fond and amiable she,
As frank as honest heart can be;—
But hear the best authority.

—The Widow's Rector oft displays
His thoughts of what she does and
says,
And he is known, I believe, to shine
As a sagacious learn'd divine.

* The celebrated Madame Maintenon, afterwards the secret wife of Louis XIV., espoused in the bloom of her beauty, the infirm and deform'd, but eminently witty Scarron.

He has free entrance at the hall,
Whenever he is pleas'd to call,
Though I've been told it is but rare
He's known to pay his visits there,
For when she's in a certain whim
She strives to play some trick with him.
—He says, he's sure she will not stray
From virtue's fair and open way,
Nor that she e'er will give offence
To the mind's purest innocence,
But she's as lightsome as a fairy
To pranks and whimsical vagary:
As a coquette she gaily dances;
Then gratifies blue stocking fancies;
To-day, to deck her charms inclin'd,
To-morrow to enrich her mind:
Nay, 'mong the Jacks, the Dicks, the
Harries,

'Twill not surprise him if she marries,
If she choose one of science full,
Or one impenetrably dull,
Some grave man for his sterling sense,
Or parson for his eloquence:
Nor would he wonder, if through
life,

She ne'er renew'd the name of wife.
And now, Sir, you may form a notion
Of Madam Omicron's promotion."

It must be own'd that all this news
To Syntax was of sovereign use,
To shape the plans he had in view,
Inform him what he had to do,
And how and in what way to woo.
—Thus arm'd, he sent Pat on before,
To announce his coming at the door,
Where Madam O— with smiling face,
And the most condescending grace,
Gave her best welcome to the oot,
Which was her philosophic lot,
For such she nam'd the charming spot,
The walls were festoon'd o'er with
flowers,
Here winged boys and there the hours,

Floated along in airy ease,
The surface of the lengthen'd frieze;
And all around he seem'd to see
Some well dress'd Pagan Deity.
She plac'd him in a satin chair,
'Tween MERCURY and JUPITER,
And plac'd a stool with fruitage drest,
On which his either foot to rest.
—Thus seated 'mid the Olympic folk,
Syntax began to scent a joke;
And sitting there foras to his own,
Doubted if he should smile or frown.
If this, he thought, be classic fun,
I'll gravely wait what's to be done;
If of the scene I am the jest,
I'll work my way and act my best.

The Doctor felt that his queer phiz
Was such as might invite a quiz;
For right or wrong, he seem'd to see
Quizzing was her propensity.
At all points therefore he prepar'd
To keep himself upon his guard.
In jesting to give joke for joke,
If it were wit, give stroke for stroke;
If learning he were call'd to ply,
To mix it up with flattery,
And call from poets and from sages,
The gallantries of former ages.

An antique tripod now appear'd
Upon three grinning satyrs rear'd,
And at each corner there was wrought
The visage of a bearded goat;
The basins which contain'd the tea,
Show'd ornamental sympathy,
For they shone bright with golden
darts,
The cakes too bore the form of hearts,
While the dark vase that held the
Did of Etruscan fabris seem. [cream
—And now a glove the widow dropp'd
When up in haste the doctor popp'd,
To give back with an eager grace,
The fallen trifle to its place,

When the stool tripp'd and threw him
o'er

In sprawling length upon the floor;
The tripod also sought the ground
The goats and satyrs lay around,
And China's broken forms display'd
The ruin which his fall had made.
—Ma'am to the bell plied such a
stroke,

That the rich silken cordage broke,
And pale-fac'd maids came rushing in
To know what caus'd the mighty din.
The Doctor rose, confus'd, amaz'd,
And on the shatter'd ruins gaz'd,
When he exclaim'd, "The best design
Doth often meet a fate like mine!"
But soon the sage was kindly greeted
And soft consoling words repeated.

"O be not at this bustle griev'd
If you no mischief have receiv'd,
If safe in hand, if safe in arm,
Let not your looks express alarm:
O never, never mind the rest,
And be not, Doctor, so distress'd!
Genius does awkward things they
say,—

I'm doing them, aye, ev'ry day:
And, when that you shall know me
better,

You'll find in me, Sir, *à la lettre*,
What Pope so honours with applause,
That temper which, whate'er the cause,
Ne'er makes complaint, nor frowns,
nor squalls,

E'en though the fav'rite china falls.
But to dispel your startled care
In the next room we'll seek a chair,
And Bacchus' self shall meet you
there."

[leave,
"—A chair," said Syntax, "by your
I will with your commands receive,
But, please you, I'll excuse the stool
Which caus'd me thus to play the fool,

Unless you can procure me one
To mourn the mischief I have done;
Where I may seat me and repent,
In form of awkward penitent."
—The Dame exclaim'd, with uplift
As if in rapt'rous ecstacy, [eye,
"O bravo, Doctor, O what wit!
How nicely too you manage it!
All the best China I've in store
I'd willing see upon the floor:
O it would be a trifling price
To make the paltry sacrifice,
If but my fancy would take wing,
And make me say so good a thing!
But wit like your's is never taught,
Nor can with power of gold be bought;
'Tis genius of the happiest nature
That of this gift is the creator;
But she forgot, as you may see,
To give the awak'ning charm to me.
Hence 'twould be venial if from you
I could purloin a flash or two,
To keep for use and lively play,
Upon some chosen gaudy day."

That quiet spirit call'd self-love,
So apt the human breast to move,
Began a little place to find
Within the Doctor's wav'ring mind;
And, if it did not turn them out,
Was prone to calm each rising doubt;
While the warm sense of conscious
pride

Inclin'd him to the flatt'ring side
Of what the smiling Widow spoke,
Whether in earnest or in joke.

He now a sofa's corner grac'd,
On the same side the Dame was plac'd,
Though to some distance she retir'd,
As chaste, decorous form required.
In gilded frame there hung between,
From Titian's hand, a fav'rite scene,
Where young Adonis did appear;—
A bear's head crown'd the pointed spear,

While 'neath the silken folds behind
 The doting Venus lay reclin'd.
 The Lady cast her eyes above
 As if she view'd the Queen of Love,
 Then to her side a look she threw,
 Where she had Syntax in her view:
 But it was rather to explore
 The heads of Syntax and the boar,
 When whim, endeavour'd if it could,
 To find out a similitude,
 While her gay fancy strove to rig
 The beast's head in a parson's wig.
 —Some little chit-chat 'bout the arts,
 But not a word as yet of Hearts
 Ofling'ring time fill'd up the measure,
 Till supper waited Madam's pleasure,
 Which was in tasteful order set
 In an adjoining cabinet,
 Whose classic paintings like the rest,
 The genius of the place confest.
 —Two Bacchanalian infants lay
 Upon a tiger's skin at play,
 Beneath an overshadowing vine
 Around the elm whose branches twine,
 And purple clusters hang between
 To give a richness to the scene;
 While views of wood and water-fall
 Are scatter'd o'er the crimson wall:
 But Syntax look'd to satisfy
 His palate rather than his eye,
 And that eye was dispos'd to stare
 When it beheld the bill of fare.

One dish a single pigeon grac'd,
 On t'other side three larks were plac'd;

A tart, about two inches square
 Out out and fashion'd like a star,
 Potatoes too, most nicely roasted,
 The produce which her garden boasted,
 And, in the midst, the eye to please,
 A milk-white Lilliputian cheese,
 Were all arrang'd in order due,
 And look'd so pretty to the view,

The Doctor, who so long had fasted,
 Nor since 'twas noon a morsel tasted,
 Besides he had kick'd down his tea,
 Beheld this festive symmetry
 Deck'd out in all the simple cost
 That Wedgewood's Pottery could
 boast,

In hungry fury, almost able
 With the scant meal to eat the table;
 Nay, while the puny bits she carv'd
 Poor Syntax fear'd he should be
 starv'd. [cheer'd

The wine was call'd, the summons
 His spirits till the wine appear'd,
 Two minnicken decanters shone,
 Like twenty prisms form'd in one:
 Nay, with such lustre did they shine,
 The eye could scarce discern the wine,
 And quite perplex'd his eager sight,
 To know if it were red or white.
 The Hostess fill'd her ready glass,
 And did the health to Syntax pass;
 It held what might just wet her lip,
 But was not large enough to sip.
 Then, with "Bon Soir" her guest
 she greeted,

And he the sleepy toast repeated:
 But the cheering hopes were o'er,
 The gay decanters held no more.
 "I'm tir'd with our sheep-shearing
 feast,"

She said, "and long for balmy rest.
 Hence, Sir, you will excuse my dress,
 As I've just been a shepherdess;
 And therefore suited my array,
 To the employment of the day,
 To-morrow I'll put on my best,
 In honour of my honour'd guest."
 She order'd then her chamber light,
 Wish'd calm repose and bade good
 night.

The Doctor follow'd in high dudgeon,
 At having been so tame a gudgeon:

Hungry and sore with discontent,
He growl'd and mutter'd as he went,
"Of starving jokes, I'll make her sick,
And faith I'll play her trick for trick,
Before to-morrow's course is run,
I will return her fun for fun :
And may my hopes all go to pot,
If my resentment is forgot."

Poor, anxious Pat, begg'd leave to
know, [so ;
What seem'd to plague his Rev'rence
Nor did his kind enquiries fail
Of hearing the droll, starving tale.

"'Tis strange," he in this way re-
plied,

"For I, Sir, thought I should have
died,

Of roast and boil'd, of bak'd and fried :
Not such a kitchen, one in twenty,
So cramm'd with overflowing plenty.
But just permit me to observe,
Your Rev'rence surely need not starve ;
You may defy, though you've forgot,
The utmost spite of spit and pot :
For safe within your great-coat pocket
As big as any two-pound rocket,
A fine Bologna is well-stow'd
By way of prog upon the road ;
And many a biscuit too pack'd up,
On which your Rev'rence now may sup,
Nor do I think that I shall fail
To get a jug of foaming ale."

He said, and soon the ale appear'd,
The sight the Doctor's spirit cheer'd,
And to complete his well-laid plot,
A nice clean pipe he also got ;
Nay more, some high dry'd weed he
brought, [nought.

Without which pipes are good for
The sausage gave its poignant alic,
The biscuit too was very nice ;
He gave a whiff, the ale he quaff'd,
And at the Widow's banquet laugh'd :

The feast which mov'd his humbled
pride,

Now shook with mirth his aching side.
Thus with these means of consolation,
And cure of thought that brings
vexation,

Syntax dismiss'd his faithful valet
To snore the night out on his pallet,
While in arm-chair, with half shut
eye,

He spoke a brief soliloquy.

"Thou welcome tube, to whom be-
longe

To make the mind forget its wrongs,
Thou bid'st my keen resentment cease
And yield to harmony and peace !
The Widow's mischief now is o'er,
And I shall frown and fret no more ;
But arm myself with watchful care,
To fall into no other snare ;
Nay, if her genius should succeed,
I'll bid good humour meet the deed ;
And let her frolic and her joke,
If she must have them,—end in
smoke !"

At length he felt 'twas time to rest,
And Morpheus claim'd him as his
guest.

When in due time, refresh'd and gay,
He hail'd the promise of the day,
And in the book-room saw display'd,
The luxury of breakfast laid.

His eyes now joyous wander'd o'er
The contrast of the night before :
The tea in fragrant fumes ascends,
The sister coffee too attends,
While many a smoking cake appears
In butter scones'd o'er head and ears ;
Boil'd eggs, alie'd beef and dainty
chicken

Invite him to more solid picking,
While honey of delicious taste,
Adds sweetness to the morn's repast.

But Syntax here was all alone,
For Madam did not rise till noon;
So that there were no forms to tease
him,

And he might take whate'er might
please him :

Nor did he the fair choice refuse,
He pleas'd his taste, he read the news,
Then search'd the well-rang'd shelves,
to find

A classic breakfast for his mind.
He now took Ovid and Lucretius
To con o'er what those Poets teach us,
That if he should be left alone
With this same Madam Omicron
He might th' important question move,
Of the Philosophy of Love ; [stood :
And find, at least, how all things
If with success she might be woo'd,
Or, as he thought, if he should be
A play-game to her vanity : [him,
Though, if her fancy should not choose
Her fine vagaries might amuse him.
At all events, he was prepar'd
To take what fortune should award.
The Dame, howe'er, he did not see,
Till the house-clock had sounded
three.

She now appear'd in all her pride
Of figure and of ton beside :
Her form was fine, for plastic nature
Had work'd with pleasure on her
stature.

Of those bright, heav'nly rivals three,
Who call'd on Paris to decree
The envied apple form'd of gold,
The Dame seem'd cast in Juno's mould,
To whom 'tis by the Poets given
To wear the breeches e'en in Heaven ;
And Madam, as her neighbours sing,
Would do on earth the self-same thing.
Grand, full of animated grace,
The chasten'd smile play'd on her face,

And though Old Time, that scurvy
follow. [mellow ;

Had brought her to be more than
Yet taste and art contriv'd to shade,
The inroads which his hands had made.
The Doctor view'd her to and fro,
And ey'd her form from top to toe ;
Transfix'd he stood by wild surprise,
Told by his tongue and by his eyes,
And stammer'd, for he scarce could
speak,

A line in Latin, then in Greek ;
Nay told her that she rivall'd Eve
Who did from Milton's strains receive
That praise, that dwells on ev'ry
tongue

And has by many a Muse been sung.
The thought with flatt'ring brilliance
shone, [cron :
And more than pleas'd Ma'am Omi-
For though each self-prevailing
thought

Was with a lurking laughter fraught,
Yet her heart aim'd not at concealing
A pleasure at the Doctor's feeling ;
Who from his lips as well as eye,
Gave fuel to her vanity.

Her thanks with so much grace were
given,

That Syntax got half-way to Heaven ;
Nay, his heart beat with such delight,
He fancied he had got there quite.
She now propos'd a garden walk,
Where in sweet sentimental talk,
They might the sun-shine hours con-
sume,

Till summon'd to the eating-room.

"—O plaintive Hammond, how he
shines,"

Said Syntax, "in these charming lines,

"How sweet to wind along the cool
retreat, [go ;

To look and gaze on Delia as I

To mingle sweet discourse with
kisses sweet,
And teach my lovely scholar all I
know."

She bow'd, and with a side-long glance,
Threw the poor Doctor in a trance,
In which he felt strong inclination,
To hunt at Love's o'ercoming passion;
But still he felt afraid to stir,
Till he receiv'd a hint from her.
They gain'd the slope, they sought
the glade,

Or, seated 'neath the beechen shade,
They search'd those principles of taste,
Which to Elysium turn the waste;
Here make the crystal waters flow
Or dash from heights on rocks below,
And there erect the portico;
Or column raise, or sink the grot,
But ne'er let nature be forgot. [rove,
Through fragrant shrubberies they
But not a word was said of Love.
Till they approach a basin's side,
In whose transparent waters glide
The fish who their bright forms display'd,

In gold and silver scales array'd.
"I do not as Narcissus did,
Of whom in classic tale we read,"
Syntax exclaim'd, with fond delight,
"I view not in the mirror bright,
My meagre self; a form divine
Does in the liquid crystal shine.
Ah! Lady, and I feel it true,
The shadow steals its charm from you!
Here would it stay when you were
gone,

And thus be seen when you are flown,
Here would I ask a cot, and gaze
Through the bless'd remnant of my
days."

But on the vision too intent,
O'er the green brink he fondly bent,

And sudden dash'd into the water,
While Ma'am ran off to hide her
laughter,

And send her household to await
The Doctor in his dripping state:
But the mirror was so shallow
There was no room to sink or wallow;
And without aid he soon was seen
Shaking his wet legs on the green;
But Pat, his ready help applied,
And soon each moisten'd part was
dried.

The dinner was a plenteous feast,
Where ev'ry varying dish was best,
And Bacchus in the realms above
Ne'er furnish'd better wine for Jove.
Thus having had his fill of both,
And all was mov'd off with the cloth;
Thought Syntax, "I'm not such a fool
To let a dip my courage cool:
Besides, with Heaven's own vintage
warm'd,

I feel that I am doubly arm'd,
And will not any longer wait,
To try my chance and know my fate."
But while he his best looks prepar'd
To see what fortune might award,
He was address'd in gentle tone,
And ask'd by Mrs. Omieron,
If by his logic he could prove,
Where was the real seat of Love;
And begg'd that philosophic spirit
Which Fame allow'd him to inherit,
To fix and settle her opinion
As to its rights and its dominion.
—This was the topic which he sought,
And such the doctrine which he taught.
"—Lucretius, now before me, says
(A poet whom all lovers praise)
That Love is seated in the liver,
That there the Boy exhausts his quiver;
While Ovid sings it is the heart
In which he aims to dip his dart:

For me I know not how to trace it,
Unless 'tis where you choose to place
it."

"Pooh! pooh!" she said, "I'm grown
so stupid,

As to forget the laws of Cupid;
Nay, having lov'd a husband once,
I am become so great a dunce,
That now I think 'twould be in vain,
Howe'er I strove,—to love again."

"Nonsense!" th' enliven'd sage re-
plied,

"Take my experience for your guide;
No greater weakness than to mourn
And weep beside a husband's urn;
Believe me 'tis an idle whim,
When you've your duty done to him,
Not such an useless grief to smother
And do that duty to another.
Still while the form of beauty lives,
And the cheeks' roseate glow survives;
While sympathetic feelings warm,
And hope and fear may wake alarm,
It is the sober call of reason,
To cull the fruitage of the season,
To love again, again to coo
And wed,—as you and I might do."

He paus'd,—a willing ear he lent
To hear his hope's accomplishment,
But Ma'am said nought—though
that's consent,

He thought, if but the adage old
Does a decided truth unfold;
At least he chose thus to infer
And be self-love's interpreter:
Though soon this charm the Lady
broke,
And thus with serious aspect spoke.

"The dream in which your fancies
shine,

Will never be a dream of mine,
No, ne'er again my heart will prove
The pleasures or the pains of love;

Whether 'tis in the heart or liver,
I defy Cupid and his quiver,
But I may not disdain the hour
Which bears me into Hymen's bower.
But then it will be reason's care
To lead me as a votary there;
And all that I shall look to find
Will be the Husband of my mind.
Or be he fat, or be he thin,
Whether his long and pointed chin
Appears as if it meant to rest
Upon the cushion of his chest,
Or if his prolonged nose
Should guard his grinning mouth
from blows,

Whether the one or t'other eye
Or both indeed should look awry,
I care not,—'tis his sense refin'd,
And chaste decorums of the mind,
Which will my inelination move
To join in pure, seraphic love."

The Doctor wonder'd at the whim,
But it might be a hint to him,
So, on his steady purpose bent,
He still pursued his argument.
—He reason'd long, he reason'd deep,
He reason'd till she fell asleep:
He saw indeed her eyes were clos'd,
Though he ne'er fancied that she
dos'd, [course,
But thought she took this blindfold
To give attention greater force.

The tea and rattling China's sound,
Now woke her from her sleep profound;
But 'twas again to hear him prove,
What ancient Bards had sung of Love,
And what Philosophers had wrote,
He did not fail with warmth to quote:
The subject was not of her choosing,
But still she found the Sage amusing:
Science and wit he did combine,
Till the turret-clock struck nine,
When there appear'd the ev'ning wine,

With season'd sandwiches to boot,
That would the nicest palate suit.
—To the muse it is not known
Whether it were from frolic done,
The Doctor's high-flown thoughts to
quicken,

And cause the evening plot to thicken,
But the round tray did not resort
To the dull flow of humble port,
Inspiring champagne, sparkling,
bright,

Was the rich order of the night,
When Syntax, having wet his whistle,
Seiz'd on the high-wrought, fam'd
epistle

Which Sappho to her Phæon wrote :
A poem far too long to quote,
But, mov'd by the empassion'd verse
That did the lover's pains rehearse,
Or whether the enliv'ning juice
Had made his spirits too profuse,
The Widow felt the gay Divine
Dispos'd to act the libertine ;
And therefore thought it time to rule
His wilfulness to play the fool.

"Doctor, you just now talk'd of
livers,

Of bleeding hearts and Cupid's quivers :
But you would make me to suppose
Love makes his entry at the toes,
Or wherefore do you thus incline
To let your broad foot press on mine.
For shame, Sir, you who court the
Graces.

Your feet are in improper places ;
Why, my good friend, it is most
shocking,
You'll rub the blue, Sir, off my
stocking,

Susan, I'm sure, will look askew,
If on the clocks, she chance to view
The symptoms of your awkward
shoe."

Instant she rose and seiz'd the light,
" 'Tis time," she said, " to say good-
night."

" Good-night," in rapture he repeated,
And thus his hurrying Hostess greeted ;
" But e'er you go, O let me sip
Th' ambrosial sweetness of your lip :"
One warm salute he stole ;—no more,
Though he attempted half a score :
But she her open hands applied
To his lank cheeks, on either side,
Then gave his ears a wringing pull,
Twitch'd his long nose, and rapp'd
his skull,

Turn'd his fine wig all o'er and o'er,
And brought the hinder part before ;
Blow out the light, and off she went,
As if on bitter vengeance bent.

" Susan," she said, " my rev'rend
spark

Is left completely in the dark :
So get a light, that he may clamber
With all attention to his chamber ;
Then give him to his servant's care,
That he may do no mischief there."
Susan obey'd, but scream'd to see
Such an alarming effigy.

Then the recover'd Syntax said,
" Tell me, I pray, my pretty maid,
With what your mistress is possess'd
That thus she treats her rev'rend
guest."

" Lord, Sir, believe me 'tis no more
Than she has often done before ;
One of my Lady's lively airs,
For she's gone laughing up the stairs
To her own room to say her pray'rs."
" Well," he then thought, " I will
refrain

From sense of wrong, nor e'er com-
plain :
She will not, I now think, expose
My sufferings from her doughty blows,

And as she laughs, I will not cry ;
She'll keep the secret,—so will I."

He now approach'd his welcome bed,
But 'ere he laid his aching head,
Pat was inform'd at early hour,
He should proceed upon his Tour.
But yet he did not like to go,
Without returning blow for blow,
Not as a fretful, angry stroke,
But half in earnest, half in joke :
And thought he could not do it better,
Than by an unexpected letter.
His was a short, disturb'd repose,
When from a silken bed he rose,
Just with the sun :—he then began,
And thus the sly epistle ran.

MADAM,

With all regard that's due
I offer these few hints to you ;
The best return that I can make,
And which you will in kindness take,
For all your laughing, quizzing,
eating,
Not to forget the precious beating,
Which, such was your correcting zeal,
As I now write, I still can feel.

Last night, I know, I play'd the
fool,
And serv'd to wake your ridicule :
Your wit, your wine, your gay pre-
tences,
Must have depriv'd me of my senses,
Or surely, I should ne'er have done,
What I now blush to think upon.
Could I suppose, when I came here,
That one like me had aught to fear ?
Say, could I think of aught so shocking
As mock'ry clad in assure stocking ?
The Muses and the Graces too
I thought to find in garter blue,

That which old proverbs do maintain,
Is never known to bear a stain,
And, with my sable rev'rend hue
The chasten'd fancy might review
An union rare of BLACK and BLUE.
I hop'd to list beneath the banners
Of high wrought mind and graceful
manners

All which enliven'd I should see
With philosophic pleasantry,
While hearts congenial might consent
To join in tend'rest sentiment.

—Such were my hopes, nor need I tell
What fortune those same hopes befall.
Fine taste and elegance I own
I look'd for in Ma'am Omicron,
And they I know might suited be
To deck, as I had hop'd to see,
The most refin'd simplicity.

But lo, there enter'd in its stead,
What you'll remember, while you road,
Well manag'd trick and ready laugh-
ter,

Nor will I tell what follow'd after,
For I can only take for granted,
That, by some art, I was enchanted.
—And now, as I am taking leave,
Deign, my kind counsel to receive ;
You laugh at others, and what then ?
They may return the laugh again.

How ready's your sarcastic word,
With she's a fright, and he's absurd !
But while at others' faults you frown,
Think you, alas, that you have none ?
'Tis time, if I have eyes to see,
To quit your frisky mockery,
In five years you'll be forty-three !
That secret I've contriv'd to trace,
Besides the dial on your face,
Believe me, Madam, tells as true .
As any household clock can do.
Youth may be pardon'd when it plies
Its soft or sprightly equestries,

And even be allow'd to bear
The flattery which courts its ear.
Indeed, I'm not so idly bold,
As e'en to hint that you are old,
Yet I can ne'er allow my tongue
To err, in saying you are young.
Your beauty, though once overflowing,
Is like an auction lot—a going :
In vain, Ma'am, you may scold and
frown, [down.

Time's hammer soon will knock you
And I do not forbode a stir,
Of who will be the purchaser.
Why, think you, that I could not see,
Midst all my words' embroidery,
You wear a Wig,—as well as me ?
Nay, I could name a striking feature
That's deck'd by art and not by nature,
Though such your taste, I do confess,
When, in the splendid show of dress,
So well trick'd up your form appears,
You lose full half a dozen years.
But yet I own the radiant eye
Which still may wake th' admiring
sigh ; [alarm,

Whose stern look still may cause
And whose soft, smiling beams may
charm,

Nay, I with warm assent allow,
While I with ready homage bow,
That you possess the mental grace,
That in your character I trace
A mind with ample powers endued,
To please the learned and the good.
Let then your affectations cease,
Give joy, do good, and live in peace.
—Quit then, O quit your Circe's Art,
By which you play a treacherous part !
O leave the witch'ry of her school,
Nor turn a wise man to a fool !

Strive from all whims your mind to
free,
And think not, you e'er laugh'd at me.
—Thus I present my farewell warn-
ing, [MORNING.
And to your night-cap bid GOOD-
With all regard your virtues claim,
I humbly sign my humbled name,
SYNTAX.

Thus as he did the letter fold,
“I may,” he thought, “have been too
bold,

But have I not been as severe
On my own folly as on her ?
If I can check these wayward tricks,
And her fine understanding fix,
(Fond Nature's gift improv'd by art,)
And give right impulse to her heart ;
—If I can damp her lively glory,
In chaunting forth my silly story,
To make the grave Blue Stockings
laugh, [quaff,

While they their evening bev'rage
And that their meeting may be jolly,
By heighten'd pictures of my folly,
This letter, thus well understood,
May prove the source of real good.”

Now, with a sort of doubtful whistle,
He wafel'd close his warm epistle,
And without pause, he thought it best,
To leave the letter thus address'd :

“This packet Susan's bid to take,
When Madam chooses to awake.”
This done he did no longer wait,
Punch ready stood ;—he mounted
straight,
And trotted briskly through the gate.

CANTO XXXVI.

NOW Syntax, as it might be
 thought,
 To serious contemplation wrought,
 By all he had so lately seen,
 Nay what he had so lately been,
 That there was matter to supply
 Twelve miles of good soliloquy.
 But he wish'd not his mind to fix
 On the strange widow and her tricks:
 For though as he employ'd the key
 To unlock the gates of memory,
 Some motley whimsies might appear,
 Which had found a sly corner there,
 And would awake a sense of mirth;
 Yet he must feel that they gave birth
 To certain interludes beside,
 Which serv'd to wound his solemn
 pride:
 For though so pure might be his aim,
 Reflection gave him much to blame;
 And 'stead of furnishing content,
 Still conscience whisper'd him, Re-
 pent.
 Thus in the struggle to forget
 The being caught within the net,
 Where nought that he had hop'd was
 gain'd,
 Nor e'en the slightest good obtain'd,
 Of all his usual life bereft,
 He neither look'd to right or left,
 Nor down to earth, nor towards the
 spheres,
 But onward 'tween his horse's ears,
 Where to a point his eyes he brought,
 Which, though wide open, yet saw
 nought;
 A situation often known
 To thought, when it is left alone.

At length the pensive Doctor doz'd,
 And both his eyes were quickly clos'd;
 For a soft, all-subduing sleep
 Did on his senses gently creep,
 And Pat, a faithful servant he,
 Did on this sleepy point agree.

This page attempts not to explore,
 As Æsop did in days of yore,
 How beasts, and birds, and reptiles
 thought,
 And by what potency were taught
 To think and speak, and act like men,
 Which they don't now,—if they did
 then. [vapour.

Monkeys, it seems, might grin and
 There out a joke, here out a caper;
 The Lion might be call'd to rule,
 An Elephant might keep a school;
 The Snake, with gratitude at strife,
 Might strike at his preserver's life;
 While from base, mean and selfish
 ends,

The Hare might lose her many friends;
 And thus the animals dispense
 The sterling rules of common-sense.
 But well-fed Punch was form'd by
 nature,
 A mere instinctive, useful creature;
 Who on the road or in the stable,
 Would not have answer'd for a fable:
 Sure-footed, subject to no whim,
 And sound alike in wind and limb;
 Who both the whip and spur obey'd,
 In the proportion they were laid;
 But if he happen'd not to feel
 An angry hint from thong or steel,
 He by degrees would seldom fail
 To adopt the gallop of a snail.

Just now, then, it may be suppos'd
That, while his drowsy rider dos'd,
He thought he had a right to go
As slow as any horse could do:
But still he'd change his forward way,
To eat a passing cart of hay,
Or to the right or left would pass,
To snatch a tempting tuft of grass.
The sun grew hot and Punch was dry,
A rippling brook was running by:
Towards the clear stream his way he
bent,

Snuff'd the cool air, and in he went;
When, after having drank his fill,
His feet were cool'd, and he stood still;
When, feeling neither whip nor spur,
He thought there was no hint to stir.
Pat did the self-same footsteps trace,
And his horse sought the self-same
place.

Thus, side by side the cattle stood,
Knee deep within the crystal flood;
While fast asleep the riders sat,
The Doctor here, and there was Pat;
And how long on the river's lap [nap,
They might have thus enjoy'd their
It is not worth the while to guess,
It would, of course, be more or less;
But a tinker on his ass,

Happ'ning that morn, that way to pass,
Could not but think it rather droll
To see them sleeping cheek by jowl:
Nor could he check his rude gruff
laughter,

To hear them snoring o'er the water:
Then with a piece of solid metal,
He struck with force a hollow kettle,
And instant the resounding stroke,
The master and his valet woke:
With the sudden noise they started,
And from their wat'ry station parted.
The Doctor thought a shot was fired,
And from what quarter he enquired;

The tinker said, "You need not fear,
No enemy, good Sir, is here:
I travel all the country round,
To fill up holes, where holes abound,
I am a trav'ling tink'ring stranger,
Who thought, Sir, that you were in
danger;

For had you met an overthrow
In the mill-dam that is below,
'Twould have been labour all in vain,
To get your honour out again:

And as I could not reach to shake you,
I made the noise I did to wake you."

"I thank you, friend," the Doctor
said, [paid;

"Kindness like yours should be re-
It is a debt I freely own,
So, Patrick, give him half-a-crown."
Poor Tink'ring Tom was quite de-
lighted,

Who looked not to be thus requited,
For all he did, and all he spoke,
Was in the way of saucy joke:
But so it was, and off he went,
Singing his way with loud content;—
While his brass kettles told the tale,
As they resounded through the vale.

"How long," says Pat, "we might
have stay'd

In the quick waters' running shade,
And why my brown horse and your
mare

Chose to take a position there,
Now I'm awaken'd, makes me stare:
For howsoe'er we slept or dos'd
An' please you, Sir, our eyes were
close'd." [fool;

"Pat," said the Doctor, "you're a
The morn was hot, the river cool,
The beasts were early out and dry,
And drowsy too, like you and I,
For I throughout the night before,
Had not slept out a second hour:

—But let us on our journey haste,
The breakfast-time advances fast,
And I've within a certain power
That tells it me beside the hour.
Nor must you, Pat, forget to rig
In its first honours, my last wig,
Renew its curls, and thus restore
Its form to what it was before;
Its air Canonic was beset
By that vain, whimsical Coquette,
To whom I owe resentment yet;
Though, as a Christian, it were better
To forgive her and forget her."

Thus as he reason'd to and fro,
Not yet determin'd what to do,
He reach'd a pretty town, whose name
Does not possess historic fame,
But boasts an inn which Syntax blest
For morning meal and welcome rest.
The wig, with all due skill repair'd,
The chin dismantled of its beard,
His whole exterior made as smart
As could be done by Patrick's art,
He set off, with design to call,
Ere the sun set, at Tulip-Hall,
And on the way his mind supply
With gen'ral terms of Botany;
Call on his mem'ry to review
Whate'er he once of Flora knew;
Then add sweet, sentimental bloom,
A type of offerings yet to come,
And with such fragrant hope prepare
A welcome from the flowery Fair.

Thus as he thought a voice behind
Which seem'd to lead the passing wind,
Exclaim'd—"What, Doctor, is it you?
My eyes, I thank them, tell me true:
And pray accept my solemn greeting,
At such an unexpected meeting."
Syntax replied, "The same receive,
Which I to Doctor Julep give."
—It turn'd out that their journey lay,
For sev'ral miles, the self-same way,

When the Physician thus began
To tell his visit and its plan. [know
"CAPIAS, the Lawyer, whom you
Left business some few years ago:
In short he now has given up thinking
Of nought but eating and of drinking.
Nay once a fortnight 'tis at least,
That after some redundant feast,
For me he in a hurry sends
As one among his oldest friends,
To ease his overloaded paunch
Of what remains of ham and haunch,
And to exert my utmost power
His weaken'd stomach to restore;
But soon, alas, too soon I think,
His food will be confin'd to drink,
When he must yield to his disease,
And I shall lose his gen'rous fees;
For I am not ashamed to tell
The Lawyer pays the Doctor well.
Forgot is his Attorney's trim,
His wary tricks are chang'd to whim.
In stucco'd eating-room he dines,
But takes his glass with all his wines,
And where to vary his regale,
The cask pours forth the foaming ale;
For to his cellar he descends
And, 'neath its vaults he treats his
There the ever-moving glass [friends;
Quickens the hours as they pass,
While the tale, the joke, the song,
The Bacchanalian feast prolong.
There of his Vintage he's profuse,
And e'en if BACCHUS were to choose
Wherever he might chance to dine,
With CAPIAS he would take his wine.
Q, how I wish you would attend,
This visit to my jovial friend:
To him, dear Sir, you're not a stranger,
Nor will your virtue be in danger!
He'll kindly put you at your ease,
With him you'll do just what you
please:



THE CELIAR QUARTETTO

Amsterdam

Nay, 'twill amuse you thus to see
And hear, the strange variety."

"You know I'm not so very nice,"
Said Syntax, "to pronounce it vice
When friends in mod'rate glasses join,
And cheer their heart with gen'rous
Social love appears the best [wine;
When seated at the friendly feast,
Nor can it wound a D.D.'s pride,
When I've an M.D. by my side.
I'll therefore join this pleasant frolic,
But, if I chance to get the cholic
You must, my learned friend, agree,
To cure the pain without a fee,

This, by the Doctors twain, agreed,
Well-pleas'd they on their way proceed.

Capias, with smiles his guests receives,
And a loud, hearty welcome gives;
Nor did he cease repeated greeting
Till dinner came,—and then to eating.
Not a word pass'd but when he boasted
The ven'son to a turn was roasted;
And of the dishes, as they came,
He told their excellence and name.
The dinner o'er with thanks to Heaven
For all the various bounties given,
The Bacchanalian suite attend
And to the cellar they descend,
In the vaulted cave benighted,
Till by suspended lanterns lighted,
The colour'd blaze dispers'd the gloom
Of the subterranean room.

—Syntax on all around him gas'd,
The more he saw, the more amaz'd;
Bottles on bottles seem'd to rise
In ev'ry form, of ev'ry size,
And casks, of large and lesser shape,
Rich with the juice of ev'ry grape,
Were there in order due maintain'd
By thirst luxurious to be drain'd.

—Syntax now felt himself inclin'd
To indulge the impulse of his mind;

But this was not a time for thinking
'Mid such a fearful threat of drinking.

He now took the appointed seat;
Suspicious of the liquid treat,
Resolv'd to keep his reason clear
And watch what might be doing there.
—Capias exclaim'd, "This is the toast,
Which in this place must rule the roast,
And my good friends, I'm sure, will see
Its claim to fair priority:
I give the LAW,—to that are owing
The means to set these currents flow-
ing."

He loudly then pronounc'd the word,
And straight the ruby bumper pour'd.
The Doctors both the reason saw
Of his just preference to Law.
—Capias again fill'd up his glass,
"The second toast which I shall pass
Julep with pleasure will receive,
'Tis one that he himself would give:
Here's *PHYSIC*,—call'd the eye of
science,

Life's firmest friend and best reliance:
Without it, boldly I declare
I should not now be sitting here,
Thanks to the learned Doctor there.
You both, I think, forbode the next,
Or as a toast, or as a text;
Though last, the highest in degree,
So now, I give *DIVINITY*."

The flowing wine here found a pause;
Capias talk'd loudly on the laws;
When Julep, without vain pretence,
But with a ready eloquence,
Display'd his scientific knowledge,
As a learn'd member of the College;
While Syntax thought it best would
His priestly office to be mute. [sate
Nor did the Lawyer now appear
To wish the Doctor's thoughts to hear,
For then he happen'd to be thinking
'Twas time to take again to drinking.

"To what we've drank, we all agree,
And now," he said, "I'll give all three,
LAW, PHYSIC, and DIVINITY ! [cease,
—All toasting hence, my friends, will
And each may do as he shall please."

Syntax, who sat serenely by,
Kept on his glass a wary eye,
While the Physician and his Host
Grew rivals as to drinking most ;
When the good-humour of the day
Seem'd to be melting fast away.

"Let me," said Julep, "recom-
mend,

Good Capias, as your real friend,
From this wild drinking to refrain,
Nor let me counsel you in vain.
From that vast paunch what ills betide
As big as any cask beside you ! [you,
For, if you thus go drinking on,
I e'en must tap that human tun."

—"Tap me ? I then shall ne'er
recover :

No," Capias said, "'twill soon be over :
Life's stream will quickly run to
waste,

For what's tapp'd here can never last :
From long experience I must own,
Belly or cask, 'twill soon be gone.

But, hark, you ignoramus elf, [self !
Feel your own paunch and tap your-
And now I'll ask the grave Divine,
Which is the biggest, yours or mine !"

—"You, like the brethren of the law,"

Cried Julep, "always find a flaw,
And, as you strive to patch it o'er,
Contrive to make as many more.

This history I have the power
To lengthen out at least an hour,
But 'twould be painful to rehearse,
So I will sing it in a verse.

When the terrible law,
Lays its horrible paw

On a poor man he's sure to be undone ;
Nay, 'twill cause his undoing
And e'en prove his ruin,
Though as rich as the Lord Mayor of
London."

"Your tricks," said Capias, "never
cease

To humbug health into disease :
And thus you find the wealthy ninnies,
Who take your pills and give you
guineas,

You know, old Galen, this is true,
And I can sing as well as you.

—You Doctors ne'er fail

Whatever we ail,

To talk us all o'er as you please ;

For whether you cure us,

Or in churchyard immure us,

'Tis the same,—you all pocket
our fees !"

Thus they drank and thus disputed,
Thus they argued and confuted ;
Thus they sang or strove to sing,
It was much the self-same thing,
With some little stammering ;
When they slept nor woke again,
Till the stable-clock struck ten.

Syntax to escape was thinking
From this beastly state of drinking,
When he would almost have prefer'd
A hog trough with the grunting herd ;
Nay, as he rather had a feeling
That sleep was o'er his senses stealing,
He thought it better to remove
To some sweet place of rest above ;
When, as he turn'd his heavy head
He saw behind a supper spread,
Attended by a household dame
Whom we shall now Rebecca name.
Thither he dragg'd his wooden chair,
And took a fix'd position there :

To Becky's hand he gave a squeeze,
And thus addressed her,—“If you
please, [cheese.”
I'll taste your tempting toasted
“No, Sir,” she said, “here's better
picking, [chicken,
Broil'd ham and a nice mushroom'd
So season'd I should not be willing
To swallow it for twenty shilling:
Though as a relish, I can boast
The making an anchovy toast:
And something's here with name un-
civil,

For our cook christens it a devil.”
—“A devil, in any shape, sweet maid,
A Parson fears not,” Syntax said;
“I'll make him minc'd meat, 'tis my
trade.

But while your sav'ry bits I'm eating,
Tell me what means this vaulted
meeting?

Whence comes the whim and what's
the cause

That moves this agent of the laws,
To play a part that seems high treason
Against the sov'reign law of reason?”
“Through summer months it is his
rule,”

Rebecca said, “because 'tis cool—
For the first hour of their descent
'Tis all kind words and compliment,
But sure as my stool is a barrel,
They first dispute, and then they
quarrel, [snore

Then sleep and wake and snort and
Till they, dear souls, can drink no
—It is my office to appear [more.
With this superfluous supper here;
For, when before them I have plac'd
it, [taste it;

Heav'n bless the tapers, they ne'er
And while they sleep, I leave the cats
To guard the dainties from the rats.

But that self-same fat doctor there,
Plays a sly game as I could swear:
For though he drinks and talks and
sleeps,

Yet he a careful measure keeps;
For he contrives to save his head,
And walks off steadily to bed;
While Mr. Capias, to his cost,
Drinks till his ev'ry sense is lost,
When all the household, while they
bless him, [him.

Bear him upstairs and there undress
He wakes at morn with aching head,
And rumbling stomach over-fed,
When Julep seats him by his bed.
The pill, the purge, the powders follow,
Which he, alas, is doom'd to swallow:
Then for a grumbling week forsooth,
He does not use a grinding tooth;
For nought is on the table seen,
But sago, broths and medicine.
Indeed, whene'er his room I tread,
To ope the curtains of his bed,
I almost fear to find him dead.

—The Doctor having done his deed,
Is by the grunting patient feed,
Takes leave and darts off, like a rocket,
With five fresh guineas in his pocket.”

Said Syntax, “'Tis a wretched sight,
So let your fair hand take a light,
And shew me where I rest to-night;
For, without any formal warning,
I will be off to-morrow morning;
And leave, sweet maid, my pious
prayer,

A tribute to your gracious care.
As soon as cocks begin to crow,
I hope to be prepar'd to go.”
But though these birds their matins
sung

Before his wak'ning bell had rung,
It had not struck the seventh hour
When he was jogging on his Tour,

Some miles they pass'd, but not a word

The Doctor or his man preferr'd.

At length his Reverence wish'd that

Pat

Should let loose his amusing chat

Of what he did and what he saw,

While they were with the man of law.

—"Whate'er," he said, "I look'd to see,

Was just, Sir, what it ought to be.

So kindly Mrs. Becky chatter'd,

And Oh, how Pat from Cork, was flatter'd!

Of the good things I had the best;

And, faith, Sir, I'm not now in jest:

For Mrs. Becky was so kind,

That she, perhaps, might have a mind

In my warm heart to make a stir

If I had been a widower;

For when I told her I was married,

O quite another face she carried.

And, please you, Sir, could it be shown

That my sweet person were my own,

I could work up a bargain well,

As, if you please, I hope to tell.

I think 'tis true, or I mistake,

That Becky butters well her cake:

So does whatever she may please,

And she not only keeps the keys,

But faith nor does she think it worse

She handles the old lawyer's purse.

Besides whene'er he turns to clay,

And that she looks for ev'ry day,

'Twas whisper'd in my ear that she

Expects a good round legacy.

Thus, when his gazing season's o'er,

She ne'er will go to service more,

But be a comely, wealthy wife,

And bless some honest man for life;

Nay, had I been from marriage free,

I might have been the happy he."

He paus'd.—The Doctor ever kind,
Who felt what pass'd in Patrick's
mind,

With smiling glance, gave this reply,

"I do not wish just yet to die,

But when, please Heaven, my course
is run,

And life's appointed work is done,

Patrick may find that Syntax knew

His worth and could reward it too."

The honest fellow touch'd his hat:

"My heart now thanks you, Sir, for
Pat."

He softly spoke, and breathed a sigh,

Then drew his hand athwart his eye:

And if 'twere ask'd what he felt there;

It might be said, a grateful tear.

They journey'd on, nor fast nor slow,

But much as other people do;

And, at ante-dinner hour,

Syntax was seated in a bower,

For bower it was, though we must call

The blooming mansion, TULIP HALL.

Fresh, balmy-sweets were found to
breathe

From blushing vase or pendant wreath,

While springing flowers of ev'ry dye

Enchanted the admiring eye.

Nor was this all, the landscape's pride

With the gay garden's beauty vied:

Wide-spreading groves with lawns

between,

In summer foliage grac'd the scene,

And the glittering streamlets play'd

In eddies through the sunny glade,

While flocks were scatter'd o'er the
dale

Where tall pines whisper'd in the gale,

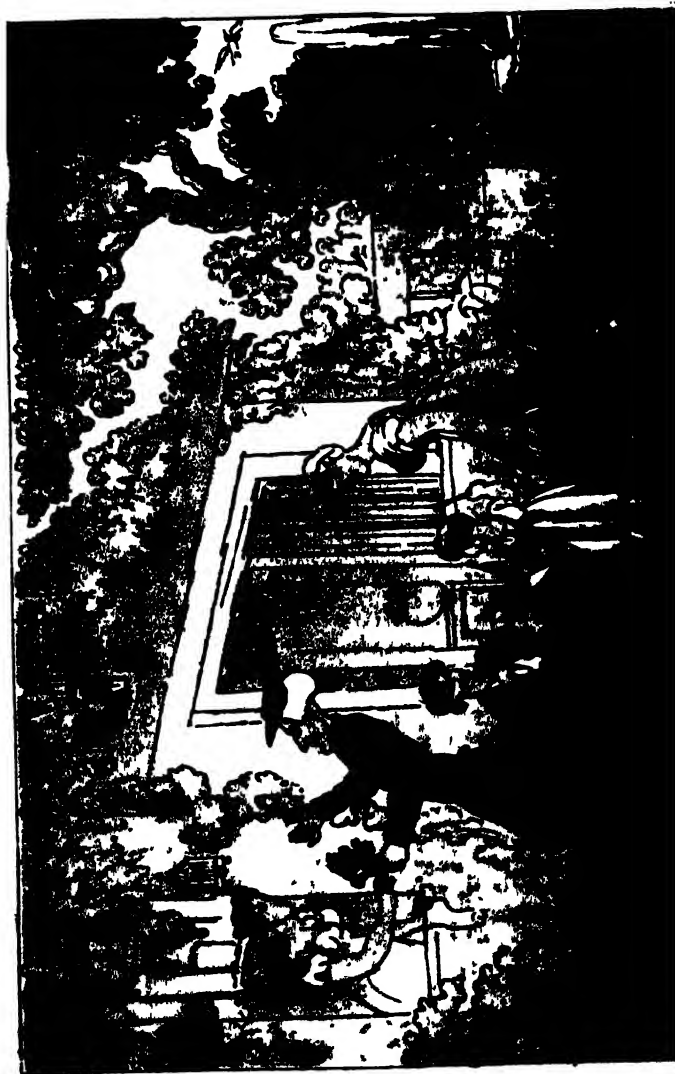
And midway, in th' ethereal blue,

The spire divides the distant view.

As Syntax did the landscape trace

The widow'd mistress of the place

Appear'd with welcome in her face,



Which she confirm'd with cheering
voice :

"To see you, Sir, I do rejoice,
Pleas'd too that you did not delay
Your coming here beyond to-day :
We want just such a man as you
To please and to instruct us too :
For I expect three charming neigh-
bours

Who aid me in my floral labours :
But I this counsel must impart ;—
Cast a broad buckler o'er your heart ;
For 'tis my duty, though a stranger,
To warn you of a certain danger.
Thus you will, now, your mind prepare
Our lively, social joys to share ;
While I to-morrow shall decree
To Flowers and to Philosophy.
But as my toilette now attends
To deck me out to meet my friends,
I leave you, Sir, till I am drest,
To do whate'er may suit you best."
Then from her breast-knot gay she
took

A nosegay, and, with gracious look,
"This gift," she said, "I pray re-
ceive,

It is the sweetest I can give."

"Nay," he replied, "the gift I view,
Is sweeter, since it came from you."
And thus the young acquaintance
grew.

—The Doctor up the village walk'd,
And with the gazing peasants talk'd,
When as a church rose in his view,
He thought there was a parson too ;
So to the vicarage he hid,
Where at the window he espied
A damsel full of joke and laughter,
Who prov'd to be the parson's daugh-
ter.

He with respectful look and mien,
Ask'd if her father could be seen,

When, with quick speech and spright-
ly eye,

The fair one hasten'd to reply,
"I'm sorry you to-day are come,
As my dear father is from home,
For he is gone to take his station
At the Archdeacon's visitation."

"Will you then say, my pretty dear!
That Doctor Syntax has been here,
And if it is my lot to stay
At Tulip Hall another day,
If I to-morrow should remain,
I hope, sweet maid, to call again :
In the mean time, I pray receive,
'Tis all, I fear, I have to give,
These flowers, in whose form are
shown

A native beauty like your own ;
And may it many a coming year,
In all its present glow appear !"
He did his fragrant gift present,
She revell'd in the charming scent,
And smil'd a grateful compliment.
—A matron who was on the watch,
From upper window in the thatch,
Thought it but proper to descend,
And give the warnings of a friend.

"I'm sister, Sir, to our Divine,
Nay, that Miss, is a niece of mine,
And much I wish to hint to you,
What my good brother's self would do ;
That you must your keen thoughts
prepare

To guard against some hidden snare,
By which you may become the tool
Of Lady Tulip's ridicule :
For she delights at the expense
Of men of gravity and sense,
To make some saucy trick prevail,
And furnish out a merry tale,
In which her well-fed guests con-
bine,

And scandal-mongers love to join ;

As by example will appear
From the recital you shall hear.

"Last week, she had the art to move
A neighb'ring 'Squire to offer love,
And while upon his knees he swore
He lov'd as none e'er lov'd before,
She scream'd aloud, while 'tis as certain,

Three Misses hid behind the curtain,
Did with their added clamours rouse
The various guardians of the house,
Who in the carpet did enfold him,
And along the flooring roll'd him;
Then squatted on him, but no further,
As they might run the risk of murder.
Embrown'd with dust, all hot and panting,

Cursing the hour of his gallanting,
How he recover'd, no one knows,
But round the neighbourhood there goes,

Or true or false, a curious story,
Which I decline to lay before you:
But wheresoe'er the 'Squire can move,
He hears the tale of making love;
And all repeat the carpet brawl
That shook the floors of Tulip Hall.
Now, should this strange capricious dame
Attempt on you some idle game,

Let not, I beg, your patience leave you,
Be calm, come here, and we'll receive you."

The Doctor, thus, was well prepar'd
To keep himself upon his guard,
And when he reach'd the hall, he found

The assembled misses rang'd around,
In the full tan, and rather pretty,
With apt retences to be witty.

—The dinner came with taste prepar'd,
And Syntax its rare beauties shar'd:

In the dessert fresh garlands bloom,
Whose odours fill the ambient room;
And much he thought the coming hours,

[flowers,
Would blossom with the world of
Their classes, orders, native dyes,
Their species and varieties,
Their leaves, trunk, stem, supports,
and root, [fruit;—

Their flow'ring, with their seeds or
Hethought they would Linnaeus quote,
And all Miss Wakefield speak by rote.*
But not a word was said of flowers,
No sweets were there, they dealt in
sours;

For not a thought dismiss'd a sound
But some known name receiv'd a
wound. [see

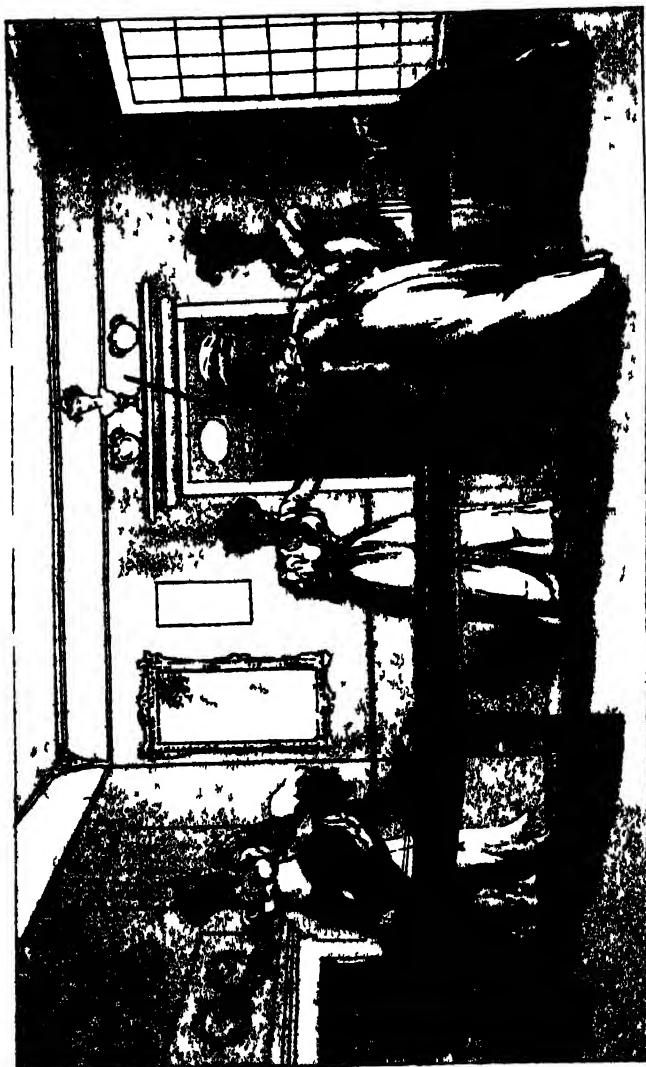
Among the grave they nought could
But symbols of hypocrisy,
While those whom merry fancy rules
Were noisy and outrageous fools;
The grave, the gay, the old and young,
Felt the full malice of their tongue:
And as for beauty, not a grace
Was own'd to smile about the place.

Tea came, nor did its cheering water
Check the malignant, smashing laughter:

For still they told of every feud
That did disturb the neighbourhood:
The gossip's tale, and envy's gall
Resounded in the blooming hall.—
The sage benignant utter'd nought.
But thus indulg'd the secret thought,
"Where all the fragrant flow'rets
blow, [grow."

Rue, wormwood, nettles, ought to
At length the temple of perfume
Was quitted for the billiard-room.

* An elegant introduction to the Science
of Botany, by Miss FARRINGTON WAKE-
FIELD.





Ladies command, he must obey,
So Syntax took a Cue to play,
Tho' he did not the laugh approve
As he propos'd to play for love,
Or when the usual sum was nam'd,
For which these ladies always gam'd.
But, yet it seem'd as if he won,
Though when the pastime they had
done,

He was inform'd, and to his cost,
The several parties he had lost,
As they were coolly counted o'er
By the tall Miss who kept the score.
Whate'er he fancied of their feats,
He could not say he thought them
cheats;

So he put on a smiling face,
And paid his losings with a grace.
—The ev'ning rather calmly past,
When they all said, good-night, at
last;

And the next morn, the breakfast o'er,
The whole a pleasing prospect wore;
When Ma'am propos'd to show the
glory

Of her renown'd Conservatory,
Where ev'ry plant and flower was
found

That takes a root in British ground,
While many a native it could boast
Of distant clime and foreign coast:
Nor did her fine harangue neglect
The true Botanic dialect.
But just as Syntax felt inclin'd
To speak the impulse of his mind,
And, with a ready force, dispense
His scientific eloquence,
She urg'd him to direct an eye
To a fine Rose of Tartary:

"It is upon the upper row,
So mount, and bring it here below,
And I'll refresh it as I stand
With a full watering pot in hand."

Careful, and step by step, he mov'd,
But just as he successful prov'd,
A shelf gave way, another follow'd,
Ma'am Tulip scream'd, the gard'ner
halloo'd,

While Syntax join'd the gen'ral bang-
ing,

And soon upon the ground was
sprawling;

When, scatter'd round upon the green,
Pots, flowers, and hat and wig were
seen.

The lady trembling, from the spout
Let the cool, sprinkling water out,
Which did in various streamlets play
On Syntax as he struggling lay.

"O cease," he cried, "these rills to
pour,

My head is neither pot nor flower,
And for the flowers my brains produce,
They're not for Lady Tulip's use;

If with these dripping favours crown'd,
Havemeroy, or they'll all be drown'd."

He roll'd away, and then uprose
His mpisten'd drap'ry to compose;
But when she saw on looking round
The fragments scatter'd o'er the
ground,

O never did the realms of Drury
Display a more decided fury.

"See," she exclaim'd, "you horrid
Bruin, [doing!

The matchless mischief you've been
These plants, I tell you, cost me more
Than a year's tithes could e'er restore.
Ill-luck, in its worst guise, is seen,
In that beskrivell'd face and mien!
Begone, you old, ill-boding fright,
Haste, leave my house and quit my
sight!

The ~~house~~-accented moss that came
From ~~the~~ ^{underneath} I've forgot the frightful
name,

And my conundrum tulip's gone,
A flower so rare, that's scarcely known
In any hot-house but my own.
It makes my blood with vengeance
boil,

That you this Eden should despoil?"
"Eden," he said, "it may appear,
For I behold a serpent here;
Though not with one attractive feature
Totempt the heart of human creature."
"Gard'ners," she cried, "where are
you all?"

Expel this instant from the hall
This saucy Parson, chase him hence,
And kick him for his insolence."
At him the wat'ring pot she threw,
His arms repell'd it as it flew,
When it return'd a hollow sound,
As it bound'd from the verdant ground;
But when a fork she sought to wield,
The Doctor did not wait to yield,
But to the Fury left the field;
And with quick steps the prudent sage
Sought refuge at the Vicarage;
Where, with his pipe and balmy ale,
He jok'd and told his curious tale.

"But how," said he, "does she
contrive
To keep this influence alive?
And what are they who thus submit
To her strange pranks and ribbald
wit?"

"Good Doctor Syntax, have you been
So many years in life's strange scene,"
The Vicar said, "and ask to prove
How all the various passions move?
Your experience sure can tell
Who know so much and think so well,
That, where the powers of wealth
abound,

There humble parasites are found:
Whose base and reptile soul will bear,
If they be said a soul to share,

The humbling tricks, and be the game
Of such a witch as Tulip's dame,
Brib'd by the feed she can afford
To offer at her plenteous board.

I hate her, as she loves to deal in
Pranks, that betray such want of feel-
ing. [ven impart,
Though wealth may this world's hea-
That breast's a hell which wants a
heart!

She strove one day to give me pain,
But she'll ne'er play that game again.
I let the haughty Madam see,
That a poor Vicar could be free,
And stamp upon her tyranny.
Nor do I think she's free from fear
Of him who is now sitting here.
She once seiz'd on my blushing
daughter

To be a theme for open laughter,
But Sophy dear, who does inherit
A portion of her father's spirit,
Return'd a calm but modest dressing,
For which I gave the girl my blessing.
But as the Lady, from her store,
Is sometimes lavish to the poor,
Hence, as her due, respect attends,
Where'er we meet,—but there it
ends."

Syntax his Rev'rend Host approv'd,
For 'twas the spirit which he lov'd.
—Thus having pass'd a cheerful day,
Tow'rs ev'ning he pursued his way.

As he jogg'd to his night's abode
The thoughtful trav'ler lost his road;
And as he stopp'd awhile to know
The ready way he ought to go,
The distant shouts of joy were heard,
But not a living soul appear'd.
At length Pat cried, "I see them come,
And faith, it is a harvest home."
Said Syntax, "What a chance to see
This show of glad simplicity!



How different this delightful scene
From those where we solate have been,
Where wealth dealt out its doles of
folly,

Enough to make one melancholy."

The throng'd procession now drew
near,

In front the mingled groups appear
Of jovial peasants who employ
Their voices loud, in hymns of joy.
Then came the lab'ring waggon's
load,

Dragg'd on along the winding road,
Rich with the sheaves the harvest
yields,

The closing bounty of the fields.

The Farmer, joy from top to toe,
With loud huzza led on the show,
While rustic music join'd the strain
Of Harvest Home, and cheer'd the
plain.

—Th' enliven'd Doctor thus address
The jolly Master of the feast.

"My honest friend, I joy to see
The rich reward of industry,
And may this plenty still appear
To greet you many a future year,
And to your honest wish be given,
The bounties of indulgent Heaven."
He then at once declar'd his name,
Told who he was, and whence he came,
And ask'd the Farmer just to show
The way which he propos'd to go.

"Leave, Sir," he said, "that thought
behind,

It is an awkward way to find ;
To-night, I pray, no further roam,
But stay, and join our Harvest Home ;
And in the morn without delay,
I will conduct you on your way.
It will to us an honour be,
And by my looks I trust you see
I speak with humble honesty,

All welcome and respect that's due,
Shall, rev'rend Sir, be paid to you :
Besides, Sir, and that's worth possess-
ing,

Our feast will have your pious blessing.
O think not that the clam'rous noise
With which the peasant tells his joys,
Makes him forget to whom he owes
The plenty which the year bestows."
Said Syntax, "No!—It is the heart
That does the grateful sense impart :
Though rude the language, if the
prayer,

Can trace it to its fountain there,
Howe'er or whence'er it is given, [ven !
'Twill surely reach the Courts of Hea-
—Beneath the temple of the skies
You offer your gl'd sacrifice ;
And that I join it you will see
From the example set by me."—

The dance, the music and the song,
United as they came along,
And gave a spirit to the scene,
Amid the gambols on the green.—
Syntax would now his skill display
Among the minstrels of the day,
And ask'd a fiddle to be sought ;
The instrument was quickly brought ;
It answer'd to his active hand,
When he march'd on and led the band,
The joyous show in rural state,
Now approach'd the mansion gate,
Where its delighted Mistress stood
With comely look and smiling mood ;
While her three daughters fair display
Their charms with flow'rs and ribbons
gay, [come,

And sung,—“With joy we see you
Welcome, welcome Harvest Home !”

The rural banquet now appear'd,
Each loaded dish was loudly cheer'd ;
Beef roast and boil'd, the Briton's fare,
Was in abundant plenty there :

The pastry, too, with walls of crust,
 Waited the ploughman's eager thrust;
 The pudding, with its plums well
 stor'd, [board :

And many a cheesecake crown'd the
 Nor was the custard so renown'd
 As rural dainty, absent found;
 While Bacchus did to Ceres pay
 The friendly homage of the day;
 Nor did his flowing tribute fail,
 In copious jugs of foaming ale.—
 The Sage uprose; with solemn look,
 And silent preface, thus he spoke.

"To THEE, the Giver of all good,
 We offer up our gratitude,
 For all the blessings that we share
 From thy benign, paternal care;
 And while our thanks we thus employ
 For blessings which we now enjoy,
 The crying wants of those supply,
 Who bend beneath adversity:
 Relieve them from thy plenteous store,
 That they like us may want no more.
 As ravens from thy hand are fed,
 O give us all our daily bread;
 And, in what state soe'er we move,
 That all our doings may improve,
 Assist us, gracious Power, and we
 Shall learn thy Laws,—and live to
 THEE!"

—A chorus of *Amens* succeed, [deed.
 Which gave the sign from word to

The Doctor now resum'd his seat,
 And smiling view'd the piles of meat;
 When hasty hunger seem'd to wait
 Round ev'ry dish, on ev'ry plate:
 E'en sixty mouths were soon seen
 wagging,

And not a single jaw-bone lagging.
 Ere a short hour was gone and past,
 This mighty meal had seen its last,
 While many an empty dish display'd
 The change by hungry labour made.

The brimming cups now took their
 round,

When jest and merry tales abound:
 And social fun and many a joke
 Blend with the pipe's ascending smoke.
 The toasts are given, the jovial song
 Does the gay, festive hour prolong.
 Then to the garden turf they sped;—
 The moon shone brightly o'er their
 head,

And many a maid and many a swain
 Tripp'd nimbly on the shaven plain
 Nor was this merry-making done
 Till Luna yielded to the Sun.

But just as Phœbus 'gan to peep,
 From his night's lodging in the deep,
 The Farmer thus his friends address'd.
 "I give, ere we depart to rest,
 The health of our kind, rev'rend guest,
 With hearty thanks that he should
 come

To grace our humble Harvest Home.
 The toast which I with pleasure give,
 You will with gen'ral joy receive;
 Then join the heartfelt wish with me;
 So here's his health—with THREE
 TIMES THREE!"

The Doctor felt an honest pride,
 Then wav'd his hand and thus re-
 plied.— [days,

"Think not because I preach on Sun-
 I may not aid your joys on Mondays!
 Think not, I fear dread Heav'n's dis-
 pleasure,

Because I guide your festive measure,
 Or that I thus your feast prolong
 With social mirth or lively song;
 These doth indulgent Heaven dispense
 To labour and to innocence.

—Continue worthy to receive
 The bounties Heaven is pleas'd to give;
 The blossoms of the fragrant Spring,
 The Summer when the valleys sing

With yellow harvest, and demand
The sickle in the reaper's hand :
The Autumn when the fruitage glows,
Bending to earth the laden boughs ;
And when the barn in Winter pours,
To pay your toil its hoarded stores :
For these your hearts and voices raise
In humble prayer and grateful
praise :—

And, in your various stations, move
With virtue, harmony and love.
Your duty crown with cheerful labour,
And upright dealings with your
neighbour,

What conscience tells must not be done,
That is the deed which you must shun ;
What conscience tells that you should
That is the way you must pursue ; [do,
And acting thus you will possess
The surest means of happiness.
With patience bear the ills that wait
On mortal man, whate'er his state,
In lowly cot, or rich or great :
And when fair fortune beams its ray,
Grateful enjoy the prosp'rous day ;
Whether 'tis sunshine or the storm,
To your known duties still conform.
Practise these lessons of a friend ;
Thus comfort will your lives attend,
And peace will bless your latter end."

—Thus did the Sage his counsels
close,

Then sought his pillow's calm repose.
The muse may have forgot the hour
When Morpheus yielded up his power,
And Syntax from his slumbers broke,
As if 'twere said when he awoke :
And surely 'tis enough to say,
He found his spirits light and gay ;
When, in their full and lively flow
He join'd the worthy folk below ;
Nor was the Don displeas'd to see
The morning's hospitality ;

And to improve the plenteous fare,
The welcome smile abounded there.
To all the Doctor's friends 'tis known,
And he himself will frankly own,
That whether good or ill o'ertakes
him,

An active stomach ne'er forsakes him ;
And he did such a breakfast make
On new-bak'd loaf and oven-cake,
That they all look'd with wond'ring
At his gaunt mouth's artillery. [eye,
—The honest Farmer, such was known
His name and all his life to crown,
For 'twas in gen'ral use become
To call Tom Truman, Honest Tom,
Now hop'd his rev'rend guest would
stay

And glad his house another day,
For still it would be holiday ;
But Syntax said he must be gone,
And begg'd the favour to be shown
To Crotchet Lodge, the nearest way,
As there his promis'd errand lay.
"O," said the Farmer, "from my
grounds

You may see clear the wood that bounds
The place where Madam doth reside,
'Tis not a hasty hour's ride ;
Within that time, I'm sure your mare,
With all her fat, will take you there."
—A smile now play'd on Truman's
face,

[trace
On which the Sage thought he could
A certain inward, secret feeling, [ing ;
That his good Host aim'd at conceal-
Which, could he urge him to declare,
Might give him hints that would
prepare

His mind with caution due to greet
Whate'er reception he should meet.
"Tell me," he said, "Friend, what
you know

Of this same place where I'm to go ;

As it may be of use to me,
To hear what I perchance may see:
You would oblige me to explain
What whimsies haunt Miss Crotchet's
As Ladies who thus live alone [brain,
Are sometimes to odd habits prone,
And more so, when old maidens grown:
As 'gainst her droll'ries, should she
show them,

I can protect me did I know them;
Nor can you fear I should betray
What to my ear you may convey."

But while the Farmer seem'd to doubt
If he should let the matter out;
The Mistress of the mansion said,
"Why, Thomas, need you be afraid?
She's music mad, the country knows it,
And ev'ry day her fancy shows it,
Where is a lady ever seen

To play upon a violin?
And where does half her time is spent
In scraping ~~at~~ that instrument;
And we have heard, when thus en-
She looks a bedlamite enrag'd, [gag'd,
Sometimes she smiles, and then will
frown,

Casts her eyes up and then looks down,
Is known to swear as well as sigh,
And scream aloud in ecstasy;
Nay, she is even said to swoon,
When German Peg plays out of tune:
For while she works her fara-diddle,
The old girl strums a monstrous
fiddle,

Of such a size, our Clerk can prove,
That asks a strong man's strength to
move;

He as a workman did attend it,
And once was call'd in haste to mend it:
He says its belly would contain
More than will fill a sack with grain.
—Nor is this all, no, not by half,
And oft her whimsies make me laugh.

When any of the strag^gling poor,
Relief to ask, approach her door,
She does not question their distress,
Or how their wants she may redress,
But for an instant song will call,
And if they sing, whate'er their squall,
They're usher'd to the servants'-hall,
And 'mid the men and maids and boys,
She laughs and listens to their noise;
And those who chaunt a pleasant
ballad, #—

Will to their roast meat get a salad:
But if they cannot sing or play,
They penniless are sent away.
Such are her whims, and many more
The country rumours have in store.
But when her music quits its tether,
Which sometimes haps for days to-
gether,

She then like other folks is seen,
In quiet chat with easy mien.
—While thus postpon'd her music's
labours,
She hospitably treats her neighbours;
And then, perhaps, as you may see,
Madam is no more mad than me."

The Doctor thus the Matron heard,
And felt her story had prepar'd
His fancy to play off its art,
Not with a view to guard his heart,
For he no reason had to fear
That Crotchet's female Chanticleer
Would e'er excite one idle wish
To dip in matrimonial dish. [fail'd,
He thought, "with widows I have
And now a maid must be assail'd:
I little from the scheme expect,
But still I'll not the chance neglect;
For this world's plans so strangely
vary,

That oft our fairest hopes miscarry,
While sometimes those designs succeed
When dark despair beclouds the deed.

How oft when storms disturb the morn,
The sun's bright rays the noon adorn ;
Nay, when the day has boisterous been,
The evening's gay with smile serene.
Thus without much of hope or fear
To Crotechet Lodge my course I steer,
While I a cautious mind prepare
For all that may befall me there ;
Ready to meet with steady eye,
Whether the fair one may supply
Her DISCORD or her HARMONY :
E'en though she's govern'd by the
moon,

She'll beat in time and sould in tune.
—And now, good friends, my thanks
receive :

I wish that I had more to give !
But still my grateful thoughts are bent
On more than bare acknowledgment.
Permit me then, to say again
That my warm home is Summerden :
Nay, what I mean, full well you know,
When, Honest Tom, I tell you so ;
And while I take you by the hand
My heart's regard you may command."

—Syntax now gave the Dame a kiss,
As well as to each rustic Miss
Who did the busy needle ply,
The boast of Truman's family.
Thus did he his farewell conclude
With the fond blessing of the good :
And soon his ready way pursued.

Of the gay Lodge he came in view,
And pac'd down the long avenue ;
Where cages hung on ev'ry tree,
From which was heard the melody
Of birds, who in their nature, rove
The characters of every grove ;
But thus confin'd, the whole day long,
They charm with their untutor'd song ;
While fountains with their tinkling
falls

Fill'd up the silent intervals.

The doors no noisy knocker plied
To bid the portals open wide :
But when the fingers touch'd the string
Soft silver bells in cadence ring,
Which a smart, tuneful Indian call
To give admittance to the hall,
While his big pouting lips dispense
The pipe's Pandean eloquence.
Thus Syntax did an entrance gain,
And soon his ear was charm'd to pain ;
For in each window there reclin'd
A Harp that felt the sweep rein'd
Of the soft Zephyrs' waving wind.
No hands could touch the strings so
fine :

What sweet, what solemn airs divine
Now up the Diapason roll,
Then sink again into the soul,
And wake sweet musings in the heart,
As Seraphs did an hymn impart
Beyond the reach of mortal art ;
And did enchantment soft supply
By its ærial minstrelsy.

The Doctor pass'd through many a
door ;

The little Negro walk'd before,
And, in his way, he play'd a tune,
Till they had reach'd a gay saloon,
Whose ceilings and its walls display'd
A various kind of serenade,
Where all the Muses nine appear
In Heliconian character :
Nay, Music all around inspires :—
The very chairs are deck'd with Lyres,
While Satyrs with their piping reed,
Support the sofa's lolling bed ;
And clocks with spreading symbols
screen

Their dials, that they scarce are seen ;
Not plac'd so much to mark the time,
As to play tunes and ring a chime,
The organ too, whose sound changes
The nimble hand that sweeps the keys,

Or that whose settled tunes he finds
Whoe'er the turning barrel grinds :
And still the Zephyrs breath'd the
swell

Of sounds from power invisible.

—Thus the Doctor's ears and eyes
Were quite suspended with surprise ;
In short, all that he saw around him,
Serv'd to delight and to confound him.
He thought, if e'er, beneath that roof
The harmonious virtues stood aloof,
Nay he was sure if Discord e'er
Should make a moment's entrance
there,

The witch would vanish in despair.

Thus as his wav'ring mind compar'd
What he now saw, with what he'd
heard,

His faith began to be at strife
With the tale told by Truman's wife ;
Nay other ~~men~~ did conspire
To set the old woman down a liar.

When, as he thus pursued his thought,
With grace, and as a Lady ought,
Miss Crotchet enter'd, brisk and gay,
Apologis'd for her delay,
With pleasing smile possess'd a chair,
And welcom'd Doctor Syntax there :

Then did a alight discourse pursue
As other well-bred ladies do.

The weather, and the road he came,
What news was on the wings of fame,
And if his neighb'ring lakes had reason
To hope an overflowing season.

Thus she a sprightly turn display'd,
But not a word of Music said :

The Doctor, therefore, thought that he
Must enter upon Harmony,

And what he saw and heard supplied
Him to please the Lady's pride.

For her it did, for off she ran
The same thought,—and thus
began.

" You, Doctor, as I understand,
Are fit to aid an opera band :
And, therefore, you may scarce incline
To add to such a crash as mine :
But if your powers will condescend
To treat me as a common friend,
You shall, Sir, in the evening try
My little School of Harmony.
It is not oft 'mong Ladies seen,
But I play on the violin.
To touch the harp and the piano,
Is whateach farmer's daughter can do ;
And therefore 'tis I wish to move
With those who by their science prove
An honour to the Art I love ;
Hence my fond mind is solely bent
To choose the arduous instrument.
I have a foreign person here,
Who at our dinner will appear,
A widow of the music tribe,
Whom I with handsome sal'ry bribe
To live with me in friendly guise,
As mistress of my harmonies ;
She plays the bass, blows the bassoon,
And keeps the instruments in tune ;
Teaches the parish boys to sing
Psalms, anthems, and God save the
King."

Thus as she spoke, a bugle's blast
Summon'd them to the hour's repast,
When she propos'd the famous glee
Of the NON NOBIS DOMINE,
In which the ladies' parts were sung
Without or time or tune or tongue,
And Syntax felt, with all his care,
He should not pass his evening there ;
That they would never keep in tune
Through the approaching afternoon ;
For Music, with this mighty show,
Was the last thing they seem'd to
know.

But still the good things he saw'd
Where Music's ev'ry form prevail'd.



THE GARDEN TRIO

Illustration

That sing-song fancy could supply
To deck the skill of cookery,
Or the same whimsy could impart
To the confectionary art:
Thus songs in sav'ry wrappers shone
On outlets à la *Misintanon*,
While blanc-mange dotted o'er with
notes,

Made music slip adown their throats:
Then sweets in ev'ry form display
The instrumental orchestra:
Thus fiddles, flutes and harps unite
To harmonize the appetite.

At length came the appointed hour
When, in the garden's gaudy bower,
Where flowers and climbing-plants
o'erlaid,

Combin'd to form a scented shade,
These vot'ries of sweet sounds appear
To wake Apollo's list'ning ear.

—Miss C— began with furious force,
The Doctor follow'd her of course,
While the old Dame with slower pace,
Came rumbling after on the bass;
But ere they got to the conclusion,
Th' harmonious piece was all con-
fusion.

If great Corelli from the dead
Could not have rais'd his listening
head

And just then heard his mangled
strain,

He would have wish'd to die again.

Miss was too fast by many a bar,

The old one was behind as far,

While Syntax strove their faults to
cover

By smothering one and then the other.

"O he," he whisper'd, "this same trio
Will shortly end in my Addio."

—He thought at least he would be
civil

And try to check the coming evil;

For he saw in Miss Crotchet's face
That rage was working his disgrace.

"If Music be the food of Love

Let us another trio prove,"

Syntax exclaim'd: when she replied,

"I tell you I am petrified;

To me, you Humstrum, it appears,

That you have neither eyes nor ears;

You could as well bestride the moon,

As keep your time or stop in tune;

And 'twas, in an extreme degree,

Impertinence to play with me."

—Instead of Time he thought he'd
beat,

With all good manners, a retreat;

But, in retiring from the threat,

With which he thought he was beset,

He overturn'd his o'ergrown fiddle,

And set his foot plump in the middle:

The crash produc'd a shriek of rage,

Which nought he uttered could as-
suage,

When, to avoid the rout and roar,

He quickly pass'd the mansion door,

And, driven by Discord, sought to fly

From this strange scene of harmony,

While, with vociferating halloo,

He call'd on his man Pat to follow.

But Pat had half an hour to stay,

Before he told of his delay,

Which he let loose in his droll way.

—"The Lady, Sir, 'tis very sad,

Is, I am sure, at times, half-mad!

She rush'd into the servants' hall

And utter'd with an angry squall,

'Your master is a brute I say,

And I have sent the fool away.'

'No man,' I said, 'would call him so,

But this same's vengeance he should
know,

Though as he's gone, why I must get

Orders she gave to lock the door,

And pointing wildly to the floor,

'Stand here,' she said, 'and sing a song,
Or you shall stop the whole night long.'
I bow'd, and did at once let fly
A pretty piece of melody,
Such as did never yet miscarry
To please the lads of Tipperary:
The chamber madams whisper'd,
Hush,

And knew not if to laugh or blush;
While the cook-dame, call'd laughing
Nan,

Beat time upon the dripping pan.
The butler turn'd his head away,
So how he look'd I cannot say;
While stiff the little Negro stood,
Shew'd his white teeth and grinn'd
aloud.

—At the fourth verse off Madam flew,
And here, Sir, I'm return'd to you."

The Doctor now could not beguile
His feelings with his usual smile,
But lean'd his head against a tree,
And, spite of cleric dignity,
Let his gay muscles off at score,
As Pat ne'er saw him do before:
But when his spirits had regain'd
The gen'ral tenor they maintain'd,
He bade Pat ask how far from hence
Was Lady Macnight's residence:
"I know 'tis somewhere here about,
And we must try to find it out.
She's cousin to my friends the Hearties,
And sometimes join'd their pleasant
parties.

Three years must now have flown
away,
When, if I ever pass'd this way,
I promis'd I would shew my face,
With her kind leave at Comet Place."
A peasant with the road was straight,
And nine miles from the turnpike-
gate;

And as the moon began to peep
Above the wood on yonder steep,
It would be soon as light as day,
And they could never lose their way.
"But as 'tis late," the Doctor said,
"Our journey must not be delay'd;
Though for this fair astronomer,
Night is the time to visit her,
While she may chase through fields
The aberration of a star." [of air,
Punch felt the tickling of a spur,
And Pat's fat sides were in a stir;
Nor was it long ere, from the road,
They hail'd the lady's fair abode,
That, plac'd upon a woody height,
Display'd full many a glimm'ring
light, [shone
Which from the various windows
And check'd the lustre of the moon.

The Doctor now made known his
name, [Dame.
When soon appear'd the smiling
"I scarce, dear Sir, my joy can mea-
sure,
At this so unexpected pleasure;
And 'tis with singular delight
I see my learned friend to-night."
Thus she exclaim'd, when Syntax
fear'd

That some celestial sign appear'd,
And 'stead of supper and a bed
Whereon to lay his aching head,
He should be hurried to survey
The greater BEAR or MILKY WAY;
But thus she did his fears allay.
"Whene'er the moon shews all her
power [hour,
And shines through each nocturnal
My distant neighbours always come
As her clear beams will light them
home.

And I have now a pleasant party
Which only wants my Cousin Hearty,



D^{re} SYNTAX AT A CARD PARTY

Reinhardt.com

Though as you're come I'm quite content,

Without a word of compliment."

The Doctor soon, in pleasant mood,

Amid the gay assembly stood :

Curtseys and bows and shaking hands

With all that etiquette demands

Pass'd on with due becoming grace,

Engaging words and smiling face.

The Doctor talk'd and sipp'd his tea

With pleasing, mild hilarity ;

Nor did he fail a meal to make

On butter'd bread and sav'ry cake.

This done, the patronising dame

Propos'd some lively gen'ral game ;

And Syntax drew his ready chair

In the night's play to take a share.

Pope Joan was nam'd, and soon prepar'd,

When each receiv'd the destin'd card,

The comely fair by whom he sat,

A Lady cheerful in her chat,

Propos'd by way of social whim

To share the gain and loss with him.

Who could refuse a pleas'd assent ?

And all around them beam'd content.

The game, in gen'ral way, went on,

And Syntax thought they rather won :

But still the lady often cried,

" Doctor, our wants must be supplied,

Fortune, at present, is unkind,

And we, dear Sir, must raise the wind."

He thought, indeed, he rais'd enough,

While she ne'er gave a single puff,

But of the cash maintain'd control,

And in her lap conceal'd the whole.

At length when this gay game was o'er,

She said, " Alas, we're wretched poor,

And to propose to make division

Of what is here would be derision."

Then from her lap, which seem'd half full,

She almost fill'd her Reticule,

And left the Sage, with silent lips,

To comment on co-partnerships

While she stalk'd off with waving plume

To wander through some distant room.

—The supper came and pass'd away,

With many a song and frolic gay ;

And when the household clock struck one,

The country neighbours all were gone.

—But e'er the chamber lights were brought,

The scientific Dame besought

The Doctor's patience to bestow

His ear for half an hour or so,

While she inform'd him by the way

Of the great object of the day.

" For you must know," she said, " at noon,

O'er the sun's disc, the errant moon

Will pass, as that orb has not done

For many a year long fled and gone ;

And, in this state of her career,

How I rejoice to see you here,

As you will aid my measuring eye

By your more learn'd Geometry ;

That done, we then may pass the day

In tracing out some starry way ;

And if it proves a radiant night

You'll set my computation right ;

When, to conclude, I will make known

A System new and quite my own."

—The Doctor's chin now touch'd his breast :

She bow'd,—and they both went to rest.

The morrow in good progress came,

When Syntax, by th' impatient dame

Was led, not to the upper story

Which form'd her fix'd Observatory,

Where quadrants, telescopes and
spheres,
With many an instrument appears
That aids the scrutinising eye,
In its vast commerce with the sky:
But did in the balcony place
The glass, where she as well could
trace

The lunar passage o'er the Sun
As could from greater height be done.
—At length arriv'd the pregnant noon,
When o'er the Sun the darken'd Moon
Mov'd on the grand Eclipse, and
show'd

What man to daring science ow'd.
But though the mind may strive to
trace

The orbs that float in boundless space,
Though it may pass through realms
of air,

Converse with planets rolling there
And, by its name call ev'ry star;
The body ne'er will be content;
Without its native nourishment;
And hunger will suggest the sign
Of when to breakfast, sup or dine,
Or when the luncheon should reveal
Its interlocutory meal:

That meal by frequent signals sought,
Pat now in eager hurry brought;
But whether 'twas the slippery floor,
Or running dog, or banging door,
It may not be required to tell;
Certain it is the valet fell,
Swore a loud oath, when plate and
platter

And spoons and sauce-boats made a
clatter;

While yelping ours, or kick'd or
wounded,

Were in the gen'ral din confounded;
A noise which both the gazers drew
From their celestial interview.

They saw, by Patrick's luckless trips,
The luncheon in complete eclipse,
As his huge form was rolling over
Each dainty dish and smoking cover,
While down his skirts there seem'd
to stray

Fresh streamlets of the milky way.

—"The scene around, above, below,"

The Doctor said, "our problems show,
Whether it is attractive power
Or the repellent rules the hour:
Patrick we see could not resist,
Or with his foot or with his fist:

His feet gave way, the balance lost,
His paunch to right and left is tost;
The fingers driven from the thumb,
Makes the tureen a vacuum,

And there we see the varlet lie,
A proof of central gravity."

Madam replied, "O never mind,
A fresh supply we soon shall find,
And, as when Falstaff cried peccavi,
We'll change the gravity for gravy.*
Nature hates vacuums, as you know,
We therefore will descend below,
And fill, with dainties nice and light,
The vacuum in your appetite."

—All this was done, as it might be,
On axioms of Philosophy;

When the grave lady thus requested:
"As other matters are digested,
And we have now an hour to spare,
Let us each take our reas'ning chair,
Then talk of what we've seen and
know

Of things above and things below,
And do you first your System show:
When you have done, my learn'd
Divine,
Then I will venture upon mine."

* Shakespeare — *Henry the Fourth* —
second part—Act 1.



SYNTAX.

"When from the earth we lift our eye

To the vast concave of the sky,
We view it like a curtain spread
That shows the welcome morning red;
The noon with golden splendour
bright;

[night:
And the dark veil that clothes the
Thus both the light and shades are
given,

With all the varying scenes of Heaven.
But when we lose the sun's bright ray,
The gloomy night succeeds to day:
Again his flaming lustre burns,
And then the cheerful day returns:
Still we behold, as they appear,
The varying pictures of the year.
The morn may yield its splendid reign
To cloudy mists and pouring rain;
And oft the noon is overcast,
'Mid the black storm and lightning's
blast;

While pitchy clouds obscure the night,
And quench the bright stars' glimm-
'ring light.

Then, to our eyes, the giant sun
His annual circuit seems to run
In one grand course, and his career
Assigns the day, and forms the year;
But when his setting orb retires,
Or earth no more perceives his fires,
The moon presents her silver ray,
And kindly sheds a fainter day:
Yet still she keeps her monthly race
With various beams and changeful
face,

—Each planet in its proper sphere
Does round its destin'd orbit steer;
While with peculiar lustre crown'd,
They course a fix'd eternal round.
And, in th' immeasurable space,
They know no change of time or place;

But in their rise and their decline,
All with a foreign radiance shine:
Their brilliant beams are not their own,
But borrow'd of the parent sun,
From whom all nature doth inherit
That active and creative spirit
Which gives to life each aim and end,
Where'er his genial rays extend.

Again we see the thousand stars,
Not rang'd in circles or in squares,
But prove with all their various
light,

The hand which made them Infinite.—
If such the harmony that reigns,
If thus the Almighty power ordains,
May not those orbs which our faint
eye

Sees fix'd in one eternal sky,
To whom, as it may seem, is given
To shine in a remoter heaven,
Each as a sun its splendour give,
And other worlds the rays receive;
Around the zones of other skies,
Their moons may shine, may set and
rise

To other globes who raise their pole,
Whose lands spread wide, whose
oceans roll,

Whose mountains lift their lofty head,
And shape the valley's deepen'd bed,
With climates that may smile or
frown,

To changes subject like our own;
Nay, in the place of air and sky,
Sun and moons and earths may lie
Invisible to human eye,
E'en with the powers which have been
given

To penetrate the paths of Heaven.
—The Comet, whose resistless force
Asks centuries to complete its course,
I shall not follow as it flies,
Nor trace its eccentricities:

Nor speak of sunbeams which are
fraught

With swiftness that out-travels
thought,

But lost in wonder close my view,
And listen silently to you."

—He ceas'd, and now with conscious
pride,

The scientific Dame replied.

"You have with truth your system
told,

But may I, Doctor, be so bold
To say, that you have said no more
Than many a one has done before;
Though not with such perspicuous
sense,

Or the same pleasing eloquence.

—Yes, on my loaded shelves you see
Each volume on Astronomy,
That has increas'd the author's fame
With added honour to his name:

I have each instrument at hand
That this vast science may demand,
Which do their wond'rous aid supply,
To make acquaintance with the sky;
But I new systems shall explore;
I wish to know a little more.—

Perhaps you'll say, 'tis whim or fun,
And that a woman's tongue must run;
Or that conceit or silly pride

Do my weak frivolous fancies guide;
Or that by something like defiance
To the gen'ral rules of science,
To be held forth I thus may strive,
As the most learned Dame alive;

If such your thoughts, I hope you'll
find [mind,

Some reason soon to change your
Or that disdainful of the fame
Which those blue stocking fair ones
claim,

Who confine their pretty fancies,
To poems, novels, and romances,

Who take no flight, but are content
To steep their minds in sentiment:
I wish to soar a little higher
Than their fine fangled thoughts
aspire:

If this be your sagacious guess,
You prophesy with some success.
I only ask you to attend
With the calm candour of a friend.
At least, if you an error see,
You will not pass a harsh decree,
But treat it with humanity."

The Doctor, not by intuition,
But by a feeling call'd suspicion,
Was on her subject led to fear
That the new doctrine he should hear,
Might require a cautious sense,
To give his thoughts without offence.
Oft with Blue-stockings upon earth,
Reason he found a source of mirth;
And e'en when Fancy play'd her tricks
He could a pleas'd attention fix:
But when Blue-stockings please to
soar,

Where none had ever been before,
He rather trembled at the height
Which mark'd this lady's promis'd
flight.

When such an one her notions shrouds,
In regions far above the clouds,
While she does her pure æther quaff,
He might not check a sudden laugh,
Which certainly would not agree
With the most calm philosophy;
And thus whate'er she might discover,
He wish'd the dang'rous trial over.
Hence did he frame each future
thought

To be with proper answers fraught,
And thus he hop'd he was prepar'd,
When ask'd to offer his award.—
Such was his aim, and then he heard,
The wonders which she now prefer'd.

LADY MACNIGHT.

"You have explain'd in language
clear,

Each planet's course as they appear,
As they appointed are to run,
In their known orbits round the sun.
You travell'd in your airy car
To visit ev'ry ruling star,
And did not for a moment err,
In marking their true character,
Nor in assigning each its place
In the immensity of space;
But here you stop, and nothing know
Beyond the glasses' RAREE-SHOW.
Men, whose renown'd and learned
name,

Radiates in the fields of fame,
With all their genius to explore,
Have indeed told us something more.
When Nature's laws laid hid in night
NEWTON unveil'd new rays of light,
And gave the wond'ring world to see,
By his sublime Geometry, [shown
Those hidden powers which he has
To act in Nature's unison;
But of those orbs which deck the sky,
Tho' view'd by his pervading eye,
He gave no local history.

Nor did he e'er pretend to tell
What beings might within them dwell,
Their forms, their natures, and their
speech,

To what perfection they may reach,
And how their systematic powers
Differ from this same world of ours:
What are their plants, and flowers,
and trees,

If they have running streams and seas,
And whether fleeting time appears
Like ours divided into years,
And if their years by lunar powers
Are form'd of months, and days, and
hours:

Whether their life concludes by death,
Or if men die for want of breath;
And if to their fond hope is given,
Another world, a future Heaven.
What do I gain, when I but see
These planets' eccentricity,
Unless my reason could pervade
For what wise purpose they were made.
—You'll laugh, perhaps, and say I
dream,

If I should now unfold my scheme,
And think, perhaps, that I may vie
With Bedlam in its lunacy.
But I, dear Sir, am not so bent
Upon my mind's experiment,
As to look grave, if my excursion,
Should minister to your diversion;
Nor does the thought make me uneasy,
That some have fancied I was crazy.
—While my poor dear Sir John was
living,

Whose soul, I trust, is now in Heaven,
Some booby, in a long hiatus,
Urg'd him to burn my apparatus:
When he said, 'No!—While she
maintains

Each due decorum, while she gains
Their warm regard to whom she's
known,

And who her smiling friendship owns;
While I her fond affection share
And feel her faithful, tender care;
While she to household rule attends,
And makes home pleasant to my
friends,

What care I, as at early morn,
I urge the chase with hound and horn,
Or cheer at night each jovial soul,
With the full glass and flowing bowl;
If she employs her eager eye
To trace the wonders of the sky.
Yes, wives there are, and not a few,
Who a more idle course pursue,

Nor is there one of those who ahine,
The votaries of fashion's shrine,
Whom I would e'er exchange for
mine.'—

Thus did my dear lamented Knight
Set the intruding fellow right:
And much I hope, good Sir, that you
May think my husband's praises true:
And they, I trust, who know me well,
Will the same friendly story tell."

SYNTAX.

"They who have gravely trod the
round

Of gen'ral science must have found
That trifles, nay, that whims have led,
When floating in a thinking head,
To quicken genius as it tries
The course of new discoveries:
E'en accident has made a stir
In brains of the philosopher.
A codlin falling from a tree,
Might fix the point of gravity;
Or housemaid's twirling of a mop
Might into Newton's eranium pop
The principle, by which was found,
Whether the poles are flat or round.
And why, my Lady, may not you
Strike from your study something new,
And, what's still better, useful too."

LADY MACNIGHT.

"With that benignant lib'ral spirit,
Which I well know that you inherit,
I'm sure your justice will not swerve
From any praise I may deserve;
Nor will you with harsh rigour blame,
If I attempt too high an aim,
And strive those regions to explore,
As none have ever done before,
But call me back to reason's lore;
And, if strange wanderings appear,
Restore me to my proper sphere.

"Now, in due order, to proceed,
Philosophers have all agreed,
That to each planet, in its sphere,
Our earth rolls on in prospect clear.
And, in great Nature's solar scheme,
They're seen by us, as we by them.
Nay from analogy 'tis thought,
Though not by fix'd experience taught,
That these are worlds, and though
unknown

May bear a likeness to our own,
Peopled with beings who fulfil,
Like us, the Almighty Maker's will,
To answer, in their destin'd station,
The wise design of their creation.
And now you'll hear my cunning
guess,

At what these several orbs possess,
With every animated feature
Of what I call their reas'ning nature,
As the prime power that may control
The active impulse of the whole.
—Whether I reason from its name,
Or angry redness of its frame,
It matters not how they refer
To stamp its native character;
I still shall dare suppose that MARS
Is the continual seat of wars;
Not of arm'd military bands,
Whom the fierce, bloody sword com-
mands,

But, from the beggar to the king,
Contest must be for ev'ry thing;
Nay for a fortune or a rattle,
That there must be a constant battle;
That hourly, individual strife
Is the grand principle of life.
No helm or breastplate do they wear,
Nor do they sword or jav'lin bear,
But all their policy consists
In a concomitance of fists;
In the sharp, nimble fingers' rage,
Or the broad palm's redundant slap.

—They cannot get a steak to eat
 Unless they battle for the meat;
 Nor can their statesmen get a place
 Till they have fought it face to face.
 But then I'd have it understood
 They never cause discharge of blood:
 Whatever blows the parties give
 Whatever bruise they may receive,
 A lasting pain they cannot feel,
 And all without a plaster heal.
 As bound by nature to oppose,
 Friendship's an interchange of blows,
 Fond lovers in their am'rous greeting
 Know not of kissing or entreating.
 'Tis done by scratching and by beating;

And love cannot be better shown
 Than by a rude squeeze and a frown.

—Children and youth I shall suppose
 Have not the privilege of blows,
 Nor gain permission to engage,
 Till they can prove they are of age.

—Of virtue, contest is the source,
 And moral rectitude is force,
 While he who does the most contest
 Is of the sons of Mars the best.

—Thus he, I'm ready to suppose,
 Who ne'er receives nor offers blows,
 Is an offender 'gainst the laws,
 And subject to the hangman's paws,
 Or sentenc'd to some dismal place,
 'Mong criminals who keep the peace;
 And as we do our convicts see
 Depriv'd of cheerful liberty,
 They're chain'd in some dark cell
 below,

'Reft of the joy to strike a blow.—

—So far, so good—their power of speech
 At present is beyond my reach:
 Morals and manners form the whole
 That's subject to my mind's controul,
 And farther, Doctor, I confess,
 It is not in my power to guess:

What my search may hereafter do,
 As I my vent'rous course pursue,
 I cannot say, but what say you?"

SYNTAX.

"Nay, Madam, you have gone as
 Riding a cock-horse on a star, [far,
 Nay farther than has yet been known
 By any Genius but your own.

—Indeed, I must admire your fancy,
 In this star-gazing necromancy;
 For you have nat'ralis'd your sphere,
 As I could ne'er expect to hear.—
 Though with the plan I can't agree,
 I thank you for its drollery:

And though I cannot well allow
 The principle which you avow,
 Your story, Shakespeare gives the
 hint, [in't,"

Though strange, has much of matter

LADY MACNIGHT.

"A few words more and I have done
 With these attendants on the sun.

—In the bright orb that's known to
 VENUS as its establish'd name, [claim
 I shall pursue my arduous way

In the conjectures of the day,
 That Beauty is the height sublime
 Of virtue in that genial clime,
 Whose light and heat within its zone,
 Bears near resemblance to our own;
 And the grand crime they there
 confess,

Is what we here term Ugliness.
 The good and ill which there prevail
 Is measur'd by a settled scale
 Among its people, as each feature
 Is favour'd or deform'd by nature;
 And all the value of their duty
 Is form'd by more or less of beauty!
 And thus it is that I pervade
 Its moral light, its moral shade.

—The flowing hair, the well-turn'd
brow,

The fine form'd arches just below,
And skin that vies with driven snow.
The bright, the soft and sleepy eye,
The two-fold rows of ivory ;
The pouting, ruby colour'd lips,
Where sweetness its own nectar sips :
The cheeks with rosy blush o'erspread,
And dimples sinking in the red ;
The neck that doth the bosom join
By a scarce seen but graceful line,
While the firm semi-orbs below
Heave with a gentle to and fro ;
And arms whose less'ning round ex-
tends

To the fine taper fingers' ends :—

—Such is the form, and such the grace,
That's virtue in the female race ;
While man's proportions are the same,
But suited to a stronger frame.
Each virtue is, and more or less
Then virtuous are, who must possess ;
While the vicious nature lies
Proportion'd by its contraries.

Therefore it is that I suppose [nose,
The squinting eye, the wide-spread
The yawning mouth that may appear
Stretching athwart from ear to ear ;
The rising back, a sad mischance,
And stomach's rude protuberance,
Are crimes which, by their laws intent,
Receiv'd proportion'd punishment ;
While ugliness in ev'ry sense,
Must be a capital offence ;
And they will be condemn'd to die,
Whose crime's complete deformity.
So much, dear Doctor, for my Venus,
And what as yet has pass'd between us."

—She paus'd, —but when she 'gan to
Of Mercury, the dinner-bell [tell
Brought her fine fancies to a close,
And as the Rev'rend Doctor rose,

He said, "I here beg leave to mention,
How much I'm pleas'd with your in-
vention,

But still I think it might be right
To calm its course and check its flight,
Nor let it wander out of season,
But yield it to the rule of reason ;
And instead of its commanding,
Let it obey your understanding :
Consult your own superior sense,
And gratify your pride from thence ;
For all is known, we ought to know
Of things above and things below,
Till other Boyles and Newtons rise
T' unveil dark Nature's mysteries.

I do not strictly mean to say
You throw your studious hours away
Or that your star-work is misapent,
For still the pastime's innocent ;
But yet I think that *à la lettre*,
You might employ those hours better ;
Nor do I wish to read a lecture
Upon the errors of conjecture, [expose
Which may refinement's thoughts
To smiling friends and scoffing foes ;
I only ask you to receive

The friendly counsel that I give :
If to the Planets you must soar,
Be silent, wonder and adore.
Though they're in different stations
In the immeasurable waste, [plac'd
Though their ends may not be the same,
Each is to answer one great aim,
And with some local means endued
To aid the universal good,
Will'd by the Power whose plastic
Doth all immensity command [hand
And whose vast universal sway
Creation's countless worlds obey."

He spoke, and in due order pass'd,
To things more suited to his taste.
Indeed, he was well-pleas'd to see
A change in the philosophy ;

And with his knife and fork to reason
On ev'ry dainty dish in season,
And make his choice 'tween wrong and
As guided by his appetite. [right,
At length, the plenteous dinner o'er,
As he did in his goblet pour
The sparkling wine, he begg'd to give
A toast she surely would receive.

"Here's to the health of friends above,
I care not in what star they move,
Or whatsoe'er their modes may be;
May they have din'd as well as we!"

—The afternoon they stroll'd away,
In various chit-chat, grave and gay,
And time brought on the close of day;
When Syntax begg'd she would make
known

Any commands she had in town,
As early on the following day,
Thither he must direct his way.

"O," she replied, "I will commend
Your Reverence to my charming friend,
Dear Mrs. Brisket, whom I've known,
Since I was taught to walk alone.

In her, I know that you will find
Good manners and a fashion'd mind:
But if she has a fault, Heav'n bless
her,

'Tis the high spirits which possess her:
She'll laugh with you in endless glee
At my high-flown Astronomy!

Though, as her husband's lately sent
On business to the Continent,
She sees till his return but few;
Yet this I know, with honour due,
Her door will open be to you.

—And now I think on't there's another
To whom without or form or pother
I must, dear Doctor, introduce you;
O how that dear girl will amuse you!
My sweet Miss Pallet, she is one,
To whom, my friend, you must be
known,

A female Artist, whose fair name
Is rising rapidly to fame,
And all the paintings round the room
Did from her earliest pencil come:
Her works you will with pleasure view,
Nay, you can give instruction too.
My fond hopes wait on her success,
As I was her first patroness;
And she my friendship will commend,
When I present her such a friend."

While she these kindly passports
wrote,

He did the passing time devote
To a small volume, whose rich page
Would his delighted mind engage,
And when her scribbling work was
done, known.

He thus his farewell thoughts made
—"As your pen mov'd, by chance I
took

From off your shelves a fav'rite book,
Of solemn bards the boasted pride,
You know him well, 'tis Akenside—
And in his high-wrought work you'll
Fancy rob'd in Philosophy, [see
What that power is, and ought to be;
And in its page the Muses show
What Fancy does to reason owe:

Nay, there a lesson may be known
How you, fair Dame, may guide your
own.

—And as my grateful thanks I tell,
And while I humbly say, farewell,
Your gracious kindness may receive
The faithful counsel which I give.—
Like poor Sir John's advising friend
I would not dare to recommend
That you should venture to destroy
The apparatus you employ,
But lock the door of that high-story,
Which forms your learn'd Observa-
Against the stars at once rebel [tory;
And throw the KEY into a WALL."

CANTO XXXVII.

SYNTAX, in deep, and pensive mood,

Tow'rd London now his way pursued:
The eastern sky involv'd in cloud,
Did from his eye the sunbeams shroud,
And not one active darting ray,
Gave spirit to the early day:
While the mist, hanging o'er the brow
Of woody upland, sunk below
Amid the smoke, rais'd on the gale,
From hamlet cottage in the vale.—
No lark was heard, ascending high,
To give his carrol to the sky;
Nor did the blackbird or the thrush,
Make vocal the green, dewy bush:
The rooks, departing from the wood,
On the high branches cawing stood,
Whose noisy notes alone were heard,
With raven's croak, ill-omen'd bird,
And gloomy nature's self gave warning
Of a dull, uninspiring morning,
At least, of thoughts, alive and gay,
Which sometimes flow from radiant
day. [pear;

What was the cause doth not appear:
Whether oppressive atmosphere,
Or that the pillow had not blest
The Doctor with his usual rest;
Or whether it was fancy's whim,
(Which seldom rul'd or troubl'd him,)
He was not in his usual trim:
So that he, as he ponder'd o'er
The dark side of his nuptial Tour,
Had half a mind to turn again,
To the green shades of Sommerden,
And be contented with the good
Which he might find in widowhood.
—"Since I left home," he muttering
said,

"What to my wish has been display'd?

The high-flown fair, whom I have
sought,

Did not awake one tender thought:
Such sense, mix'd up with so much
folly,

At times would make me melancholy:
—They might, perchance, an hour a
Contrive to pass in smiles away, [day,
But Fortune I should ne'er forgive,
If I with such were doom'd to live.
—It is not that a woman's mind
May not be of superior kind,
Or that its powers may not be fraught
With views enlarg'd and depth of
thought,

Or that a lady's studious hours
May not have treasur'd learning's
stores:

I know that many have been known,
Who in the realms of science shone,
Whose learning, judgment, or crititaste,
Have seldom been by men surpass'd,
And yet who never soar'd above
The line where duty bade them move,
And were not seen to give offence
To that prime virtue COMMON-SENSE.
But these are form'd for higher life,
And not to be a Parson's wife,
Unless by fortune he had been
A Bishop, or at least a Dean,
Whose Dames, thus living at their
ease, [please."

May choose what pastime they shall
The clouds now broke and many a
Of sunshine darted on the day; [ray
When, as inspiring Phoebus shone,
The Doctor chang'd his grumbling
tone,

While a good breakfast had the merit
To quicken his dejected spirit;

And now his homeward way to trace
He thought would be downright disgrace,

That perseverance was a feature
Which aggrandis'd our common nature :

And no great act he could relate,
Of ancient or of modern date,
But to that virtue did refer
Its energetic character :
Thus, without further doubt or fear,
He was resolv'd to persevere.—
Nay, as his spirits 'gan to rise,
He ventur'd to soliloquise,
And did his waken'd hopes express,
Of what he thought he might possess.

“LONDON is the general mart,
The warehouse vast that does impart,
Whate'er the life of man requires,
To minister to its desires :
But mine's a search of tender feeling :
—Those articles I cannot deal in,
Which demand a golden treasure
To furnish out luxurious pleasure,
To gratify each active sense,
Or love of proud magnificence ;
These come not in my humble view,
They are not what my thoughts pursue ;

I've but a faithful heart to offer,
And a warm, Parson's home to proffer,
Where a fond pair may love and live.
Though, this is all I have to give,
Yet I shall think it rather hard,
If, as my errand toil's reward,
I cannot find a Me'am or Miss
Somewhere in this Metropolis,
Who may indulge a secret wish
To dip her sop in Hymen's dish ;
Who seeks to leave its noisy riot,
To live with me in rural quiet.
But after all if I should fail,
And all my hostile stars prevail,

I will not my false hopes lament,
But teach my mind to be content,
Contrive to cheer my widow'd life
Without the blessing of a wife,
And while I live, I ne'er again,
Will leave the woods of Sommerden.”
—Such were his thoughts, from day
to day,

Which beguil'd his untroubled way,
Till rising 'bove the cloud of smoke
St. Paul's Dome on the prospect broke :
And, pacing on, he enter'd town
By the north side of Mary-bonne.
A proper inn he sought of course,
Where there was food for man and
horse,

Till he could find a proper station
In point of air and situation,
As it might most convenient seem,
And fitted to his leading scheme.
Thus as he trotted through a street,
Whose houses seem'd compact and
Apartments to be let, was seen [next,
Upon a door of brightest green,
And underneath a name had place,
As dealer in fine foreign lace :
The curtain'd windows caught the eye,
With their gay, festoon'd drapery,
And in balconies there were seen
Flowers and plants of evergreen,
Where the geraniums blossom'd red,
And myrtles rose from mossy bed,
While all, as far as he could see,
Appear'd to suit him to a T.—
He thought what trouble it would save,
If here he could a lodging have ;
So he knock'd smartly at the door
And was admitted to explore
The different rooms, by a fat lady,
Who certainly was pass'd her high-
day,

But if time had destroy'd her figure,
Her tongue retain'd its pristine vigour

Thus she so manag'd to succeed
 By flatt'ring chat, that he agreed
 No other residence to seek,
 And took the apartments for a week.
 He answer'd to the usual claim,
 And paid a pound note to the dame :
 Deliver'd his portmanteau there,
 To the old lady's promis'd care,
 Then took his leave with spirit light
 And promis'd to be there at night.
 Pat too receiv'd commands to find
 A liv'ry stable to his mind,
 Where both the travell'd nags and he
 Might find due hospitality ;
 And bade him keep it in his pate
 To be with him, next morn at eight.

"Well," now said Syntax, "I'll
 And visit Paternoster Row ; [e'en go
 Vellum, I trust, will much rejoice
 To hear once more my well-known
 voice."

[three,
 He went, and as St. Paul's struck
 His appetite rejoic'd to see
 The print and paper-selling sinner
 Preparing for a plenteous dinner.—
 After much warm and friendly greet-
 At this so unexpected meeting, [ing,
 And the good Doctor's hungry zeal
 Was settled by a hearty meal,
 While a full pint of wine at least,
 Had given spirits to the feast,
 Vellum his curious talk began,
 To dip into the Doctor's plan,
 And by his shrewd discourse discover
 What just now made him such a rover.
 —"You cannot have been long in
 town,

Or some Muse with the news had flown
 And have contriv'd to let us know
 The pleasing tidings in the Row :
 For you no doubt, Sir, must have
 brought [fraught,
 Some work with taste and learning

Something of bold and new design,
 Dug from the never-failing mine
 That's work'd within your fertile
 brain,

Where all is out and come again ;
 And much I hope you will command
 My practis'd and obstetric hand,
 And choose me, as my skill you know,
 Among the midwives of the Row,
 To bring it forth, with your fair name
 To a long, future life of fame."

A smile now seem'd to give assent,
 And Vellum's visage beam'd content :
 But when he from the Doctor heard,
 What street and place he had preferr'd,
 And that he was thus lodg'd alone
 In a snug house in Mary-bonne,
 He thought without a smile or joke
 He should speak out,—and thus he
 spoke.

"Where'er you are there must be
 good,

Whate'er may be the neighbourhood ;
 But 'tis a region, let me say,
 Where you, Sir, will not wish to stay,
 Though I do not presume to measure
 Either your fancy or your pleasure :
 But should you wish to quit the place,
 Which possibly may be the case,
 I have a friend who has left town
 For sev'ral months, and who does own
 Nice chambers in an Inn of Court,
 Where Sages of the Law resort ;
 And he has left, as you may see,
 The entire care of them to me,
 Furnish'd with all accommodation,
 That well may suit your reverend
 station ;

And where you may employ your pen,
 As quiet as at Sommerden,
 With a neat laundress to attend you,
 To whose good care I should com-
 mend you."

Said Syntax, "In a day or two,
I'll ask another interview,
And then the subject we'll renew."
—The hasty evening pass'd away
On gen'ral topics of the day:
How learning sped was not neglected,
And authors of all kinds dissected;
Till the departing hour was come,
And Syntax sought his novel home:
To the opening door there came
The old, fat, grinning, prating dame,
Who begg'd that he would take a
chair

In her boudoir, and seat him there:
Smart, well-dress'd, giggling Misses
three,

Compos'd the old lady's company.

"These, I presume, these charming
fair,"

He said, "are your maternal care."

"These are my chicks," the dame
replied,

"At once my profit and my pride,
Some folks have talk'd about their
beauty,

But this I know, they do their duty,
And e'en if scandal dare to flout 'em,
I'm sure I could not do without
'em."

But with his day's fatigue oppress'd,
Syntax begg'd leave to go to rest.

"Laura," she said, "I prithee come,
And light the Doctor to his room."
She rose, and as she squeez'd his arm
He calmly smil'd, but thought no
harm:

He took it in the kindest sense,
And thought it frolic innocence;
Bore from her hand the blazing light,
Then bade God bless her, and good-
night.

He was next morn in full array,
And planning out the future day,

When Pat appear'd quite pale and
wan,

And thus in ruffled tones began.

"I hope you will not take offence

If I just tell your Reverence,

This is a house of evil-fame,

I know its character and name:

A coach is here.—Be off, I pray,

Nor here another minute stay;

You now, Sir, may remove in quiet,

Or the old hag will breed a riot."

Nay, now, from what he saw last
night, [right,

The Doctor thought that Pat was

Who soon the trav'ling baggage bore

Straight to the hackney at the door;

And then flew back to save his master

From any insolent disaster:

But, as the staircase he descended,

He found the passage well defended.

There the hag stood, all hubber-bub-
ber,

A half-dress'd form of living blubber.

"What going, Sir, without a warn-
ing?" [morning."

"Yes," Syntax said, "and so good—

"But stop, Sir, pray, and hear me
speak;—

You still must pay me for a week."

"One pound," says Pat, "for one
night's rent,

Is pay enough, so be content."

But she by some outlandish name

Bawl'd, "Captain come,"—the Cap-
tain came,

When he display'd a horrid grin,

More frightful than his hairy chin,

And threaten'd loud; but Patrick
stood,

In a stout, sturdy attitude.

"Ah, move," he said, "and you
shall feel

That Paddy has a heart of steel;

Nay, Captain, he may prove to you,
That he has hands of iron too."
Whether the Captain did not like
The kind of blows that Pat might
strike,
With mumbling oaths and ghastly
frown,
He went up-stairs as he came down.
Thus neither light nor heavy-hearted,
But between both the Sage departed ;
Though not o'er burthen'd with content,
To Vellum now again he went.

There are, and many I have known,
Though not to naughty habits prone,
Who are scarce ever heard to swear,
And seldom miss their Sunday prayer,
Yet of their lively revings boast,
When youthful fancies rul'd therocast ;
And when their latter days prevail,
Or o'er their wine or punch or ale,
And while the smoking fume ascends
Among familiar, social friends,
Will chuckle at an idle thought,
Which Scandal's gossip tongue has
brought,
And cautious looking round the while,
Will give the half-corrected smile.
Such solemn Vellum was, and when
Syntax he saw so soon again,
That Mary-bonne, a shrewd guess
told him,

The Doctor found too hot to hold him.
—But though our fanciful Divine
Ne'er thought to play the libertine,
He could not, as he sipp'd his tea,
Refrain from mystic drollery,
And by that drollery did provoke
The Bookseller to sut a joke,
And with a blinking eye, let fall
Quaint words in sense equivocal.
—But now, to cut the matter short,
Nice Chambers in an Inn of Court,

Receiv'd the Sage that very night,
And there he found that all was right ;
With laundress ready to attend
His service as an humble friend.
The trav'ling steeds at liv'ry stood
Somewhere in the near neighbour-
hood,

So that Pat ever was at hand,
For any duty or command.—
In thought the morrow was employ'd,
Which, as it pass'd, was not enjoy'd ;
For he began to think his scheme
Was but an idle, fruitless dream,
While reason, in this state of doubt,
Seem'd not dispos'd to help him out.
In ev'ry shape the cause he tried,
But still he was not satisfied,
Thus as he pac'd from room to room,
Contemplating his future doom,
With scarce a hope his mind to cheer
And yielding to a coward fear,
"Is it that I a place have chose,"
He gravely said, "where life's worst
foes

Their unpropitious gains receive,
From eyes that weep and hearts that
grieve ?

It is that I with Lawyers share,
This dismal roof, this tainted air,
That I an humbled spirit bear ?
And seem no longer to preserve
The active mind, the daring nerve ;
Nay, am at once dispos'd to yield
The conquests of the promis'd field !"
Thus as he spoke, good Mrs. Broom,
The laundress, came into the room,
And hearing how he talk'd and sigh'd,
Thus in respectful tone replied.

"Believe me in this staircase here,
I've pass'd, good Sir, full many a year ;
And I have many a Lawyer met, d,
Who ne'er from truth or justice
swerv'd :

Though, Sir, perhaps, within this court
There may be some of ev'ry sort :
But if you chose to change the air,
For Portland Place or Portman Square,
Of those who live in splendour there,
I fear that you might say the same,
Nor do injustice to their name.

Some vile Professor of the Laws
Has grip'd you hard within his paws
I must suppose, and given you cause
The common anger to sustain
Against the Laws and Lawyers' train.
Excuse me, Sir, but I must smile
At whims that do our minds beguile.
I met just now, upon the stairs,
A Dandy in his highest airs,
Who calls the Lawyer that's above,
The faithful clerk of doating love ;
And that by his all-powerful pen,
He proves himself the best of men.
Though, Sir, if I must speak the truth,
This gallant and delighted youth
Is on the Lawyer's toil intent,
Whose skill draws up an instrument,
Which, when in all due form pre-
par'd,

Will give him his vast love's reward.
O 'tis a most delicious sound !
Beanty, and forty thousand pound."
The Doctor smil'd nor check'd the
dame,

Who thus continued to exclaim,
" Marriage, I think, as well I know,
Is the far happiest state below :
I twice have prov'd that happy state ;
Twice I have lost a faithful mate,
Nor do I think it yet too late,
To seek again love's soft dominion,
Were John Quill-drive of my opinion."

This chatter, and of marriage too,
Brought that same subject to the view
Of Syntax in a better state
Than he had given it thought of late :

Besides, good wine, and dainty fare
Is sometimes known to lighten care :
Nay, man is often briak or dull
As the keen stomach's void or full.
The Doctor, to all meals inclin'd,
Had on a well-dress'd sweetbread
din'd,

While a nice pie of sav'ry meat
Gave added poignance to the treat ;
As the good laundress wish'd to show,
That she did kitchen cunning know,
And, therefore, had contriv'd the best
To furnish out a tempting feast :
While Vellum had Madeira sent
Which might a Bacchanal content.
He eat, he drank, his spirits rose
And cheerful thoughts succeed to those
Which, through the hopeless morning
past,

Had his shrunk mind with doubts
o'ercast.

—Again he pac'd the chamber floor,
And talk'd his various projects o'er.—
" E'en should they fail, he knew no
harm

That ought to give his mind alarm :
The smiles of Fortune if attain'd
Must be by perseverance gain'd ;
Therefore, begone, thou coward, Fear,
For Syntax still shall persevere."

Thus as these thoughts his spirits
cheer'd,

Vellum with smile and bow appear'd.
" I come to know, Sir, if you find
The situation to your mind ;
And if aught can be added to it,
I trust that you will let me know it,
For you shall see it is my pride
To have it instantly supplied."

The Doctor fail'd not in expressing
His thanks for all he was possessing.

Now Vellum had a ready nose
For scenting works, in verse or prose,

Which Authors, for some special reason
Might keep a secret for a season :

Authors, we mean, whose favour'd
name,

Is trumpeted by Madam Fame.

A dinner he was us'd to try

With a few scraps of flattery ;

Of wealth and gen'rous deeds would
boast,

A theme on Authors seldom lost ;

And these kept up with prudent skill,

Might bring the Author to his will.

Hence may be trac'd the worldly
feeling

That brought on all this friendly
dealing ;

For surely Vellum could not dream

But that it was some learned scheme

Which brought the Doctor up to town,

When all the show of life was flown.

Syntax, with native keenness felt

At what the cunning tradesman apelt :

At the same time he did not feel

It would be prudent to reveal

The curious wish that made him roam

So far in summer months from home ;

But to avert his prying eye

The Sage began this colloquy :

" You have already had a ken

Of what I call a specimen,

When piety inspir'd my pen.

And much, my friend, I wish to know,

Could I a pious volume show,

All fair and ready for the press,

What you may think of its success,

And as we both may be concern'd,

If fame and money may be earn'd ?"

V. " What mean you, Sermons ?"

—S. " Yes, the same."

V. " Sermons by you, and with
your name :—

Upon a first and gen'ral view,
I rather think that they will do :

At all events, Sir, as a friend,
I to your int'rests will attend."

Thus with solemn face he spoke,

And we will guess, by way of joke,

What to himself old Vellum said,

As the sly, secret hints of trade.

Deep thought two forehead wrinkles
prov'd,

But neither tongue nor lips were mov'd,

While to his interest never blind,

These hints were whisper'd to his
mind.

MENS LOQUITUR.

" Sermons by him,—O quite the
thing,

To publish in the ensuing Spring !

They will, I'm sure, be all the fashion,

And read, perhaps, by half the nation.

For Sermons, as the taste prevails,

Are read as eagerly as tales,

And if the preacher has renown

No works more popular are known.

I'll try to-morrow ere we dine

To fix the copyright as mine."

But still he thought, " why need I stay,
To strike this stroke another day !

Another day ? No, no,—I vow

I'll strive to make the bargain now."

Thus these dumb hopes acquired
strength,

So that he let them speak at length,

But in a calm and measur'd tone :—

—" These Sermons, Doctor, I must
own,

I rather wish."—" My honest friend,"

Syntax exclaim'd, " I must attend

To other matters, which 'tis known,

Have caus'd my pilgrimage to town.

And it will be a week or two

Before I can attend to you.

But, sure I am,—it cannot be

That we should ever disagree."

Vellum, well-pleas'd that he had made

Some progress in the way of trade,
Which, as he plann'd it, would repay
All his shrewd sense could do or say,
His sly enquiries now repress'd,
And hush'd his wary zeal to rest :
Thus, having smok'd a pipe or two
In social mood, he bade adieu.

Syntax, who had not liv'd so long
Without that sense of right and wrong,
Which Observation's known to give
To those who think as well as live,
Felt Vellum's use,—but then he knew
That int'rest must be kept in view :
That this same money-scraping sinner,
Would ne'er be lur'd to give a dinner,
Nor would his spirit e'er incline
To ask a Letter'd Man to dine,
Or bow, or smile, or send his wine,
Unless he thought, in way of trade,
His kindness would be well repaid.
He, therefore, kept, 'neath look and
These volumes of divinity : [key,
And did his distant promise make,
To keep curmudgeon zeal awake.
—Thus it appears the day was pass'd
And night's calm hour arriv'd at last ;
For Vellum and the laundress gone
The Doctor now was left alone ;
As Pat took up his night's abode
Where Punch with her companion
stood,

And maiten'd many a Dublin tale,
With the rich draughts of London ale.
But Syntax, ere he went to rest,
Ponder'd on what might be the best,
What it became him now to do,
And which the way he should pursue.
“Can I,” he calmly said, “do better,
Than send my Lady Macnight's letter,
And thus fair Mrs. Briakit see
With all her wild vivacity ;

Nor fear to risk what she may do
With all her fun and frolic too.”

Thus, the next morn, a formal note
He, with all due politeness wrote,
To let her know, what joy 'twould
give him, [him.

Did she but say, she would receive
—“This evening Madcap is at home,”

The answersaid, “so prithee come.”—

“How,” she exclaim'd, “shall I enjoy,
The visit of this Rev'rend Boy !

I shall be in my highest sphere,
When the quixotic Parson's here !”

No sooner was it said than done,
And thus commens'd the scheme of fun.

All in due time a stout housemaid
Was like the lady's self array'd ;

The pendants dangle from her ears,
The plumage o'er her brow appears ;

The ostrich spoils so green so red,
Bent graceful from her auburn head,

While all that pucker'd silk could
show,

Appear'd in flounces and furbelow,
And muslin's broider'd folds display'd

The pow'rs of millinery aid.
The reticule gras'd one rude hand,

The other did a fan command ;
But Molly in this tonish dress,

Was the sublime of awkwardness.
While she, indeed, or sat or stood,

All motionless as log of wood,
She look'd like wholesome flesh and

blood ; [spoke,

But when she mov'd and when she
Then was to come the promis'd joke,

As Syntax, by the trick betray'd
Would for the Mistress take the Maid,

And let forth many a classic speech,
Which pedant gallantry might teach ;

While Madam, from some cushion'd
height,

Not seen, nor yet quite out of sight,

Could from behind a curtain's sweep
With silent caution take a peep,
At the cross purposes display'd
'Tween Syntax and the lady-maid :
But when the parley awkward grew
She might at once appear in view,
And, in brisk measure, rush between
To give new spirit to the scene.
Such was the plan this lively dame
Had laid to form the evening's game,
And in due course the evening came.

Pat now applied his utmost art
To make his Rev'rend master smart,
Who when he cast a partial eye
The smooth-fac'd mirror passing by
Just whisper'd, on the glancing view,
"'Tis not amiss,—I think 'twill do.
And now," he said, "'twere well to
A taste of that electuary, [try
Which, as I've known, so often serves
To give fresh vigour to the nerves."
He with the dose was well content,
For 'twas of that which Vellum sent.

Now in a hack was Syntax shoo'd,
And Pat behind his station took,
When thus, in all becoming state,
They pass'd along through Gray's
Inn Gate.

—The Doctor let his fancy bend,
As to the evening he should spend ;
And how he might be best prepar'd
To play a safe and cautious card ;
For sure he was from all he knew,
There would be fun and frolic too ;
But what this gamesome Ma'am
would do,

His mental eye could not foresee .
Though in such near futurity.—
Thus as he cou'd his lesson o'er,
The carriage reach'd the promis'd door,
—In the mean time, the bounding
maid [play'd ;
Was taught the part that should be

And thus the artful Mistress gave
Th' instruction how she should be-
have.

"When he shall ask you how you do,
You'll say, I'm well and thank you too.
But beyond this you must not go,
Nor e'er reply but YES or NO."

What other fancies she was told
A few lines onward will unfold.
He enter'd, when with awkward air,
She motion'd him to take a chair,
And, having plac'd it by her side,
He thus began,—She thus replied.

"Ma'am, 'tis an honour you confer."
She said,—"I'm well and thank you,
Sir."

—"I have a letter here to show
From Lady Macnigh."—She said,
"No."

—"I hope you'll take it not amiss,
If I present it!"—She said, "Yes."
"I'm Doctor Syntax as I live."

She answer'd with a negative.
O ho! he thought, but I'll go on,
For Madam I suppose for fun,
Is playing an Automaton ;
And if that is the Lady's cue,
I will be somewhat funny too.
"Madam," he said, "that lovely face
Seems to invite a soft embrace,
And if you please,"—she answer'd,
"Yes."

The Doctor therefore took a kiss,
Which she return'd with such a blow
As her rude hands could well bestow ;
But while, astonish'd and amaz'd,
He on the angry figure gaz'd,
The Lady thought it time to move
From her snug hiding-place above :
Into the room at once she darted ;
The Doctor turn'd around and started,
And, scarce recover'ing from the slap,
Sunk unawares in Molly's lap.



From a sketch by

D^r SYNTAX RECEIVED BY THE MAID INSTEAD OF THE MISTRESS

She shov'd him briskly t'wards the dame, [came;
 Who push'd him back from whence he
 And thus by force of arms uncouth,
 He play'd at to and fro with both;
 Such as a shuttlecock explores,
 Between two active battledores. [o'er,
 —Molly, who thought her business
 Made hasty passage through the door,
 And left the madcap, Madam Briskit,
 With her sage, rev'rend beau to frisk it.
 —But now another air prevail'd
 When she her visitor assail'd [smile,
 With humble grace, and winning
 So form'd displeasure to beguile;
 And having kindly grasp'd his hand,
 With looks not easy to withstand;
 "I am," she said, "a silly creature,
 And you, I know, are all good nature,
 Which will without offence receive,
 The droll reception that I give.
 'Tis thus I ever treat my friends,
 But I will make you full amends:
 For though the evening has begun
 In gamesome play and active fun,
 Reason shall better things supply,
 And all shall end in harmony."
 —The Lady did her promise keep,
 Her gambol spirits went to sleep;
 And, in whate'er she did or said
 Such serious goodness was display'd,
 So pleasing to his ear and eye,
 As well as reverend dignity;
 So subject to sound reason's rule,
 He wonder'd she could play the fool.
 She spoke with magic on her tongue,
 While with a Siren's voice she sung;
 Then touch'd the organ with such skill
 That wound the Doctor to her will,
 And by her flattering power to please,
 So charm'd his sensibilities,
 That he did all his views relate
 To seek again the marriage state;

Nor did the dear Divine conceal
 One awkward wish that he might feel.
 —At once the frolic Madam caught
 A plan with precious mischief fraught.
 "O what an idle silly dunce,"
 She said with warmth, "to trust to
 To hope by accident to find [chance,
 A mate that's suited to your mind!
 You've but a fortnight here to stay,
 Scarce time to hear a yea or nay:
 You can't to courtship's rules conform;
 A siege won't do,—attack by storm."
 Then she exclaim'd, with tongue and
 eyes,
 "We for a Wife will advertise!"
 She squeez'd his hand,—and he complies.
 "The happiest Hymen I e'er knew,"
 She said, "from advertisements grew;
 And to my friend, I wish it known
 That I shall scarce except my own.
 Nay do but trust the whole to me,
 I am the soul of secrecy.
 If this nice project should succeed,
 You'll thank and bless me for the deed;
 If it should fail, it is no more
 Than wisdom's self has done before.
 —Of candidates you need not fear;
 Perhaps too many may appear;
 But, ere their forms salute your eyes,
 I'll learn their secret histories;
 And you shall see, my rev'rend friend,
 The one which I may recommend,
 And if you think that one's the thing,
 Then for the Hoosie and the ring."
 —The Doctor took it all for granted:
 It seem'd as if he were enchanted.
 Then, in expressive eloquence,
 He spoke at once his grateful thanks
 Of her warm friendship and regard;
 Though goodness is its own reward;
 But both in mode as well as measure,
 He left it all to her good pleasure.

—'Twas midnight past when he departed,
 [light-hearted,
 Charm'd with the plan, and quite
 Leaving his lady friend to dream
 Of all the mischief of her scheme.
 Syntax now set his heart at rest,
 Thought what was done was for the
 And to fill up the interval [best,
 He would on dear Miss Pallet call.
 Here his reception was most kind;
 Sweet manners with superior mind,
 And taste and genius were combin'd.
 —When the first formal chat was o'er,
 The works of Artists they explore,
 Whose labours gain'd the height of
 fame

And fix'd the imperishable name.
 They then the living talents try,
 With just remark and critic eye.
 "And now," she said, "you will in-
 cline

To tell me what you think of mine.
 I hear you say, 'how sweet, how fine!'
 But if, while your kind words com-
 mend, [friend!"
 You should see faults,—O what a
 —"I see no faults,—but let me tell
 The leading power of painting well
 Must spring from studying various
 nature,

In ev'ry form and ev'ry feature:
 'Tis that alone which can impart
 The height, and depth, and breadth
 Nor do I see ~~your~~ pencil err [of art;
 From that principal character."

"Doctor," she said, "O will you stay
 And take your dinner here to-day:
 You ~~shall~~ will hear two Artists prate
 Of Art,—and who each other hate.
 Such things there are, as lib'ral arts
 Are known to poison human hearts,
 And their warm feelings oft supply,
 With envy base and jealousy."

—The Artists came,—“Sir, Mr. B—
 'Tis Doctor Syntax; Mr. G—,”
 The dinner soon appear'd in view,
 And pass'd as other dinners do:
 But with the fruit the talk began,
 And thus around the table ran.

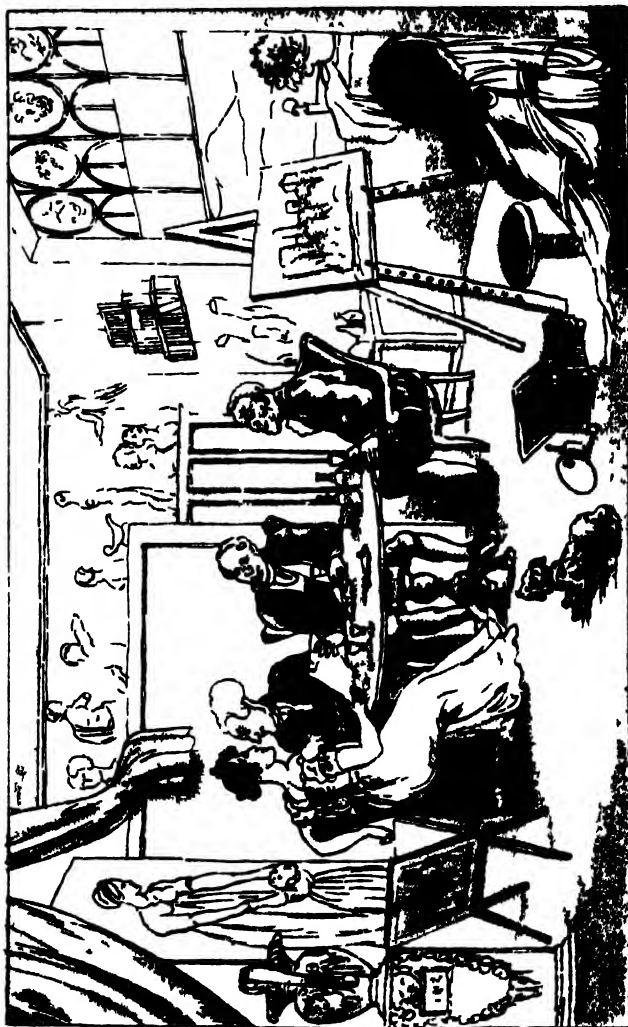
—Said Syntax, “I my wonder own
 Where a fair lady's art is shown,
 That among all the figures here,
 The god of Love does not appear.”
 —“We know professors of the art,”
 Says G—, “have got him quite by
 We want no model, do you see, [heart;
 Of this familiar deity:

Sure am I that I'm not so stupid,
 But sleeping I could paint a Cupid.”
 —“I wish you would the trouble take
 To paint a Cupid when awake,”
 Said titt'ring B—; “I know'twould
 prove

A very sleepy god of Love.” [said,
 “Have done, have done,” Miss Pallet
 “The Passion shall be well display'd,
 Not as a Painter's eye may view it,
 But as the Doctor's tongue can do it;—
 And, therefore, Sirs, I humbly move
 That he may speak his thoughts on
 Love.”—

“'Tis a nice theme,” Syntax replied,
 “But ladies must not be denied:
 Mine are peculiar thoughts I fear,
 And I ask candour's self to hear.
 —The passion which commands the
 heart

Is, in this world, a thing apart;
 And throughout life as we may learn
 Has nothing like a fix'd concern:
 It makes fools wise, and wise men
 But not by any written rules. [fools,
 Love, as recording history shows,
 Leads wisdom often by the nose:
 Nature does female weakness arm
 With that inexplicable charm



Reynolds

THE ARTIST'S ROOM

That oft, without exterior grace,
Or piercing eye, or lovely face,
Or e'en the alluring power of wit,
Makes all presuming man submit;
Assumes the full domestic reign,
And sees him smile to wear the
chain.

It is a secret sympathy,
A hidden power that doth decree,
As in the world we often see,
Natures the most oppos'd to join
At the matrimonial shrine;
Nay, has been often known to match
Affection warm with hands that
scratch;

And e'en in Hymen's net trepan,
The polish'd Peer and blowzy Nan.
Such the effect, but then the cause
Is work'd by Nature's hidden laws,
And if you ask me to explain
The whys and wherefores, 'tis in vain,
I cannot, and think no man can."

—"The Doctor knows the human
heart," [Art?]

Says B—, "but can he talk of
—"That," says the lady, "will ap-
pear:

If you will listen, you shall hear.

—"What think you of this sketch,
my friend?"—

"In every part I do commend
Its force, its freedom," Syntax said;
When either Artist shook his head.
The Doctor then, in prudence clos'd
The observations he propos'd:
But this continued,—"May I ask,
Should it be no unpleasant task,
To tell me, if the Arts abound
And flourish fair in British ground,
Where Science is so largely found?"
—"O no," 'twas said, "they're going
down,

There's scarce an Artist of renown."

The Sage then mention'd many a name
That dwelt upon the lips of Syntax.

"O no," they said; then, shrug-
ging, With many a shrug, they ran them
down,

And only differ'd in degree,
As they let loose their calumny.
This colour'd not, that wanted vigour,
A third knew nothing of the figure:—
Thus, having clos'd their critic law,
They Syntax ask'd if he could draw:
When he his ready pencil took,
And in the blank page of a book,
Design'd a gallows from which swung
Two figures that by cordage hung.

"Pray," it was said, "who may be
those?"

They are two murderers, I suppose."

"Yes," Syntax said, "of my forma-
tion,

They're murderers of REPUTATION."

—B— a short time in silence sat,
Then slid away and took his hat:
The other sought the self-same track,
Nor said adieu, nor e'er came back.

"I think the lecture I have given,
Has not sent your good friends to
Heaven,"

Syntax observ'd. "No," 'twas re-
plied,

"O what a lesson to their pride,
Which, if we could their feelings trace,
Has sent them to another place.—
Though they have merit which is
known,

They hate all merits but their own:
They cordially detest each other,
But both will join 't about another.
They're useful to me in my
And both lay claim to my poor heart;
But when they make their talents
known,

I laughing vow 'tis fled and gone:

Still they are faithless ; but to you,
I may declare that it is true ;
Though with calm patience I must
wait

Till the stars smile upon my fate.—
And now, dear Sir, I beg and pray,
Come often while in town you stay,
And be assur'd whene'er you come,
To none but you I'll be at home !"

Syntax took leave with great de-
light,

In hopes to pass a tranquil night,
Without one unpropitious thought
Which a day's hurry might have
brought :

But, at his door, attendant care,
In Pat's pale face was waiting there.
With something like a wat'ry eye
Pat said, "I fear poor Punch will
die.

I did not know where you were gone,
That I might ask what should be done :
But as I knew you would not spare
Expense to save the poor old mare,
I did the best assistance claim,
And Doctor Glanders quickly came :
I know not what he might discover,
But I am sure he gives her over.

Your Reverence—but to hear her moan,
And Oh !—so like a Christian groan,
Yes, it would melt a heart of stone."

—"My good friend Pat, what can I
do ?

The poor beast I must leave to you.
Go, take your ale to soothe your sor-
row,

And see me early on the morrow."
—Pat takes his orders—op'd the door
And said, "Poor Punch, Sir, is no
more,

How oft have I the mare bestrode,
In field, through woods, and on the
road !

Poor thing, she knew my voice as well
As the flock knows its leader's bell !
I've brush'd her grey skin o'er and o'er,
But I shall rub her down no more !"
—"Now, Pat, I pray you hold your
peace,"

The Doctor said, "your wailing cease :
I'm sorry that I've lost the mare,
But 'tis a loss which I can bear :
It is not worth this mighty pother ;
She's gone, and we must get another :
Yet I will, for old Punch's sake,
Go and all due enquiry make,
And hear the stable people state,
What caus'd her unexpected fate."
Syntax arriv'd, when Glanders there
Was looking at the breathless mare ;
And soon an angry conflict rose,
Big with hard words that threaten'd
blows.— [the sago.

"What caus'd her death, Sir," ask'd
"Hard work," old Glanders said,
"and age." [a Turk,

S. "What, do you think I'm such
To kill the mare by over-work,
Who did, I say, for years conduce
Both to my pleasure and my use ;
Whate'er my many faults may be,
I ne'er fail'd in humanity ;
This, my whole life, I trust will show,
And all who long have known me,
know.

Nay, from your looks, it is a chance,
But she died from your ignorance."

G. "Four hundred miles, though
travell'd slow,

At her old age you must allow
Is hardish work.—What say you now ?
I tell you too, I drew my knowledge
From the Veterinary College.

John Gaffer, shape, I pray appear,
You know, at least, that many a year,
I with success have practis'd here.



DEATH OF PUNCH

APRIL 19, 1911

Again I say, and you may stare,
It was hard work that kill'd your
mare." [hand itches,

—"Oh! Oh!" cried Pat, "how my
Thou guinea pig, in boots and breeches,
To trounce thee well.—Thou lying
sinner,

To beat thee I would lose my dinner!"
—Glanders deign'd not to make reply,
But, with grave look and leering eye,
Just utter'd, "Here is my account,
And I now beg the small amount."
Syntax began to fume and vapour,
And tore at once the dirty paper.

Within the house his voice was heard,
When the yard's masters soon appear'd,
And did in humblest terms request,
The Doctor's rage might be suppress.
"Though of strange form and un-
couth feature,

Old Glanders is a useful creature;
And though his ways are coarse and
He is with ample skill endued, [rude,
And is pursued by hourly calls
For all the ails of animals;
Nay, does his ready aid supply,
From sporting stable to the sty.
Indeed, I think, if skill or care
Could have preserv'd your old grey
mare,

She would not have been laying there.
Leave, Sir, this business all to me,
It is beneath your dignity;
And, if another horse you buy,
My judgment shall its aid supply."

—Smiles and kind words, how great
their skill,

To regulate the wayward will!
And, in this out-of-humour hour,
Syntax was soften'd by their power.

"Thank you," he said, "my honest
friend,

To your good counsel I attend."

Then spoke, as round his eyes he
threw, [adieu!"

"Pat, come with me,—poor Punch,
"An' please you, I ne'er say'd,"
says Pat,

"Since my round head has worn a hat,
I'll employ my fists as on that fellow,
That half-grown, o'er-grown Pun-
chinello!" [tongue;

Said Syntax, "Prithee hold thy
I fear that we have both been wrong;
And, when we do our errors find,
'Tis well to give them to the wind,
And with more care our way pursue
In what we yet may have to do."

Good, rev'rend man, with all thy
knowledge, [lege,
First gain'd at school, enlarg'd at col-
And by hard study still improv'd
In the long track where thought has
mov'd; [worth,

With thy strict honour, gen'rous
And all those virtues which have birth
In the warm, unpolluted heart,
Where cunning low or tutor'd art
Was never, never known to dwell,
Whence all that know thee, love thee
With Piety that from above [well;
Has caught the flame of sacred love,
That, not confin'd to time or place,
Extends to all the human race;
With all that thou hast known and
seen

In the wild space that lies between
The time when on the chin appears
Manhood's first down, to fifty years;
With that shrewd and sagacious mind
That can the depths of learning find,
And with a critic eye explore
The dubious paths of ancient lore,
Draw hidden knowledge from the
night

Of ages past, and give it light;

With this and all your boasted care,
 You see not the insidious snare
 That female frolic does prepare,
 Not to seek vice within its bower,
 For that is not within her power,
 Nor, to say truth doth her design
 To such dark malice e'er incline ;
 But 'tis to make you play the fool,
 To be the sport of ridicule,
 To make you in the mischief chime,
 As buffoon in the pantomime,
 And hold your fancies up to view,
 T' amuse her half-bred, giggling crew,
 In such a way, and such a place,
 As might be bord'ring on disgrace.—
 —It almost makes me melancholy,
 To think my pen must tell your folly ;
 But still I can with safety say,
 When you, my friend, from wisdom
 stray,

It is your virtues that betray,
 Or failings which, to good allied,
 Are fighting seen by virtue's side.
 Such are the sources, I well know,
 From which your venial errors flow ;
 But with them all, I wish most true,
 That I were half as good as you.
 —For how can the mind's eye see clear,
 When vanity presents the ear ?
 How can suspicion close the heart,
 When grateful thoughts their warmth
 impart ?

How can its fond belief deny,
 When urg'd by sensibility ?
 How turn away and not attend,
 When beauty says, I am your friend :
 And when it adds, my friendship use,
 Can the kind spirit then refuse ?—
 —But I cease to philosophise
 The unthought follies of the wise ;
 And, my kind friend, shall lay be-
 lieve ye,
 The future progress of the story.

The Doctor now employ'd his pen,
 In letters kind to Sommerden :
 With feelings rather grave than gay,
 He pass'd a sentimental day ; [cheer'd
 Though a late evening hour was
 When Vellum's smiling face appear'd.
 They smok'd their pipes and chatted
 The topics of the passing hour. [o'er
 At length 'twas said, "I here have
 brought, &

As matter for your future thought,
 A written paper that contains
 What I propose as mutual gains,
 Which will, as you may clearly see,
 Transfer your manuscript to me."
 Syntax the paper keenly eyed,
 And thus without reserve, replied :
 "I own your very liberal feelings,
 My friend, in all our former dealings,
 And I'm content, I must avow,
 With what you're pleas'd to offer now,
 And then I throw into account,
 Your kindness with its full amount,
 What I expected to receive
 Is less than you propose to give."
 —The solemn contract thus agreed,
 Without delay in word and deed,
 Old Vellum, when away he went,
 Left Syntax, like himself, content.
 —The literary business done,
 And the pleas'd Doctor now alone,
 On what was pass'd in accents grave,
 His candour thus its judgment gave.
 —"He acted with a tradesman's care,
 But all I've seen was right and fair,
 And I in justice must commend
 His conduct as a civil friend ;
 And should I hear abuse of Vellum,
 I would in strong expressions tell 'em,
 This reputable man of letters
 Is just and generous as his betters."
 Next morning as he calmly took
 His coffee, poring o'er a book,



THE ADVERTISEMENT FOR A WIFE

Howland

A letter from Ma'am Brikit came,
That did his quick attention claim.
He broke the seal, then rubb'd his head,
And thus aloud the epistle read.

"Try, MY DEAR DOCTOR, all your
art,

To make yourself supremely smart,
For ere 'tis mid-day you will see
Two pleasing objects, I think three,
To claim your fond idolatry.
But then they will not come alone,
Each has a friend to make her known,
Because, to speak their sev'ral state,
Must shock you as indelicate.
A kind aunt will on one attend,
Another as a guardian friend,
And, with the youngest of the three,
You will a tender mother see.
Either of them will suit you well;
I've seen them all, and all excel
In diff'rent ways perhaps, but still,
If in my sex I've any skill,
They must your utmost wish fulfil:
Your heart, of course, will fix on one,
And then the important deed is done.
I've been to my commission true,
And so, my dear Divine, adieu!
While I possess the power to frik it,
I shall be yours,

SURANNA BRISKIT."

The Doctor cou'n'd the letter o'er,
And thoughts arose unthought before:
Nay strange suspicions now began
To raise upon the inner man;
And ere he could arrange his view
Of what it were now best to do,

About the door a certain stir
Announc'd a two-fold visit.
The elder said, "Sir, if you please,
Permit me to present my niece."
But the prim lady scarce had spoke,
When in a voice like raven's croak,
Another said, "I here attend,
As counsellor to this my friend,
Who for your sake would feel a pride
In laying widow's weeds aside."
Another at that moment came,
A somewhat of a dashing dame.
"My daughter, Sir, I here present,
Th' excess of all accomplishment."
—Syntax, observing on each face,
A certain smother of grimace,
"Pat, I command you keep the door,
Nor entrance give to any more."
He then exclaim'd, "And now, I pray,
What, ladies fair, have you to say?"
—In a strange kind of bustling hum,
They in succession answer'd thus.
—"I am first cousin to a Lord,
And therefore claim your earliest
word."
—"My niece is of superior age,
And should the first your ear engage."
—"My child is youngest of the three,
As at a glance, Sir, you may see,
And if you bide by love's decorum,
She, Doctor, should be heard before
'em."
—"Ladies," he said, "I plainly see
The tricks that you would play with
me,
In all that's said, in all that's done,
I see 'tis Mistress Brikit's fun;
I feel I am a very fool,
And well deserve your ridicule:
But if you do not quickly go,
A constable the way shall show."
—"Was ever anything so rude!
Was ever such ingratitude?"

About the room their tongues re-
sounded

And 'twas confusion worse confounded.

"We came not here for nought you
know,

And we will kiss you ere we go ;

For though we do not gain our ends,

Pray, sweet Sir, let us part as friends,

We only claim what is our due,

And each expects a kiss from you."

—The Doctor did defence prepare,

And barricaded with a chair,

But what, alas, was to be done,

'Twas fearful odds, 'twas six to one.

Thus they the angry sage assail'd,

He kick'd and fought, but they pre-
vail'd.

Urg'd by his passion, as by shame,

Thus loudly did the Sage exclaim,

"Pat, turn these beldames out, I pray,

O make them, make them brush away,

By any means, or smooth or rough,

I care not how you get them off."

Says Pat, "I hear, Sir, your com-
mands,

I'll take the ladies off your hands !

And now I beg, my pretty dears,

That you will lay aside your fears ;

I'll do your ladyships no harm,

I'll kiss you well, and make you warm.

So come along, my sweetest honies,

For love like mine hates ceremonies."

He kept his word, with no small
bustling, [rustling,

Muslins were torn and silks were

And as they glided tow'ards the stair,

He smok'd and slapp'd each passing
fair,

But the muses must not mention where.

—Pat, who was now in all his glory,

Thus hurried onward with his story :

"Sir, as the party went down stairs

With frowning looks and humbled airs,

And halted on the landing place,
To brush up their disorder'd graces,

I bid them send their Mrs. Briskit,

Just to visit us and frik it,

As we had a rod in pickling,

To give her fancy such a tickling,

That with all her fine pretences,

Would soon restore her to her senses.

Something of this kind she will play,

As her maids told me, ev'ry day.

Nay, would you think, Sir, this
sweet jewel,

Once drove her husband to a duel ;

Who stood a shot to make amends

For her mad fits of odds and ends !"

—"All's well that ends well, honest
Pat,

So we will think no more of that,"

The Doctor said, and, tir'd of riot,

He sought the sofa's lulling quiet,

Resign'd to sleep's oblivious power,

Till time announc'd the dinner hour.

It may have been before observ'd,

The Doctor's stomach never swerv'd

From all those duties, morn or night,

Which wait on genuine appetite ;

His spirits therefore now had gain'd

The strength by dainty food attain'd ;

And as he did the goblet quaff,

He found himself dispos'd to laugh,

And not to think, with fretful spleen,

At the past morning's senseless scene,

Though, with self-taunting ridicule,

He would just call himself a fool.

—This evening he was quite alone,

Patrik and Mrs. Broom were gone,

And, as he pac'd the chamber floor,

His journey past he ponder'd o'er ;

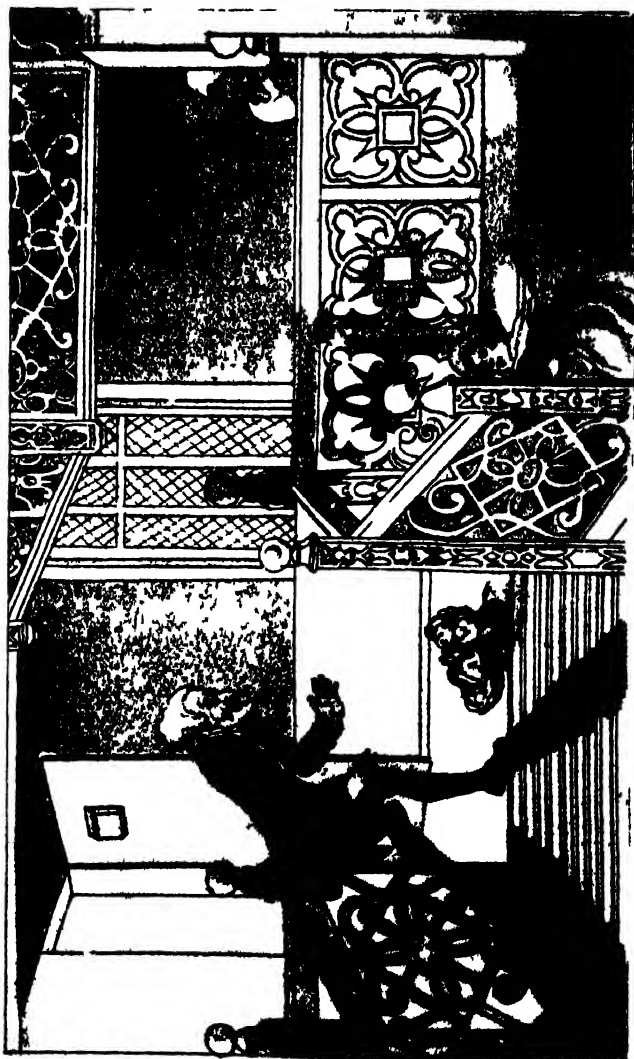
And though his hopes it did not crown,

Yet many pleasures he must own,

He had in its long circuit known ;

Mix'd up indeed with various whim,

That was familiar quite to him.



DR SYNTAX AND THE FINDLING

Am. 12/15/25

For still he felt the Quixote spirit,
Which he was destin'd to inherit
From his long past, e'en boyish age,
To that which now had dubb'd him
sage.

—He had his little bus'ness done,
And it was time he should be gone:
Still he another week would stay,
And for his mere amusement stray
About this wond'rous town, to see
What wakens curiosity.
Nor was this all, poor Punch had died,
Her vacant stall must be supplied;
And, now his mind was more at ease,
On the fair Artist's power to please,
He dwelt, and on the ample measure
She could dispense of solid pleasure,
So that he did, at least, refer
A day to reason and to her.

—Thus as he turn'd his projects o'er,
A rap resounded at the door.

"Well! Well!" he thought, "what
can this be,

To break in on my reverie?
Old Vellum ne'er so late would come
As 'tis his time for gadding home."
He op'd the door, and 'gan to stare,
For lo, no visitor was there:
But, looking onward to the floor,
There was a basket cover'd o'er
With a warm blanket, which, remov'd,
The covering of an infant prov'd:
There a sweet, lovely baby slept,
And look'd as if it ne'er had wept.
Syntax, now all amazement said,
Or rather lift his hands and pray'd,
"O save me, Heaven, what shall I
do?"

Exclaiming on a closer view,
"And Heaven I trust will save thee
too!"

—A neigh'ring Lawyer op'd his door,
The exclamation to explore,

When Syntax, all amazement, said,
"Here at my door a child is laid."

"Well," the Attorney then replied,
"By no law is it specified,
That you're oblig'd to take it in."

"But think," said Syntax, "what a
sin,
To leave the infant here to lie
Throughout the night,—perhaps to
die!"

It would be murder in my creed,
And my heart shudders at the deed."
The Lawyer then withdrew the light,
Said, "Wish you joy, and so good-
night."—

A message soon reach'd Mrs. Broom,
With orders instantly to come.
Short was her period of complying,
For she thought Syntax must be dying;
But when she came and found him well,
How she began her joy to tell.

"But then, Sir, why this mighty
hurry?"

I really am in such a flurry!"
"It is the same," he said, "with me,
Beneath that cloth the cause you'll
see."

And then he told the history.

"O," she exclaim'd, "the wretched
creature.

That thus could violate her nature!
Indeed, Sir, it may not be civil,
But such a mother is a devil!"

"Good Mrs. Broom, that may be true,
But say what are we now to do,
For we must instantly prepare
To make this innocence our care."

"O 'tis a charming babe," she said,
"As ever was in cradle laid.

O such a cherub to destroy,
But is it, Sir, a girl or boy?"
The Sage replied, "Pray look and see,
For that is yet unknown to me."

She on her nose the glasses plac'd,
And the sweet, sleeping figure trac'd ;
" O," she exclaim'd, " the truth I
scan ;

When he grows up he'll be a man !
'Tis well, Sir, that it is no worse,
For I now know a ready nurse,
And ere that you are gone to rest,
The babe shall find a milky breast."
The Doctor then the foundling eyed,
And thus in soften'd tones replied.
" Let the same tender love be shown,
As if the infant were my own :
I leave the creature to thy care,
Nor oost nor fondest caution spare."
He kiss'd the infant as it went,
Then smil'd, for goodness beam'd
content.

—'Twas a droll day, few such we see,
But such the Doctor's destiny.

At morn, three would-be-wives be-
sought him ;

At night, a new-born child was
brought him :

But these strange haps did not molest
The tranquil temper of his breast ;
Nor did it cause a wakeful eye,
When the slow, midnight hour drew
nigh.

—Sweet are the slumbers of the good,
And Syntax slept as virtue should.

The morning came, and Pat ap-
pear'd

Full of the story he had heard,
With feelings of parental care ;
But still of anger no small share
'Gainst those who brought the infant
there.

He did not fear the child would perish,
He knew there was a heart to cherish,
Nor ever to the parish send it,
But where 'twas left would there be-
friend it

—At length there with the laundress
came,

An humble, curtsying, comely dame,
Of pleasing aspect, neatly dress'd,
With the poor foundling at her breast,
Where active instinct seem'd to cling
As if it were its native spring.

" Last week," she said, " I lost my
own,

And I will nurse this little one,
With all the fond and tender care
As if my child were milking there.

Who knows, dear Sir, but, on my word,
I think its sire may be a Lord.

Dear heart, the linen is so fine,
And work'd with such a nice design,
Nay, here and there, with flow'rs beset,
My fancy sees a Coronet !"

" Heaven," said the Doctor, " only
knows

To whom the babe existence owes ;
But this I know, and will not spare,

To whom it owes a parent's care :
Therefore, good woman, I commend

Its wants to you, and pray attend,
As if th' unconscious infant had

Some rake of title for its dad,
Who for your service paid you well,

That you might not the secret tell.
I have no other anxious wish,

But from the full, and flowing dish
Which nature gives you, it may share

Its wonted meal, with ev'ry care,
Till the due weaning hour demands

Increas'd attention at your hands ;
When I shall leave a faithful friend

Who to your counsel will attend,
And whose kind power is well prepar'd

To satisfy and to reward.
For, while I live, the life that Heaven

Has thus to my protection given,
Shall want no necessary care

That Christian duty bids prepare."

The nurse each promise kind profess'd,
And clasp'd the infant to her breast;
While Mrs. Broom with fond surprise,
Applied her apron to her eyes.

The good folks wept and then they
smil'd, [child;

Bless'd the good deed and kiss'd the
Nor took their leave with signs of
sorrow, [row.

When told to bring him there to-mor-
Syntax who felt his tutor'd heart
Was doubly fitted to impart
Those higher feelings, which bestow
The wish, to lessen human woe,
Or do their active powers employ,
To aid the flow of human joy,
Bade his thoughts range that they
might find

A spot just suited to his mind;
If not, to pass the day alone
Was a resource to him well known.
But 'twas not long ere reason's voice,
With pleasure join'd, declar'd the
choice.

Miss Pallet's study was the place
Where he should find a smiling face,
Which would with brighten'd eye
declare

An unaffected welcome there.

—He went, she saw, and rang the bell,
When she was heard aloud to tell
Th' attendant maid, "Let who will
Remember I am not at home. [come,
"Tis a vain moment I allow,"

She added, "but I would bestow,
If such a phrase I dare avow,
A day upon my learned friend,
Which his warm favour may com-
mend,

And on his kind remembrance shine,
As it will ever do in mine."

—Here the delighted Doctor sat
In grave debate or lively chat,

With no vain folly to deride him,
But with attention's ear beside him.
And such a mind, where he could pour
His sage instruction's treasure'd lore:
Nay, whence 'twould be return'd
again,

In accents soft and humble strain.
At length, fish, ham and roasted
chicken, [picking:
With peas and tart, form'd pretty
Nor was there wanting port or sherry,
Which would have made him more
than merry,

If he had wanted mode or measure
To aid his sense of present pleasure.
Miss too from Pat contriv'd to glean,
That, to complete the social scene,
A pipe the afternoon would bless
With unexpected happiness:
And when she did the tube command,
He bent his knee and kiss'd the hand
That did the cherish'd gift present,
Which gave perfection to content.
—Such was the sentimental dust:

With pleasure does my fancy view it:
The wise, the kind instructor he,
The pleas'd, attentive list'ner she;
Receiving all his words pursued
With beaming smiles of gratitude.
She was a fine accomplish'd creature,
A student of those powers of nature,
That clothe the earth, and charm the
With ravishing variety: [eye

And though with sister-arts endow'd,
She was too virtuous to be proud,
But kept the course we seldom see,
From ev'ry vain pretension free,
And grac'd with calm humility.
They talk'd of art, the room around
Did with fine specimens abound;
And o'er the window open'd wide
On rising hills and flowing tide,
Which her fine pencil goes to hide

An old, beplaster'd dismal wall
That cross'd th' opposing interval.
—Her beauty was a certain grace
That play'd about her air and face,
And a mark'd unassuming sense,
Was cloth'd with artless eloquence;
While his Quixotic mind enshrined
The embellish'd pictures of her mind.
Nor did they thoughts on Love deny,
When the fair Artist heav'd a sigh,
Though she ne'er ventur'd to explain
The cause of her restless pain;
She only said she must endure it,
And that hope told her time would
cure it.

E'en by her silence it was shown
That her fond heart was not her own.
So that if he did then incline
To say, "I wish thou would'st be
mine,"

He saw and heard enough to prove,
'Twas not for him to offer love.

With Syntax and his *Idol mio*
Who would not wish to form a trio,
When, sometimes grave and some-
times gay,
The lengthen'd evening pass'd away.
—The Doctor was forewarn'd by pride
Ma'am Briskit's impudence to hide,
And, therefore, he made nothing
known

Of folly he had blush'd to own;
But with a tear and half a smile
That did his feelings reconcile,
He told the squalling's curious lot,
And what a present he had got.
By some it would be thought dis-
tressing, [ing.

But he,—that it would prove a bless-
—A blessing where a poster was given
—Obey the first command of heaven,
And like th' Egyptian pharaoh, save
As private in the grave.

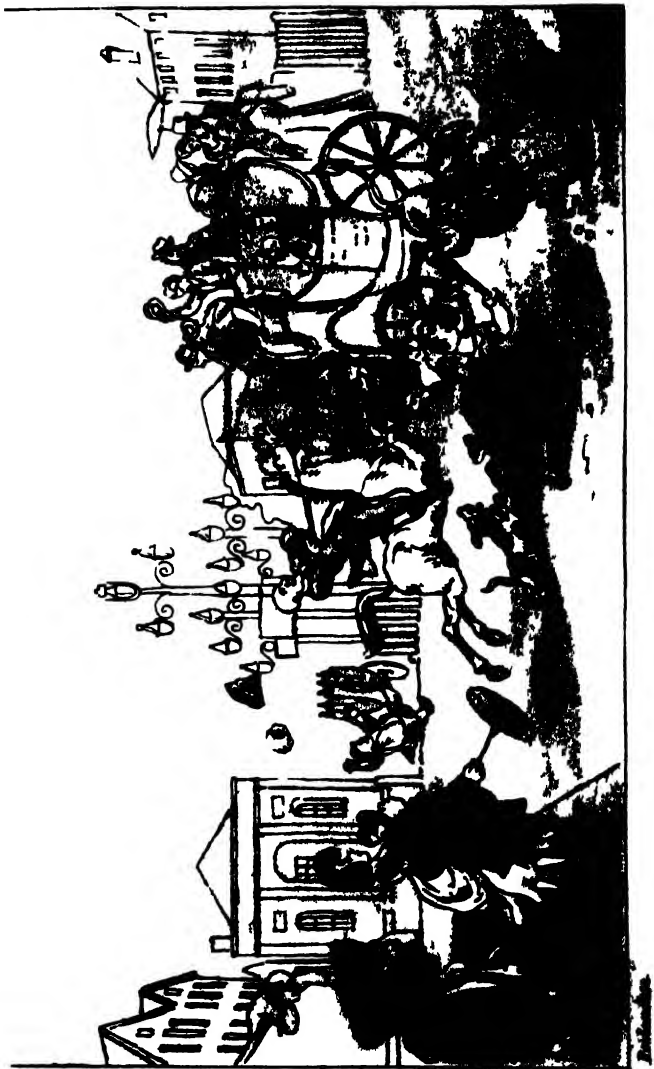
"Yes, yes," he said, "it shall receive
Each fond attention I can give,
And till a parent comes to claim
The rights of a parental name,
I will my sense of duty prove,
Nor shall it want a parent's love:
And if, my dear and charming friend,
You to its state would condescend,
If your blest charity would share,
Or watch at least the nurse's care,
Till it grows into strength to bear
A journey to my tranquil home,
Where you, I trust, will one day come,
I will before Heaven's altar plead,
To bless you for the virtuous deed!"
"Fear not," she said, with moisten'd
"My friendship or my charity; [eye,
And, when the spring's returning
hours, [bowers,
Shall clothe with green your peaceful
The babe in all its cheriah'd charms,
Shall fill its foster-father's arms."

—The time now came when they must
part

With mutual wishes of the heart.
The fair one, with a modest grace,
Receiv'd the Doctor's kind embrace,
With promise to embrace again,
Ere he set off for Sommerden.

Next morn he ask'd the child to see,
And all was as it ought to be:
But, as the time was drawing on
When he had settled to be gone,
It now became his anxious care,
The loss unlook'd for to repair
Of Punch, that dear, departed mare.
His breakfast paper told the tale,
At Hyde Park corner, of a sale
Where he indulg'd the hope to find
A beast of burden to his mind.
Bays, chesnuts, blacks and greys were
shown,

Or for the road or field or town,



THE RESULT OF PURCHASING A BLIND HORSE

And one stout mare he chanc'd to see,
Which seem'd to suit him to a T:
Nay, while he on the creature gaz'd,
He heard its ev'ry action prais'd
By certain busy jockey buyers,
Who look'd too honest to be liars.
He bid,—the mare was soon his own,
The money paid, the bus'ness done,
And he, in gay equestrian pride,
Forth from the yard was seen to ride.
But soon his sad mistake was found;
He ne'er had ask'd if she were sound.
—What was the mischief of her nature,
Or what vagary seiz'd the creature;
What trick her hinder parts assail,
Or prickly branch to wound her tail,
Which stable frolic might impel,
Though I suspect, I cannot tell.
But she set off at such a rate
That, as she pass'd the turnpike-gate,
The toll-man well nigh met his fate.
Away the hat and peruke flew,
A cabbage-merchant he o'erthrew;
And while she in the highway lay'd,
Her angry donkey kick'd and bray'd;
Nay, nought could check the wild
mare's rage

But running headlong 'gainst a stage:
Which caus'd a scene of wild distress,
That language knows not to express.
Half-breathless and with naked pate
Syntax on his mad palfry sat;
While she at length obey'd the reins,
Stopp'd by the shock which shook her
brains,

The inner passengers alarm'd,
Scream'd from affright, though none
were harm'd;

While from the dickey and the roof,
Was heard the loud and coarse reproof,
Mix'd with loud laugh and scolding
gossip,

As the unconscious coach drove on.

The Doctor with astonish'd air,
Dismounted from the trembling mare,
And soon, alas, was taught to find,
The unwelcome secret—she was blind.
'Tis well that for the Doctor's cost,
No limb was broke nor life was lost,
And half-a-score of shillings paid,
For all the tricks that had been play'd.
The wand'ring hat and wig were
sought [brought;

Which on a poor sweep's head were
Who met them on his road to town,
And proudly wore them as his own.
—Just in the midst of this disaster,
Pat had now haply reach'd his master,
And, with the sightless mare, they
sought [bought;
The place where she had just been
When Syntax loudly 'gan to preach
Or rather to let forth a speech,
When he so talk'd of rogues and
cheating, [beating:
That certain horsewhips threaten'd
But Pat stood forth, and boldly vow'd,
Whoever such an insult show'd
Should ne'er again speak out a treat,
Or lift an angry hand to beat,
Wielding a pretty piece of wood
That would have made his promise
good.

But as he still continued railing,
And, in harsh terms, the place assail-
ing,

Nay, did in venom'd language strike
Buyers and sellers, all alike,
The Doctor might have found disgrace
Among the sharp set jockey race;
But so it was, a friend was nigh
To calm his rash perplexity.
The kind and friendly Barrett
Whom he some years ago had met,
In his first journey to the North,
And known for equities and worth,

Who, shaking Syntax by the hand,
Could scarce a bursting laugh com-
mand,

Thinking to what a market he
Had brought his learn'd philosophy,
And, in his Greek and Latin trade,
What a blind purchase he had made:
"My wonder there is no concealing,"
The Knight exclaim'd, "to find you
dealing

In this far-fam'd equestrian college,
Where all your stores of various
knowledge

Would be as useless as the stone
Which you now chance to stand upon.
But now, my friend, take no more
care

About this awkward, strange affair.
I am a Yorkshire man, and breed
For this same market many a steed,
And I, my rev'rend friend, will see
Into this same rascality:

I will take care that you shall find
The bus'ness settled to your mind.
I therefore counsel you to pop
Your head in some Bookseller's shop,
And there your vacant time amuse
Till four, with chit-chat or the news;
Then for my dinner pray prepare,
On the south side of Portman Square,
And let your servant too be there."

"Thank you, good Sir, and I obey,"
Was all the Doctor had to say.

Scarcely it at the hour of four,
Sir John repeat'd him at his door,
With "Your foul ugly matter's o'er.
I've swap'd your grey mare for a bay,
And you have not a doit to pay:
A useful, handsome, trav'ling hack,
As e'er had Doctor on its back;
And if your sturdy valet's come,
He may now mount and take her
home."

Orders were given, and smiling Pat,
With many a doffing of his hat,
Was quickly seen, with sprightly air,
Trotting the purchase cross the
Square.

Syntax, with all that powerful
feeling [rous dealing,
Which good hearts catch from gen'-
Said little, rather he said nought;
His mind involv'd in grateful thought.
Check'd the quick impulse of his
tongue,

Till, dinner o'er, the glasses rung;
When Burgundy and briak Cham-
pagne

Awoke the gay, convivial strain,
The Doctor told his hist'ry o'er,
Sir John delighted wish'd for more.
And Time, as it was growing late,
Broke up at length the tête-à-tête.
But ere the well-fed Doctor went,
Contented he, his host content,
The latter did his wishes tell
Before he said, good-night, farewell!

"You say, that ere three days are past
You tow'rd's your northern home must
haste;

Now let me tell you, ere a day
Is clos'd, as you pursue your way,
You will a stately mansion see,
Where you must stop and ask for me;
There dwells a noble Lord whose worth
Equals your patrons in the North,
And as a truth I'm pleas'd to tell,
Whom I admire and love as well.

In him the image you will see
Of noble hospitality;
By whom your worth will be discern'd
And learning known, for he is learn'd.
To-morrow I this place shall seek,
Where I prepare to pass a week,
And you will do yourself much wrong,
If you remain not there as long;

Nay, I myself will smoothe the way,
Or for your short or longer stay."

—Syntax, when, op'ning on his mind
Honour and luxury combin'd,
And where his dazzled eyes would see
Life in its rich embroidery,
Express'd in a most joyous measure
Both his obedience and his pleasure.

—He took his leave,—the hour was
late,

[Gate,
As he return'd through Gray's Inn
When he found Pat his vigils keeping,
In snoring and most soundly sleeping,
Who, after many a hurried shake
That did the o'erpow'ring stupor wake,
Would, in exulting tones declare,
The virtues of the purchas'd mare,
Whom all announc'd as safe and sound,
And must have cost full threescore
pound.

[have done,"
This and much more,—“Have done,
Syntax exclaim'd, “The clock strikes
one!”

When, with the day's fatigue oppress'd,
His bed he sought, and sunk to rest.

The morrow was a busy day:

For his departure no delay
Th' impatient Doctor would admit;
London he now resolv'd to quit;
Nay, thought it could not be too soon,
Why not that very afternoon?"
To Pat he made his wishes known,
With orders that all might be done
To quicken the departing hour
Which would commence his home-
ward tour.

But Pat just hinted they must stay,
For packing due, another day,
As the soil'd linen was just sent
To wash-tub's cleansing management,
And certain clothes, from rents and
tears,

Wage at the tailor's for repairs.

Now, as th' unwelcome truths he told,
The room door open'd, and behold
Good Mrs. Broom,—when with her
came

Thesmirking, curtsying, comely dame,
Who smiling on the foundling's
charms,

Would place it in the Doctor's arms.
He, half-afraid and half-asham'd,
Refus'd the boon, when she exclaim'd,

“You need not fear, depend upon't,
You've held five hundred at the font,
And do not, Sir, look grave and
frown,

I'm sure you'll love it as your own.”
It was not that his heart relented

Or of its charity repented;
But that he saw another cause,
In present haste, to make a pause;
That a whole day might be beguil'd
In some provision for the child.

At length, howe'er, the babe he kiss'd,
And when he had the charge dismiss'd,
He told the laundress to apply
To the parochial ministry

That ev'ry sacred rite be done,
And the poor child be christen'd John.
He order'd too, that twice each week,
The nurse should dear Miss Pallet
seek,

Who would o'er all its wants preside,
As a kind patroness and guide.

“But let me ask, for, in this town,”
The Doctor said, “strange things are
done,

How shall I know, when, brought to
me,

It is the self-same child I see;
And that the foundling does not come
A changeling to my distant home!”

“Fear not,” she answer'd, “I will
show

A sign by which the child you'll know;

It is not in the baby's face,
Nor do I choose to name the place :
A Strawberry, as blushing red,
As when it ripens on its bed,
Does on a certain part appear,
Though I, Sir, must not tell you where;
Nay, it is such a curious mark,
That you may feel it in the dark.
The mother, when increas'd in waist,
Long'd, I suppose, the fruit to taste.
And, as her wish was not obtain'd,
Th' unconscious child this mark has
gain'd.—

When I was big, Sir, with my Stephen,
Who now is singing hymns in Heaven,
I long'd for pork—I'm not mistaken,
And the dear child was mark'd with
bacon ;

Nay, at the time when beans were ripe
It grew more like its prototype,
And never fail'd to meet the eye
In vegetating sympathy.
The mother's longing makes it so,
As Doctors say,—and they should
know."

The Sage, who was his coffee taking,
Laugh'd till his very sides were shak-
ing ;

And, waken'd to a lively key,
By Goody Broom's philosophy,
He lost at once his teasing sense,
Of hurry and impatience,
And thus determin'd to delay
His journey to another day :
And with Miss Pallet to enjoy,
Without alloy, without alloy,
The hours that might remain his own
Ere he forsook the smoky town.
To her his willing steps he bent,
And as her list'ning ear she lent,
He told his plans, unveil'd his cares,
Display'd what were his hopes and
fears,

His purpose ne'er again to roam
From his lake-side and pleasant home ;
Nor more indulge in fancy's dream,
Or let the air-built flatt'ring scheme
Of worldly interest, turn aside
His mind from reason as its guide ;
But while the allotted moments pass,
As the sands lessen in the glass,
By duty's ordinance to move
In the straight path of social love ;
T' enjoy the various good that's given,
To seek and teach the way to heaven,
And cheerful view the curtain fall,
The common fate that waits us all.

I do not mean to reason why
('Tis not in my philosophy,)
A dainty dinner meal inherits
The power to elevate the spirits ;
But this I know, that Syntax never
Appear'd so lively or so clever,
As when he found superior work
For the display of knife and fork :
Thus when the Lady's dinner came,
The mild and sentimental flame,
By lively sallies was suppress'd
And yielded to the active zest,
Which, at the table and long after,
Made dear Miss Pallet burst with
laughter.

But, as the time drew nigh to part,
More solemn thoughts resum'd his
heart,
And the fair Artist thus combin'd
The sense of her reflecting mind.
—" Your high renown, dear Sir, for
learning,
Is far beyond my weak discerning ;
But still, I surely may aspire
To feel as well as to admire
The eloquence and brilliant wit,
That does each rising object fit ;
And humour that ne'er passes by
The offer'd opportunity.

Yet I must own that I prefer
The dignity of character,
Which, leaving frolic out of sight,
Does the mind's higher taste delight,
The nobler sense which virtue loves,
And while it pleasure gives, improves;
Becomes the pressing sense of pain,
When fun plays all its tricks in vain:
Nay, e'en in sorrow's mournful hour,
It offers its consoling power;
And though tears glisten in the eyes,
The heart in smiles will sympathise.
—The tale that does our feelings soften,
Cannot be heard or read too often.

But laughing tricks, however treated,
Are stupid always when repeated;
When novelty no more supplies
The quick sensation of surprise,
The joke grows dull nor will beguile
The forewarn'd list'n'r e'en to smile.
The proverb says, there's nought so
So stupid as a twice-told tale. [stale,
Unless it has a higher bent
When rais'd and gemm'd by sentiment,
Then 'twill repeated pleasure give,
While the heart melts and virtues live:
And youne'er please my mind so much,
As when on those high points you touch,
Which the soul's brighter flights display

That bear me from myself away.
But you command the two-fold
power:

The solemn and the lively hour
Alike, in pleasing change submit
Or to your wisdom or your wit;
And with rare energies combin'd,
You rule the muscles and the mind.
Within the hour that's passing by,
My heart has felt a heavenly sigh,
And laughter moisten'd either eye:
But though my higher feelings bend
To the grave maxims you command,

Believe me, I am nothing loth,
In season due, to feel them both."

This and much more the Doctor
heard,

When he his foundling's suit preferr'd,
And as he urg'd her heart to move
With pitying and protecting love,
She said her utmost to content him
About the child whom Heav'n had sent
And to repay her gen'rous care, [him,
Ask'd but his blessing and his prayer.
That blessing from the heart was given,
And his prayers crav'd the grace of
Heaven:

For well he knew that pious prayer
Is sure to find admission there:
And he had learn'd the happy way,
Both how to bless and how to pray.
—A warm embrace, a fond adieu,
Clos'd this kind-hearted interview,
With hopes of time so charming, when
They both should meet at SOMMERDEN.

The morning of the following day
Did by its hurrying scene betray
His wild impatience to be gone
From this ungenial, smoky town.
Once more he saw the foundling press'd
To the fond nurse's welcome breast,
And view'd with scrutinizing eye,
The spot mark'd by the Strawberry.

His bills were then cast up and paid,
And gen'rous presents duly made,
When Mrs. Broom with active seal,
Prepar'd once more his dainty meal:
Thus did he in contentment dine,
And cocker'd up with hope and wine.
He felt the evening, as the last,
Must be with friendly Vellum past.
Nor did the Doctor fail to go
To the bright region of the Bow;
There tiff'd his punch and talk'd and
smok'd, [jok'd;

Was sometimes grave and sometimes

But when he ventur'd to explore
Th' adventure at the chamber door,
And 'gan to tell the curious tale,
Vellum cried hush ! and like a snail
Mov'd slowly onward, as in search
Of some one waiting in the lurch.
At length he said, " It is too true,
The secret I may tell to you,
I wish'd to keep my wife in view :
I sought with caution to find out,
What my good woman was about ;
For, I believe, in human nature
There ne'er was such a curious crea-
ture,

So fond to place a list'ning ear
Where'er she may a secret hear ;
But as a megrim in her head
Has sent her to an early bed,
You may, my Rev'rend Sir, proceed,
And tell of this irrev'rent deed."
—Syntax proceeded to unveil
The strange and unexpected tale,
Nor, from false shame or awkward
pride

Did he his real feelings hide :
Nay told with an expressive eye
Where last he saw a Strawberry.—
" Mercy," said Vellum, " if my dear
Had caught a tithe of what I hear,
O what a blessed curtain lecture
Might my foreboding fears conjecture !
She would, by jealousy beguil'd,
Have made me father of the child,
And sworn that you to hide my sin,
Had ta'en th' adu't'rous bantling in.
You hear Paul's look now striking ten.
And till that hour is struck again,
When the grave bus'ness of the day
Must call me from her tongue away,
She would not those revilings cease
Which interrupt domestic peace,
And every child she heard or view'd
Would have the painful scene renew'd

She also might to aid her jeers,
Have beat my wig about my ears,
For 'tis to you the truth I own,
No more than what her hand has
done ;

Nay, from the pillows, 'tis most certain
I've oft been shelter'd by the curtain.
Doctor, that Matrimonial ring,
I've found a very serious thing !
And should Poll be the first to die,
Should that be Heav'n's kind destiny,
That ring she in her shroud shall wear,
Nor will I e'er the loss repair :
Nay, when this symbol death shall
smother,

I swear, I ne'er will buy another.
—If you had said to save my bacon,
Dear Madam, you are quite mistaken,
You're not to Vellum's virtue just,
And wrongfully his love mistrust,
As I explain the facts to you,
The story's literally true ;
Had you said this and even more
Her tranquil spirit to restore,
You would have heard this warm reply,
' Doctor ! I tell you, Sir, YOU LIE !'
—Not all the water in the streams
That swell the flow of silver Thames,
No, nor the Thames, in all its pride,
When heighten'd by the ocean's tide,
No, nor all the power of reason,
Would cleanse me from the fancied
treason."

—Syntax did not the subject press
But smil'd and wish'd him all success,
In ev'ry scheme of passing life,
That might embrace or books or wife :
When Vellum thus, in flatt'ring strain,
Did certain gainful views maintain.
—" Genius like yours, profound, re-
inspiring such an active mind, [sin'd,
Cannot sit still beneath the shade
Which your name has immortal made,

But must in those pursuits engage
Which both improve and charm the
And I my services commend [age,
To my learn'd patron and my friend ;
From whom I've had a letter'd store,
And only want a little more."
" 'Tis very true," replied the sage,
" That I have many a scatter'd page,
Which I may still collect together,
In wintry nights and rainy weather :
But as I think, again in town
My time-worn phiz will not be shown,
You for your own, or for my sake,
Or both, perhaps, a tour must make,
And fetch the Learning from the
Lake."

—Thus with kind words from head
and heart,
These friendly folk were seen to part :
Vellum's rich hopes were running o'er,
And Syntax gain'd an added store
To what from Sommerden he brought,
When he with nuptial fancies fraught,
The promis'd smiles of Hymen sought.
—As he pass'd on, St. Paul's hoarse
bell
Struck, as he said, the welcome knell
Of his departure, to regain
The blessings of his Sylvan reign.
Impress'd with this delightful thought,
A calm, but short night's rest he
sought.

CANTO XXXVIII.

THE morning smil'd, and e'er the
clock
Had the mark'd hour of seven struck,
The breakfast, plac'd in order due,
Presented plenty to their view,
For Mrs. Broom had taken care
What the time could allow was there ;
And on the journey, should they
feel .
To munch a jig-jog trav'ling meal,
A sausage, big as one-pound rocket,
Had found its way to Patrick's pocket,
With such assistances as might
Give relish to the passing bite.
The nurse and foundling too were
there,
To hear a blessing and a prayer,
For those propitious smiles of Heaven
Which oft to pious hope are given.
What pass'd besides, I need not tell,
The words were kind, and meant
farewell.

The Doctor now bestrode his mare,
And calmly mov'd across the Square,
But soon more gaily trotted on,
And as he pass'd through Highgate
town,
In pensive gaze he wander'd o'er
A scene he should behold no more,
And felt inspired to invoke
St. Paul's high dome, but, ere he
spoke,
Its noble form was lost in smoke :
Nor did his Muse or mind agree
To praise what he no more could see,
Besides the creature he bestrode
Was not for thinking on the road ;
She was of an high-mettled breed,
An eager-pacing, lively steed,
Active, but a well-temper'd creature,
Sprightly her name, as was her ap-
ture ;
Not as old Grizzle e'er had been,
And as poor Punch was lately seen.

To sober paces early taught,
On whom the rider's serious thought
Might be indulg'd from trotting free,
In silence or soliloquy.
It seem'd her wish, as was her power,
To trot eight miles within the hour,
Without a touch of whip or spur
To set her motions on the stir:
Nay, 'twas alone the tighten'd rein
That could her quick'ning steps re-
strain.

The earlier hours of morn were past,
When speed repress'd, there came at
last,

To suit the Sage, the tranquil hour
When thought could re-assume its
power,

And the calm spirit of his breast
Thus weigh'd the feelings it possess'd,
"In this same matrimonial dance
It seems, I stand but little chance:
As for the widows I have seen,
They rather serv'd my mind to wean
From cheering hopes of those delights
Which ought to flow from marriage
rites.

Whoe'er those curious dames may find
In matrimonial bonds to bind,
If charms in them they chance to see,
Must have far diff'rent tastes from me.
In London I soon found 'twas vain
For me to try a bride to gain:
Alas, how I was there beguil'd!
I gain'd no wife, but found a child.
The darling Pallet might have prov'd
An object worthy to be lov'd:

But soon the fair one made it known
That her warm heart was not her own;
Nor could I hope had it been free,
She would bestow that heart on me.
With charms she does from nature
claim,

And fortune waiting upon fame,

To favour I could ne'er pretend
But as a fond, admiring friend.
Such then has been my outward tour:
Nor can I hope from fortune's store,
My journey home will give me more."

—In such a semi-grumbling tone
He mutter'd as he travell'd on;
When, to his unexpected eyes,
High spiry tow'ns appear'd to rise,
That crown'd a noble mansion's state
Whose ancient figure mark'd the date
Of grandeur, which worth could at-
tain

In our Eliza's glorious reign.
He view'd the woods that spread
around

The wide extent of various ground,
The verdant lawns, th' embosom'd
glades [shades;

Which court the branchy, sylvan
The crystal stream that winds between,
And, where it flows, reflects the scene,
Enliven'd by the dappled breed,
Whose ranging herds unnumber'd
feed.

Scarce need I say his eye pursu'd,
With warm delight, the place he
view'd. [state,

—Now Syntax, though in humble
Bent him not low to rich or great,
Unless their virtues did supply
Life's more commanding dignity.
He felt the honour that was due
To station, and he paid it too;
But could scarce yield a flatt'ring
word

To one who was a mere MY LORD.
He knew that wealth well understood,
Has ample powers of doing good,
He therefore bent the willing knee,
Where it flow'd forth in charity;
But he could the rich man disdain
Whose coffers overflow'd in vain;

And titled greatness he defied [pride.
Which dealt forth scorn and cheriah'd
Hence he, in calm parsonic state,
Approach'd the lordly mansion gate,
Which neither more or less of fame,
Than he was conscious he could claim,
Due to a pious pastor's name.
There 'neath a grand antique arcade,
For coolness or reflection made,
He saw Sir John, on thought intent,
Who 'gainst a Gothic column leant:
The Lord of this so princely place
Was walking by with solemn grace,
For on his breast was seen from far
The glitt'ring of his silver star.
This Syntax saw, through branches
green,

Before that he himself was seen:
But soon as his known form appear'd
The Knight aloud the Doctor cheer'd,
Nor was my Lord a whit behind
In words that mark'd a welcome kind,
And promise of the friendly care
That waited his reception there.
"Doctor," he said, "you now are
come

To where, I tell you, 'be at home:'
And if you wish your host to please,
O let him see you quite at ease;
Nay, I will take it more than kind,
If, by no needless form confin'd,
You will pursue your willing pleasure
According to your fancied measure.
The life we lead here, you will see,
Is not without variety;
Consult your fancy then and choose
What'er around will best amuse.
Such is the wish that I make known;
And now I leave you to Sir John,
Who will to all your thoughts attend,
As your good courteous friend."
—All this kind ceremony done,
Syntax was to his chamber shown,

Where Patrick waited to prepare
The toilette with attentive care,
For much he wish'd his skill to show,
In turning Syntax to a beau.
"I must," he said, "try all my art,
To make your Rev'rence very smart:
A valet's skill I long since knew
In the gay camp and quarters too;
For here are ladies I have seen
Each of them fine as any queen,
And therefore, Sir, you must be
dress'd

To-day, at least, in all your best."—
"Then be it so," the Sage replied,
"Your's is an honest, proper pride,
Nor do I now, good Pat, conceal
How I approve your active zeal:
So turn all out, and let me see
My better show of drapery."

—This done, Pat labour'd to unfurl
The wig into a drooping curl,
That done, and nicely powder'd o'er
It was a grizzle wig no more.
—The neat, new pumps, in London
made,

By a fam'd artist in his trade,
And the silk hose then took their
turn,

Which feet and legs had never worn;
With a canonic suit of black,
That had but twice adorn'd his back.
His long chin, Syntax self had shear'd
Of a stiff three days' grisly beard;
Then scrubb'd with soap whose fine
perfume

Distill'd a fragrance through the room.
Pat to his neckcloth gave an air,
In style and à la militaire:
His pocket too a kerchief bore
With scented water sprinkled o'er,
Thus bang'd-up, swab'd and clean-
shav'd,

The Sage the dinner-table bruv'd:

Between two beauties he was seated,
And with such kind attention greeted,
That he could not have hop'd for
more,

Had he rich Durham's mitre bore.
As he drew in his chair he bow'd,
When, looking on each side, he vow'd
He felt himself a coat of arms,
Supported by angelic charms.

Thus with fine sentiments he warm'd;
With his gay, brilliant sallies charm'd,
And, by his Quixote tales, gave birth
From time to time, to such keen mirth
That the high Lady of the feast,
Declar'd, he in himself possess'd
The leading powers that impart
Perfection to dramatic art:
That his bold, lofty thoughts re-
hearse

The tragic dignity of verse,
That in his sketches after nature,
There's Comedy in ev'ry feature,
And, in his stories, Farce appears
Broad laugh to wake almost to tears.
Nor did my Lady think alone;
The thought was that of ev'ry one.

Three days were past, and not a void
Was known, in pleasure unemploy'd:
Luxurious plenty crown'd the board,
And reason was the sov'reign lord
That did the splendid scene control;—
Whether it were the flow of soul,
Or fancy's sport, or active play,
Time pass'd delightfully away,
And Syntax was rejoic'd to see
He added to the gaiety.

—Among the rest, the jovial chase
Was a known pleasure of the place,
And he, by his kind Lady friend
Was warmly summon'd to attend
As her Equerry in the field:
To her commands next proud to
yield,

He there appear'd, in sprightly glee,
Be-capp'd in due conformity;

For, to give him a sportsman's air,
Some fair hand did his cap prepare.
He canter'd by my Lady's side,
Who undertook to be his guide;
But when the hounds had caught the
scent

Swift as the wind my Lady went:
She was the Diab of the day,
O'er hill and dale she brush'd away,
And left the Doctor to pursue
The pack, which never caught his
view,

But whether that he could not keep
His saddle as he took a leap,
Or by what strange mischance he fell,
He could not, or he would not tell:
Between two banks he was seen spraw-
ling,

And, loud enough, for mercy calling.
He found himself, midst prickly
bushes,
Half smother'd with dead leaves and
rushes;

While sportsmen, as he shudder'd
there,

Pass'd all above him through the air;
Like an old broomstick-mounted
witch,

They each flew o'er him in the ditch,
Exclaiming, "Sir, lie snug and warm,
And you'll not come to any harm!"
But when he thought they were all
over,

He scrambled mainly from his cover.
His rambling horse was quickly
caught,

When he the welcome mansion sought,
Bespatter'd e'er with mud and dirt,
But sound in limb and quite unhurt;
And, in luncheon's morning ration,
He sought and found his recreation.



A NOBLE HUNTING PARTY

Rembrandt

My Lady had the story heard,
And when at dinner she appear'd,
Enquir'd as if she nothing knew
How he had kept from out her view,
And what he with himself had done
Throughout the morning's glorious
run.

He told his tale, 'twas such a treat,
That they could scarcely drink or eat,
It produc'd such food for laughter
Both during dinner and long after.

"When you put on your wings and
flew,

And vanish'd quickly from my view,
Forc'd to my fortune to submit,
I fell," he said, "into a pit;

And such appear'd my wretched
berth,

I thought that I had run to earth,
And should require no other aid
Than an old sexton and a spade."

"Well," said my Lord, "no sport
shall break

Or even risk the Doctor's neck,
For the next hunting morning, he
Shall pass his better hours with me
In hunting through my library."

"Alas, my Lord," the Doctor said,
"I wish that you could be obey'd,
But I must add, that to my sorrow,
My sporting here will end to-morrow;
For I have other game in view,
Another chase I must pursue:

I, my good Lord, must cease to roam,
And turn my willing steps tow'rds
home;

I there have friends to whom I owe
The ev'ry comfort which I know,
And they a kind impatience show
To see their Pastor, once again,
Among his flock at Beaumarden."

"—I'm sorry, if it must be so,"

A soft voice said, "but ere you go,

Try to persuade your friend Sir John
To take a wife, nor live alone.

He has great wealth and ancient birth,
And is possess'd of real worth.

Yet, so wrong-headed, he prefers
To swell the list of bachelors.

I tell you, Doctor, what is true,
And now I leave him, Sir, to you."

Syntax replied,—"I will obey,—
And now, Sir Knight, mind what I say.

I'm but an organ rather rude,
Of one most excellently good,

Though, as I speak by her decree,
I claim all due authority.

I have been married and can state
The pleasures that on marriage wait;

I know what 'tis to lose a wife,
The pride and comfort of my life;

Nor does a day pass o'er my head,
But I lament my Dolly dead:

Then listen, as your Syntax preaches
The doctrine his experience teaches.

Of wisest maxims this is one,

It is not good to live alone: [stray
'Tis grievous through life's path to

Without companions on the way;

If it were only thus to say:

How very glorious is the sight,

Now, the sun in its utmost height,

Tinges with gold the wood-clad hill,

While its beams glisten on the rill!

—With what a grace that myrtle
grows!

How fragrant is that op'ning rose!

How sweet the bird that does prolong
The vernal-evening with a song!

But O what joy their hearts will prove,

Who, as they journey, say, *We Love*!

—When fills the married pair betide,

Each feels a comfort or a guide:

For we will not exceptions make

Which capricious minds may choose to
take:

And if a marriage proves a pain,
If it should feel a galling chain;
It is the fault of those who bear it;
They forge it first before they wear it:
They merit all that they endure
Who feel the evils they could cure.
When ills assail, who has not seen
That sufferings have lessen'd been,
When they participation prove
From friendship, tenderness, or love?
How soon the fretful pain grows less,
When kind hearts share in the distress;

Nay as row almost disappears,
When each wipes off the other's tears:
'Tis better though it still annoys,
Than many things the world calls joys.

The wife-less man retains his pleasure
But a short time, whate'er its measure:

And his vexations all grow stronger,
Nay, which is worse, they last the longer,

While he who has a tender heart
In a wife's breast, and will impart
All that he feels within his own,
The cheering thought, the sigh, the moan,

Will two-fold ev'ry pleasure know,
And take but half his share of woe."

—Sir John replied with gentle grace,
But smile sarcastic on his face,

"All this is very fine you say
About Life's matrimonial way,
Where, though sometimes a flow'ring
blows,

Yet there are prickles on the rose;
And may we not have cause to mourn,
When we are wounded by a thorn?
But then, besides these self-same
thorns, [horns."

Hyman is sometimes crown'd with

—"Whose fault is that?" Syntax
replied,

"Treat your wife always as a bride,
And let your honeymoon survive,
Till one or other cease to live.

Be good, be kind, love as you ought,
The wife will rarely be in fault:

'Tis want of husband's love and care,
That plants those ugly branches there.
O cultivate the nuptial soil

With fond affection's anxious toil;
Where, if love's fragrant flowers you
sow,

Nor Thorns nor Horns will ever grow.
And now, my worthy friend, Sir John,
My grave, appointed task is done."—
He ceas'd and bow'd, when all around,
Praise did in ev'ry form abound:

The ladies scream'd out with applause
For pleading thus the female cause;
While one from off her finger took

A ring, and with a gracious look,
Bade him the brilliant trifle take
And wear it for her sex's sake:

While Sir John said, "My shame to
another,

Accept, I pray you, such another.
Impute it to my stupid brain [vain.
That thus you preach, and preach in
The time may come when Cupid's
arrow

May set in flow my frozen marrow;
Or when bright eyes their beams may
dart, [heart;

And wake my now too slumbering
Then, when to marry is my lot,
I'll send to you to tie the knot."

—Thus the enliven'd ev'ning pass'd,
And all were sorry 'twas the last;
For not alone the Doctor's sense,
His scholarship and eloquence
Had given the hours a quicker flow
Than common conversations do;

But he possess'd the power to please
By his mild eccentricities.

—The parting words were very kind,
Nor in the common form design'd,
Just to be civil and no more,
To be forgot the following hour;
But such as were to virtue due,
And were the boon of friendship too.

The following morn, and when the
sun [begun,

Had scarce three hours his course
Syntax was trotting on his way,
And a long journey clos'd the day;
Nor was it till the third day's end
That he shook hands with DICKY

BEND.

—Here he well knew he could impart
The secret wishes of his heart:
Here tell his late adventures o'er
And all his future hopes explore,
While friendship would its aid pre-
pare

To grant the wish or soothe the care.
Nor did he for a day postpone
To make his hopes and wishes known.—
The Provost answer'd, "My dear
friend,

You know, full well, you may depend
On all that I can say or do

To forward the important view,
That I may venture to preface
Does your whole anxious mind engage.
You wish another wife to gain,
Nor will the wish be made in vain,
If as I hope you will approve
The Lady offer'd to your love.

Of my dear wife a friend most dear
To-morrow is expected here:

Who, if I do not greatly err,
In manners, form, and character
Is just the fair you would prefer.
You will not startle, if 'tis said
She may be call'd an ancient maid,

But then to give the maid her due,
My friend, she's young enough for
you:

Of my wife's age, and to be free,
My wife is young enough for me.

If the Divine and learned Sage
Wishes a play-thing for his age,
She's still so fashion'd as to prove

What reason can demand of love,
She has enough of what is good,

To fill your void of widowhood;
A lady bred, and, I can tell,

She tickles the piano well;
And truly, speaking of the heart,

Her bosom bears your counterpart.
There's fortune too, a pretty thing

T' enrich the matrimonial ring.
Her nuptial prospects have mis-

carried,

But still she wishes to be married:

But my wife says it is her aim
To bear a known and learned name:

A fact, I think, the truth secures,
When I declare that name is yours."
Syntax exclaim'd, "Ay, this would
do,—

'Tis a fair prospect to the view,—

But my stars must be ruled by you."

—The following day, the lady came;
Nor need I tell her maiden name,

For ere a week or so was o'er
That maiden name was her's no more.

On the third day, kind Mrs. Bend,
Who with both, as a mutual friend,

Had talk'd the important matter over,
Presented Syntax as a Lover;

While Dicky whisper'd, "Push it
well,

And you'll soon bear away the belle;
Let her know all that you can do:

And Miss, fear not, will buckle too."
The lady, as, for many a year,

Soft things were stranger to her ear,

Seem'd to be carried by surprise,
 For high-flown thoughts and gentle
 sighs [power,
 Possess'd, it seems, the wish'd-for
 And she said AY, within the hour,
 Nay, on the third or fourth day after,
 They were both noos'd in Hymen's
 garter. [and Dear,
 —Aught now was heard, but Love
 My Dear go there! my Love come
 here! [weather,
 And, since it is such charming
 O let us take a stroll together;
 While she would sing to some fine
 tune,

"Our life shall be one honeymoon."
 Thus it appear'd, and Dicky Bend
 Rejoic'd to see his happy friend;
 And only wish'd the joy might last
 When many a future year was past.
 —Patrik to Sommerden was sent
 To tell the tale of this event.
 And to employ his utmost care,
 How to receive the nuptial pair.
 He with great glee the tidings carried;
 And that his Reverence was married,
 Did ev'ry village tongue employ
 To tell its wonders and its joy.
 The WOETHIES were but lately come
 Back to their long deserted home,
 And felt it as a sad disaster [tor:
 To be without their much-lov'd pas-
 But still it touch'd a doubtful string
 The kind of wife that he would bring.
 Syntax to his friends had written,
 "That he had been by reason smitten,
 That he was not so very stupid,
 As to play a game with Cupid;
 But he had found a proper wife
 Who, he believ'd, would through his
 life,

Strive to exert her various powers
 In quickening his slow-pacing hours,

And that 'twould be her constant aim
 To be an honour to his name:
 She, he was sure would gain her ends,
 To charm himself, and please his
 friends." [small,

Pat, who had seen both great and
 Was ask'd, and he confirm'd it all.
 "A lady of genteeler air,"
 He said, "was not seen any where.
 Nor is there ~~any~~ about the Lake
 Who will a better figure make:
 On Thursday next they will be here,
 And the whole parish will appear
 In its best figure and array,
 To celebrate the holiday,
 When my dear master comes agen,
 With his fine Bride to Sommerden."

The day arriv'd, the sun shone
 bright,

And, ev'ry face gay with delight,
 The motley crowd were sent to wait
 Impatient at the village gate,
 And when the expected pair appear'd,
 One gen'ral voice of joy was heard.
 The Bride, whose tonish inclination
 Attended to the ruling fashion,
 To make her entry had bedress'd
 Her upright form in all her best,
 And thought it a becoming care
 To make the natives gaze and stare.
 The plumage nodded from her head,
 Her pale cheeks wore a tint of red;
 And, as the carriage pass'd along,
 She bow'd to the admiring throng:
 Nay, scatter'd silver 'mong the boys
 Whose huzzas join'd the jovial noise.
 Some lin'd the paths beside the road,
 And some the way with branches
 strow'd:

Four damsels of superior grace,
 The humble beauties of the place,
 By Worth's care, all clad in white,
 With rose-red ribbons gay bedight,



Reverend

INTRODUCTION TO COURTSHIP

A garland bore, whose flow'rs combine
To make the nuptial symbol fine;
And Sal and Kate and Doll and Betty
Were never known to look so pretty;
While many a tender village swain
View'd them, and own'd a lover's pain.
The steeple bells were loudly ringing,
The parish choir preceded singing,
Accompanied by fifes and drums,
"Behold the conq'ring hero comes."
Ma'am own'd she felt no small delight,
At this unlook'd for rural sight,
But felt it more because it prov'd
How much the Doctor was belov'd.

—The long procession mov'd on
straight

To the old hall's wide op'ning gate,
Where Worthy and his charming mate
Stood with kind smiles upon their
faces,

And their known hospitable graces,
The married couple to receive
With the best welcome they could
give.— [mends

"The Husband," Syntax said, "com-
His dear wife to his best of friends."

"The love, we to that husband bear,
That dear wife will most fondly share,"
The 'Squire replied: When to her
breast

Madam receiv'd the bridal guest.

—The bride at once felt she was come
To where she found an instant home:
Such cheerful kindness did appear,
The wish to please look'd so sincere,
The forms which well-bred manners
boast,

Were, in frank ease, so quickly lost,
That ere an hour or two were o'er,
The stranger feel was felt no more;
And Mrs. Syntax gladly found
Ere she could throw her thoughts
around,

A husband kind, by all belov'd,
And friends her heart at once ap-
prov'd.

—The crowd retreated to the green,
Where a sheep roasting whole was
seen;

And many a stream of ale increas'd
The pleasure of the joyous feast;
While song and dance and pastimes
Conclude the Hymeneal day. [gay.

Thus hope on future prospects
smil'd,

Nor was it of its views beguil'd.
The higher class of neighbours came
To visit the new-married dame,
And all delighted were to see

The Mistress of the Rectory:
Nay, the gay ladies round the Lake
Did from her dress the fashion take.

At first, she seem'd but stiff and
starch,

And walk'd as upright as a larch,
But she knew when to condescend
And to the due occasion bend:

She saw that former modes of life
Would not suit with a Parson's wife:
She therefore pass'd the farmer's gate
And chatted with his flatter'd mate;

Would ask a chair and sit before
The threshold of the cottage door;
Call forth the children from within,
And stroke the head and cheek the
chin,

Praise the attentive parents' care,
And talk of favours they should share,
If she the active fruits should see
Of virtue and of industry.

Though in her bounties unrestrain'd,
She still her dignity maintain'd;
Though she would at the cottage call,
And talk in gentle speech to all;
Yet when she thus improv'd her law,
Their love was not unmix'd with awe.

Thus she assum'd the village reign,
Nor did she bear the rule in vain;
And oft-times both the Worthies
bless'd [sess'd.

The new-brought treasure they pos-
—Thus, while she gave the village
Another and a better face, [place
Syntax a change had undergone
By which at first he scarce was known.

—He now a varying semblance wore
From what he ever seem'd before.

He now a different form was seen,
So nicely dress'd and always clean,
He might be taken for a Dean:
Besides, as Pat was heard to say,
His chin was clean-shav'd ev'ry day.

Nay, while in contemplative mood
His various studies he pursued,
Not as it us'd to be before,
In some old coat to threadbare wore:

He now in some of purple dye,
Maintain'd his dignity.

His golden shoes dust cover'd o'er,
Were seen upon his legs no more,
But when he rode, the top-boots shone,
Or hussar'd à la Wellington.

The squee'd up hat that deck'd hi
brow

Was chang'd to solemn beaver now
His queer, gray caxon laid aside,
A smart brown wig the place supplied,
Which manag'd well with comb and
care,

The semblance bore of native hair.

Thus chang'd, the wond'ring peop
star'd,

And the first time that he appear'd
At Church in all this novel gear, "
There scarce was one attentive ear;
The gaping wonder and surprise,
For'd all the soul into the eyes.

—The gentry much admir'd the art
That made the learned squire smart;

And all around approv'd the dame
Who quietly contriv'd the same;
But she had something more to do,
To change his gen'ral manners too.
—His violin was not unstrung,
But only touch'd when Madam sung;
Or when the Lady chose by chance
To join the Worthies in a dance;
No more he fiddled to the people,
When they be-jigg'd it 'neath the
steeple.

No more he prais'd the most adroit,
Who urg'd the ball or threw the quoit:
But still the people all around him,
As kind and friendly ever found him,
As when he wore a six-days' beard
And in his grizzle wig appear'd.
He still smil'd 'mong the village folk,
Though he left off his funny joke:
And such was the continual good
Which they in word or deed pursued,
That when he and his stately Lady
Stroll'd round the village, 'twas a gay
day. [bleak,

The winter came, the winds were
And the cold breeze blew o'er the Lake,
When Madam Syntax never stirr'd
But well be-ruff'd and well be-furr'd.
While the Sage was to public view,
Wrapp'd up and well be-muffled too.
His neck was bound with hairy skin,
That form'd a pillow for his chin;
So careful did the Dame appear,
Toguard from cold her swaddled dear.
—Some hinted, 'twas a silly whim,
To deck the Doctor in this trim,
And make him look so like a bear
Whose skin he thus was seen to wear;
But that these fancies prov'd, of course,
The Grey Mare was the better Horse.
How that might be I cannot tell,
But this was known,—all things went
well,

And if her fancy was for sway,
She rul'd by seeming to obey. [lov'd,
The WORTHIES, too, whom Syntax
The new born changes much approv'd;
They joy'd to see his alter'd phiz,
That he no longer was a quiz;
And were delighted at the plan
That made him look a gentleman;
That his exterior might not err
From his pure, native character.

On moonlight nights the neighbours
round

Or music or card-parties found,
All in due form and social glee,
Or at the Hall or Rectory;
While each, in some kind welcome way,
Did hospitable rites repay.
The higher show, the Christmas-Ball,
Were the display of Worthy-Hall;
While lesser pleasures did engage
Th' attentions of the Parsonage:
But in regard and kindness shown
These families appear'd as one.
—Thus pleasantly the Winter pass'd,
When ling'ring Spring arriv'd at last;
And when it was now growing gay,
With the sweet offerings of May,
A letter to the Doctor came [name.
Inscrib'd with sweet Miss PALLET's

But if with nurse and child I travel,
A score of tongues would soon unravel,
By scandal tutor'd, the strange sight
Of poor Miss Pallet's distant flight;
And all the spiteful world would join
To swear the little Bantling's mine.
I think you will with this agree,
And praise my cautious prudery,
If I defer my course to steer
To Keswick, till another year.
The Boy's a perfect Cherub grown,
And the good nurse will bring him
I trust within a day or two [down;
She will her northern tour pursue,
And soon present the babe to you.
But though his is a wayward fate,
I cannot but congratulate
The little urchin, since he shares,
In your kind heart, a parent's cares:
And be assur'd, my Dear Divine!
That he has gain'd a share in mine.
My best respects, I pray, make known
To one who now you call your own;
And when to heaven you urge your
O ask its all-protecting care [prayer,
For one, who does her name commend
To the remembrance of her friend!
That name, as you've been us'd to call
Is your most grateful, [it,
SARAH PALLET."

"You know, DEAR SIR, I did intend
To pay a visit to my friend,
As well for his dear, rev'rend sake,
As to steal beauties from the Lake,
And let my pencil ramble round
The charms of that enchanted ground.
But sage discretion bids delay
To future time my northern way:
For I had promis'd that my care
To Keswick's side the child should
best;

In a few days the bantling came,
Whom now we Little Johnny name,
And Mrs. Syntax thought the story
So added to the Doctor's glory,
That she seem'd proud of Little John
As if the babe had been her own.
Though sprinkled from the sacred rill
Of parish-church on Holborn-Hill,
She would have it baptiz'd again
With all due form at Somerton;

And so it was, when Worthy's self
 Stood sponsor for the little elf:
 And Madam Syntax held it there
 With promise of her future care.
 Each ceremonial rite was done,
 Again the child was christen'd John:
 No other name, alas, was known.
 To give the name it ought to bear,
 No parents did the duty share,
 Th' unnat'ral parents were not there!
 But such as happy chance had sent,
 Or heaven had in its mercy lent.
 —The Register, as all may see,
 Records the eventful history.

All things pass'd on in that calm
 way [say,
 Which leaves description nought to
 —All which the Doctor found of lei-
 sure

From Pariah cares and social pleasure,
 Was to his study's toil confin'd;
 Where ~~each~~ impulse of his mind
 Was urg'd to gratify the aim,
 On basis firm, to fix his claim,
 To Learning's meed and future Fame:
 And when Ma'am's busy morn was o'er
 Among her birds, her flowers and poor,
 She was beheld in silent pride,
 Embroid'ring at his table's side:
 Nay, ofttimes she would fetch the book
 In which inquiry ask'd to look,
 And, having found the wish'd-for page,
 Would smile and say, Look there, my
 Sage!

—Thus hours and days and seasons
 went,

As it appear'd in full content:
 At least complaint in silence slept,
 Or was a perfect secret kept.
 —During the Summer, Dicky Band,
 With Madam, visited his friend,
 And joy'd to find their nuptial scheme
 Had not turn'd out an idle dream.

Fair Pallet also came to glean
 The charms of the surrounding scene,
 And gladly bore away to town
 The beauties she had made her own.
 Nay, Vellum also did repair
 To talk of print and paper there;
 And, in due time, he bore away
 The treasure of a future day,
 Which the learn'd Author had pre-
 par'd,
 With promise of no slight reward.

At length another year pass'd o'er
 Just as the last had done before:
 Syntax ne'er utter'd a complaint,
 And Madam was a perfect saint.
 The gout indeed gave hints, though
 slight,

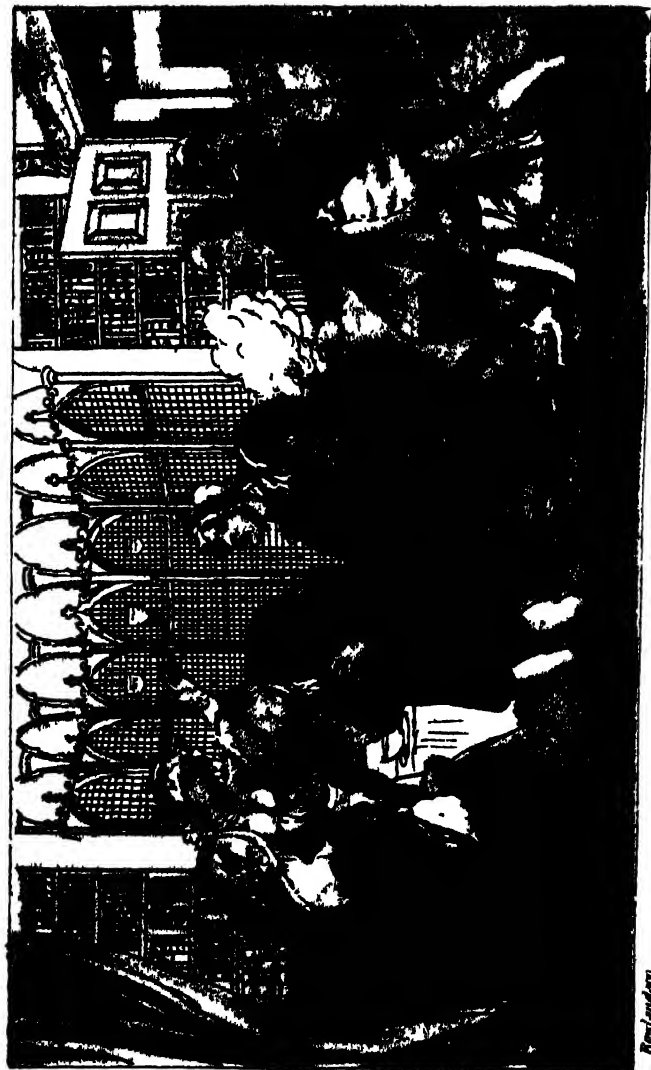
Just to disturb his sleepy night,
 And certain feels to her would say,
 Upon a cold and shiv'ring day,
 You're not so young, fair dame, we
 trow,

As you were twenty years ago:
 But then, all these complaints to
 smother,

They were such nurses to each other!
 The foundling also 'gan to walk,
 And, which was better still, to talk:
 Nay, Mrs. Syntax oft would quote
 His sayings in imperfect note;
 Was pleas'd when he could say,
 "Your Tah!"

But more so when he said "Mamma!"
 A fondling sound that did appear
 So pleasing to her ready ear.

Just at this time, the evening fair,
 With a soft breeze of summer air,
 Dear Mrs. S—— propos'd to take
 A little fishing on the Lake.
 Pat did the usual boat prepare,
 The lines and single-rods were there,
 When the sage Doctor pil'd the oar,
 And cautious row'd along the shore.



D^r SYNTAX IN DANGER

Riviera



THE FUNERAL OF SYNTAX

Reynolds

IN SEARCH OF A WIFE

Madam stood upright in the boat,
And eager-ly'd the bobbing boat;
When, by what shock, no one could
tell,

Into the flood the Lady fell:
Instant he plung'd into the wave,
The darling of his life to save,
When Patrick follow'd, nothing loth,
And found'ring nearly drown'd them
both:

But they were near the grassy shore,
And all the danger soon was o'er,
The wet clothes chang'd from foot to
head,

The fright dispell'd, and both in bed,
They somehow had the secret charm
To hug and keep each other warm.
The Worthies hurried down to see
The mischief at the Rectory;
But, finding ev'rything was right,
And Ma'am recover'd from her fright;
To keep alarming thoughts away,
They ask'd for some amusing play,
And soon the welcome cards were
spread

On either corner of the bed.
The curious scene throughout gave
birth

To bursts of unexpected mirth,
Till the kind friends, the visit over,
Left them to sleep and to recover.

The following morn as they talk'd
o'er

The dangers of the day before,
Syntax began to shake and shiver,
While ev'ry limb was seen to quiver:
He wish'd to treat his state with
laughter:—

“O hissing hot into the water
I popp'd, 'tis true, as I may say
With old Jack Falstaff in the play:
And as it harm'd him not, d'ye see,
I think it cannot injure me;

Such flesh had he to work upon,
And I am wroght but skin and bone.
Poor Mrs. B.— big with child,
And all her fears and sighs and
Could not help saying—“His
voking!

At such a time you should be getting
When the wife chattering's such
pleasure.

“My love, hush all your fears aside:
And as I do not feel alarm,
When I'm so cold, be not so warm!”
Though he, indeed, as it appears,
Let loose his jokes to calm her fears.—
But not a moment was delay'd,
To send for neigh'ring Doctor's aid.
The Doctor in a hurry came,
And found the system in a flame.
—The lancet to profusion bled,
The blisters cover'd back and head,
And Syntax was convey'd to bed.
When there reclin'd, his weary eye
Seem'd as commercing with the sky,
And his hand wav'd, as if to call,
This is a long and last farewell!
Torpor then o'er his senses came,
And he appear'd as if he slept.
But Death had given the final stroke;
For from that sleep he ne'er awoke:
Nor will he o'er again awake,
Till Creation's self shall shake:
And the last Trump its silence break,
To call him, with a life renew'd,
To the bright guardon of the Good.

When the good man had breath'd
his last,

Poor Mrs. Syntax stood aghast:
Then clos'd her pale cheeks to his face,
And clasp'd him in a long embrace:
Nor did she on the bier wait
To contemplate the sight of death,
But to the Hall in hurry went,
With little Johnny by her side.

She told her state, pale as despair,
And fill'd the house with sorrow there.
Thus SYNTAX clos'd his life's career,
With all to hope and nought to fear.—

The frequent tear still in his eye
Worthy prepar'd the obsequies,
With all due rites to grace the end
Of his belov'd, lamented friend.

O 'twas a melancholy scene
When he was borne along the green !
What train of mourners did appear,
And scarce an eye without a tear !
No toil the harvest fields display,
It seem'd grief's mournful holiday.
The village wept,—the hamlets round
Crowded the consecrated ground ;
And waited there to see the end
Of Pastor, Teacher, Father, Friend !
—When in the cold ground he was
laid,

Poor Patrick, ~~from~~ his trembling
spade,
Could scarce the light dust scatter o'er
The form which he should see no
more.—

At first the bursting sorrow came
In floods upon the widow'd Dame,
But, by affection's care consol'd,
Unruly grief was soon control'd ;
Religion too had taught her mind,
Its law divine, to be resign'd :
Though, for the rankling heart-felt
wound,

A perfect cure was never found.
O 'twas a loss !—The blessing flew :
Th' enjoyment and the prospect too !

It was a tranquil, calm delight :
No glare,—but ev'ry day was bright !
—Through life's lone way she travell'd
on,

In gloomy guise, with little John.
The relief of the man they lov'd,
She still the Worthies' kindness
prov'd ;

While Dicky Bend and his fond wife,
Had been and were her friends through
life.—

But, once a year, affection's claim,
The Pilgrim Widow always came
To Sommerden, to shed a tear
Beside his tomb who died for her :
And little John, as there he knelt,
Was taught to weep for what she felt ;
And, as he wept, he scarce knew why,
Lisp'd the instinctive agony.

The Tomb, near pathway-side ap-
pear'd,
By Worthy's sadden'd friendship
rear'd ;

Near it, the dark, o'er-spread yew
Shed tears of morn' and evening dew ;
And, as the sunbeams meet the eye,
"ALAS, POOR SYNTAX!" with a sigh,
Is read by every passer by ;
And wakes the pensive thought, sin-
cere,
For ever sad !—for ever dear !—

My verse has now no more to
tell.—
The story's done.—SYNTAX, FARE-
WELL !